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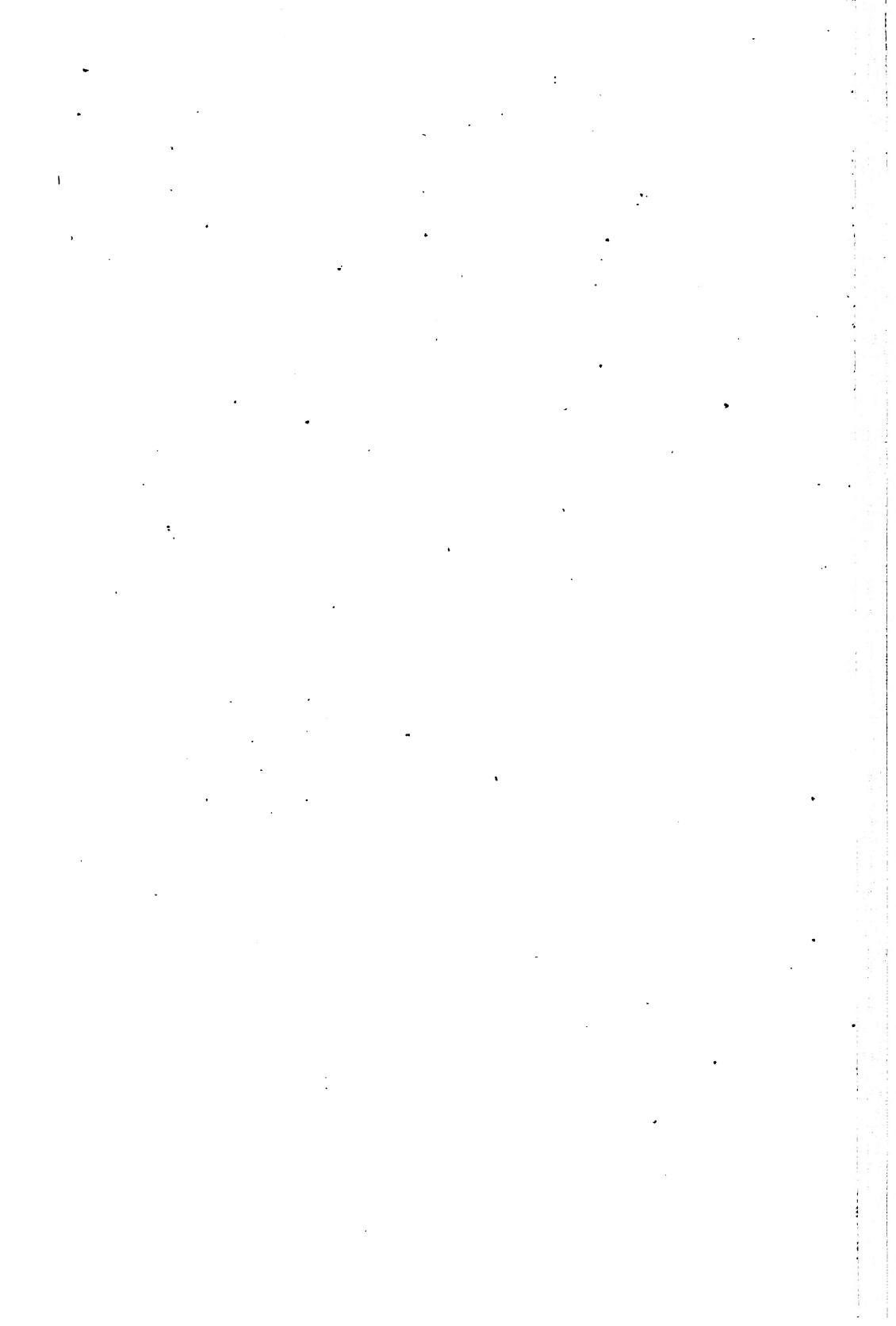
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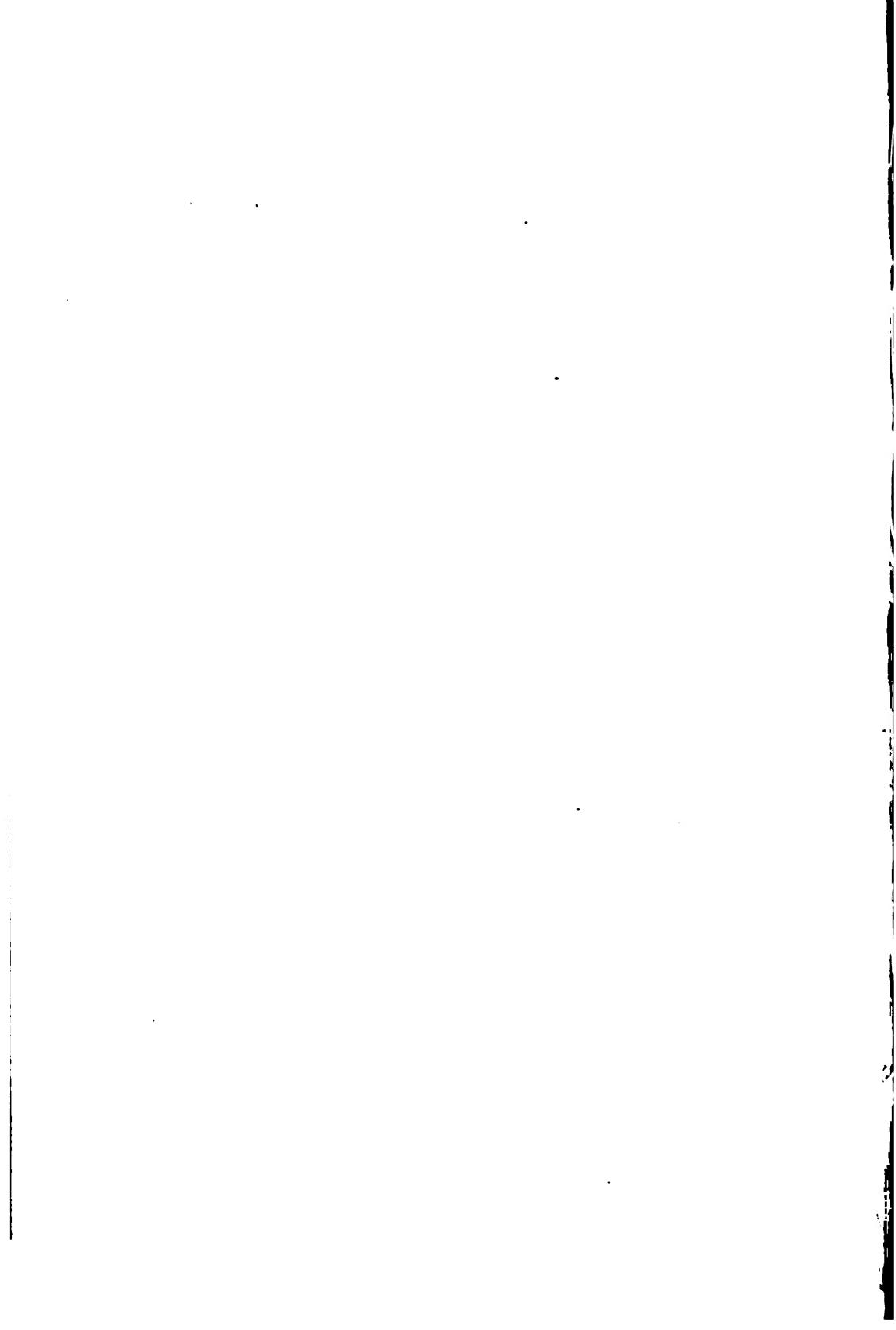


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THE  
**Anglo-American Magazine**

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**VOLUME VI**

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**JULY-DECEMBER, 1901**

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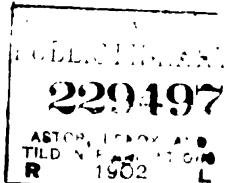
**THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY**

**General Office, 60 Wall Street, New York**

**London 59 Chancery Lane**

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST  
OF ALL WHOSE LANGUAGE IS ENGLISH

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The Anglo-American Pub. Co.

NEW YORK  
60 Wall Street  
25 Cents

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50  
FOREIGN, \$3.00

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THE  
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MAGAZINE

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July, 1901

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ALFRED THE GREAT

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINIE

The noblest Englishman that ever bore the name of King.—  
HUGHES.

The best and bravest man that ever wore a crown, the noblest and the purest of the long line of England's worthies.—CREASY.

The merits of this prince, both in public and in private life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us.—  
HUME.

Alfred is the most perfect character in history. No other man of record has so thoroughly united all the virtues both of the ruler and of the private man. . . . There is no other name in history to compare with his.—FREEMAN.

Alfred was the noblest as he was the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper. He combined, as no other man has ever combined, its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, its profound sense of duty, the reserve and self-control that steadies in it a wide outlook and a restless daring, its temperance and fairness, its frank geniality, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and passionate religion.—  
GREEN.

That renowned, warlike, and victorious king was the zealous guardian of the widows and fatherless, orphans, and the poor. He

was a perfect master of Saxon poetry, fondly loved by his own subjects, most affable and generous to all the world, endowed with prudence, fortitude, justice, and temperance; he was a model of patience under his inveterate disease, acute and impartial in the administration of justice, and vigilant and devout in the service of God.—FLORENCE OF WORCESTER'S CHRONICLE.

IT is a far cry from King Edward VII. to his great ancestor Alfred, and much water has passed under the bridges of London during that thousand years which stretch between the time of England's first great sovereign and her latest Queen. Of all her rulers not one holds so great a meed of affection as these two. The little Saxon kingdom of Wessex, struggling for very existence against Berserk hordes of Northmen, has expanded into the greatest power the world has ever known or is ever likely to know. Nation after nation has sprung from her loins and waxed mighty. Her people have beaten their way across the seven seas, and wrested new and sullen lands from inclement nature till they blossomed like the English rose. Church and school and the incessant hum of industry have followed the path of the Anglo-Saxon, and with them has always gone the fierce love of liberty inherited from Alfred and his followers, who might be driven like wild beasts to the Selwood Forest, but who were not to be subdued since they counted freedom more than life.

The feudal system has come and gone, and revolutions and reforms have changed the political face of many lands. Countless leaders have risen to bid the people follow them; some mere blind leaders of the blind, others wise and strong men guiding their peoples into light; but among them all never a more perfect leader has stood the test of time than the Saxon Alfred, and never one more universally beloved unless it may be his great descendant Victoria.

Throughout the whole of his life the English people were engaged in a life and death battle for individual and national existence. They themselves had made their way across the

seas some centuries before and wrested the land from the British. They had come to Britain wild, untamed forest men, but the intervening centuries of labor and of settlement had wrought in some respects an entire change in their character. They were no longer bands of marauding pirates, but isolated communities of peaceful settlers in a land rich with flock and herd, with town and village and nestling abbey. They asked but to be let alone to work out their national salvation. Rude enough they doubtless were, but already they had in their characters the foundations of a mighty people. The deep respect for God and for women, the abiding trust in law and order, the stolid, tenacious, unimaginative Englishman existed then as now.

The individual members of each community were bound together by the strongest ties, but the bond which held the communities together was of the frailest when Alfred came to the throne. The incursion of the Northmen was beginning to stimulate a mutual reliance between neighboring communities, but we look in vain for any trace of a united England. The country was divided into small kingdoms, and between these different kingdoms a constant jealousy existed.

And surely country never needed a united front to the enemy more than England did now! For the heritage won by the sword, inch by inch and rood by rood, was now to be defended by the sword from the fiercest warriors the world has yet known. We read in Asser and in the chronicles of Florence of Worcester that early in the ninth century the Northmen began to swoop down upon the rich and undefended English coast in quest of booty and plunder. At first these descents were mere marauding bands of pirates come to revel away the savings of a more advanced people, but as the report of their plunder passed to and fro among these hardy Norse a change may be noted. From the broken coast of Denmark and from every fiord of Norway hordes of the old sea kings and their lusty followers beat their way

across the northern seas to ravish the settled and fertile lands of England. Under their grim kings and jarls they overran England like ants from the heap, devouring by fire and sword all that came in their way. The isolation of the English communities made defense hard, for the Danes, pouring through the great forests, would fall, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, upon the unsuspecting herdsmen and harvesters.

But though they had behind them some centuries of a settled life, the Saxons girded on the sword again and made a desperate resistance. Numberless battles of varying fortune are recounted by the old chroniclers, in which one side fought for home and fatherland and God, the other for plunder and the sheer love of fight.

But on the whole, victory rested with the Pagans. At the time when Alfred reached manhood Northumbria and Mercia had succumbed to the ever-increasing pressure of new armies of Danes, and East Anglia was already a Danish province. For the Northmen loved the sword and hated the plow. Their whole joy of life was bound up in battle, as well as their hope of immortality. Only the brave were worthy a place with the gods in Asgard after death in the great hall of Valhalla. Odin, and with him Balder the sun god and Thor the Hammerer, would welcome the valiant, and would cast the nithing down to Hela. They were Berserk every inch of them; fierce, wild, untamed, fair-haired giants, drinking deeply of their mead or going to death with the same readiness. We remember the death song of the old Viking Regner Lodbrog, which runs through thirty stanzas, each one beginning with the words, "We fought with swords."

He chants: "In the Scottish gulfs we gained large spoil for the wolves. We fought with swords. This yet fills me with joy since I know a banquet is making ready by the father of the gods. Soon in the halls of Odin we shall drink the mead out of the skulls of our foes. A brave man

shrinks not at death. . . . I shall quaff full goblets among the gods. The hours of my life are numbered; I die laughing."

It was with such men as this that the young Alfred had to measure swords, against such renowned kings as Bagsac and Halfdene, and such jarls as the Sidrocs, Frene, and Harald. Wessex alone stood intact, and on it the fate of all England depended. Had it fallen, the history of the world would have been largely changed. But the young King of Wessex came of a family of heroes. His grandfather, Egbert, had been a great and notable man. He had made himself overlord of all England and had fought the Danes long and well. The three brothers of Alfred, who succeeded each other in turn on the throne while Alfred was yet a boy, had all been men of force and decision. His own son Edward was destined to become one of the greatest of the Saxon kings, and for many generations his descendants held their kingship by grace of strength and fitness as well as by inheritance. The old chroniclers tell us that they were sons of Woden in a direct line. In any case, it was one of the few great families the world has produced able to maintain the high level of greatness from generation to generation, and of them all there was none like Alfred. A family could not produce two such.

He was born in the year 849 at Wantage, in Berkshire, and from early youth he exhibited rare winsomeness and promise. We are told by the old chronicler Florence that he was exceedingly beloved both by his father and mother, even more than his brothers, and that he was the general favorite among all ranks; and that as he advanced in years, during infancy and youth, he grew up more comely in form, and more graceful in aspect, as well as in all his deeds and actions, than his sturdy elder brothers. We may imagine him a bright, active boy, keenly receptive to his surroundings, sensitive, reverent, affectionate, docile, and yet sturdy, filled with the spirit of Christ. He appears to have been

an almost ideal lad, winning love from all with whom he came in contact. Even in those early days of his life he was "England's Darling," "England's Comfort," as this unemotional, stolid people fondly called him. He was eager for play, eager for work, and ran forward happily to meet life and its duties. Not less fond of hunting, wrestling, and sword-play than the other noble youths of the court, he was yet touched with the mystical imagination that lifted him into the spiritual world. Indeed, in childhood (boyhood approximately), as in later life, the deepest note of his character was his implicit reliance on Christ. We find this simple faith apparent always in his daily walk, his laws, his merciful victories so uncharacteristic of the times, his care for the poor, for the weak, and for the fostering of religion.

"While he was yet in the flower of youth," his friend Asser tells us in his history, "and sought to strengthen his resolutions to observe the Divine laws, but felt that he could not altogether rid himself of carnal desires, it was his custom, that he might not incur God's displeasure by doing anything contrary to His will, to rise very often in secret at cockcrow and the hour of matins, and resort to the churches and the relics of the saints for the purpose of prayer, and there, kneeling long, he besought the Almighty God, in His mercy, to strengthen his determination to devote himself to His service by some infirmity which he might be able to bear, but which would not be disgraceful or unfit him for his worldly duties." And accordingly, we are told, he was struck with a painful and lingering disease which troubled him most of his life.

King Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred, died while the boy was still a child, and was succeeded by his son Ethelbald, who, dying shortly afterward, was followed by his brother Ethelbert. The second son reigned for five years, making as good a front as might be to the occasional incursions of Pagans, and "went the way of all flesh, with the love and respect of his subjects, and to their universal sorrow." The

third brother, Ethelred, now mounted the throne, and Alfred was recognized as Etheling, or Crown Prince.

By this time Northumbria and Mercia were practically in the hands of the Danes, and the gallant young Saxon King and his brother, the Etheling Alfred, knew that the time had come when Wessex must gird herself for the struggle which could mean nothing to the devoted little kingdom but disastrous ruin or glorious freedom, won at the point of the sword.

From East Anglia, now a Danish province and a convenient breathing-place for the Vikings, a Pagan army "of hateful memory" crossed into the kingdom of Wessex in the spring of 871. The Norse host was led by the kings Guthrum, Halfdene, and Bagsac, and by the jarls Harald, Frene, Osbern, and the two Sidrocs. They were the mightiest warriors of a mighty race, and they had come to make another throw for Dane against Saxon, for Odin against Christ. Once in Wessex, a large wing of the army cut loose from the main body to plunder the country, while the rest remained to fortify their camp at Reading. But Ethelwulf, faithful ealdorman of Berkshire, gathered together his men and fell upon the Danes at Engelfield. "They be more than we, but fear them not. Our Captain, Christ, is braver than they," said the gallant Ethelwulf, and led his men to a glorious victory. Four days later, King Ethelred and his brother attacked the Pagans in their fortified camp at Reading. The battle was long and desperate. The English succeeded in storming the gates of the camp, but were finally defeated. Among the slain was Ethelwulf, the victor at Engelfield. The brothers fell back to the Berkshire hills, followed by the Pagan army in two divisions, one under command of the kings, the other led by the jarls. Ethelred then divided his army in two divisions, giving the Etheling command of those troops who were opposed by the jarls.

It was four days after the disaster at Reading that the

King of Wessex turned to bay at Ashdown. The Danes appeared to have seized the hills, for the accounts agree that the Saxons marched up from the valley to meet them. It chanced that the Etheling Alfred moved to the attack with his division, while King Ethelred was still at prayer. Half way up the hill he halted his men to meet the downward rush of the Danes. The Pagan army beat on him again and again like sea waves, the kings hammering at his front while the jarls swarmed around his flanks. The Etheling sent messenger after messenger to his brother, bidding him hasten ere the day was lost. But King Ethelred would not stir a step till mass was finished. Then Alfred, the boy commander—he was not yet twenty-two—looked around and saw he could not hold his ground on the slope against the onslaughts of the Pagan hosts; he must either retreat to the valley or he must charge up to the crest of the hill. To retreat now meant disaster to the cause, for the impetus of the pursuing attack would crumple both divisions of the English in the valley; to push forward against such odds might mean the isolation and destruction of his force. Then it was that Alfred won his title of the Wild Boar of the Battle. He calmly formed his men into a V-shaped phalanx with himself as the apex, and led them up the hillside in the charge that saved the day.

What a youth! And what a decision! He gathered together his command, already hard-pressed and wavering, and led them forward in the teeth of the most terrible warriors in Europe. How much of the indomitable temper and achieved greatness of the Anglo-Saxon peoples are due to that youth's decision a thousand years ago, we do not know. We *do* know that the fate of England hung in the balance, for had he fallen back Wessex would have been overrun by the Norsemen and England might have become a Danish province; and we know that the boy Etheling led the charge in wild boar fashion up the hill in the name of God and St. Cuthbert. Then King Ethelred, mass being ended, stormed up

with his division, and along the ridge the battle swept to and fro. In the end the West Saxons prevailed. Ethelred himself slew King Bagsac, and the five Pagan jarls died the death they would have chosen. "Neither before nor since was such slaughter known since the Saxons first gained England by their arms," says Ethelward, the historian.

But the Pagan hordes, heavily reinforced from across the seas till they had "an innumerable summer army," renewed the war. "This year," says the Saxon Chronicle, "nine general battles were fought against the army in the kingdom south of the Thames; besides which Alfred, the King's brother, and single aldermen and King's thanes oftentimes made attacks on them which were not counted; and within the year one king and nine jarls were slain." On the whole, the majority of the pitched battles resulted favorably to the invaders, but the fighting was so desperate with promise of so little booty that King Guthrum and his pirate brood were glad to make treaty with King Alfred (for Ethelred had fallen mortally wounded in one of the battles) to be allowed to leave Wessex unmolested. For some years thereafter the swarm of northern pirates left the Wild Boar and Wessex in peace and hunted easier game.

The young King had before him a task that might have daunted any ruler but the Christian hero that he was. He had stepped into his inheritance at a time when the throne of his fathers was shaking like a reed, and, though he had made it safe for a time, he was not for an instant lulled into a false security. We may be sure that as his keen eyes watched the Danish hordes pillage the neighboring kingdom of Mercia, he counted the truce but a time of breathing space when he might prepare for the renewal of the inevitable struggle.

The King immediately set about the reorganization of the army and the building of a navy. Undoubtedly he was much hampered in his plans for an army by the fact that the numbers of the West Saxons, and especially of the

young fighting men, had become largely reduced by the drain of this year of dreadful battles with his foemen. But he undertook the restoration of the national fyrd, or levy, with his usual energy. He divided his fighting force into thirds in such a way that one-third of the West Saxons could be called into service at an hour's notice. Every freeman was liable to service in the army, and during one-third of the time was expected to be ready for an immediate call. A certain percentage of this third was detailed to man the fortresses and guard the coast at the expense of the King's private revenues, but the larger part of them in all probability went about their daily business unless there was a sudden call to arms. In addition to this, Alfred rebuilded the fortresses and towns which had been destroyed during the progress of the war, and also builded others at suitable places to guard the country. For this purpose he imported skilled artisans from Europe to construct his strongholds of stone and iron, and not of inflammable wood, as they had hitherto been built. In one of the old chroniclers mention is made of the fact that the King himself invented machines for lifting these heavy stones into place.

Hitherto the Saxons had fought at disadvantage by reason of the fact that the Danes in their long galleys could steal quickly up the rivers and take the natives by surprise, or, in case of defeat, they could retreat to their ships with their booty and escape in safety. Alfred resolved to build a fleet and fight these sea rovers on their own territory. He showed the same practical business instinct in the building of his fleet as he had done in the reorganization of the army. He invited the best shipbuilders in the world to his court, and after a careful comparison of their plans built a large fleet of galleys after a modified pattern of his own to patrol the seas. "The army of Pagans," says the chronicle, "who were settled in East Anglia and Northumbria grievously harassed the territory of the West Saxons, making piratical descents and pillaging along the coast, principally in long,

swift ships which they had built some years before. To oppose these, King Alfred caused ships to be constructed twice as long, swifter, loftier, and better trimmed, so that they might be more than a match in action for the enemy's navy." The King himself led his fleet to its first battle against a squadron of roving Danes intent on plundering the English coast. The result was a decisive victory for the English King. After a desperate resistance the whole Viking fleet was either sunk or taken. A little later we are told that twenty Danish ships were captured in one year. The Admiral King led the first English navy into many a fight, and was in every case victorious, till in time it came to pass that his great fleet swept the rovers from the Channel.

In the year 876 another wave of invasion broke over Wessex. There was a time in the campaign when King Alfred was reduced to wandering alone in the great forest of Selwood, but in the end he was completely victorious. He hemmed Guthrum in at Wareham and bound him to leave Wessex, but the treacherous Northmen broke away toward the coast after killing the King's guards. Alfred followed them and again extorted hostages in great number. Next year the false Guthrum again invaded Wessex, was defeated with great slaughter at Heddington, and at last cooped up at Exeter. He sued humbly for peace, offering as many hostages as the King should name without receiving one in return. Instead of putting them all to the sword, as another would have done in his place, the Saxon King is moved to pity and induces Guthrum to embrace Christianity, allowing the Pagan army to depart in peace and receiving Guthrum as his own son. Small wonder, Green says, that he is a ruler of higher and nobler stamp than the world had yet seen.

For many years after this Wessex had peace, until at last the daring Hastings, who had not scrupled to attack Rome itself, sailed across to England with a horde of the most reckless and impious even of the Christian-hating Viking.

brood in his train. The old French chronicler tells us that he was

*"Le plus mal hom qui une nasquist,  
E qui al siecle plus mal fist."*

The worst man that ever was born, and the one who has done most evil in this age. He appears to have been a man without truth, and sacrilege and murder were his daily pastimes.

But Alfred had not spent years at organizing his army for nothing. From first to last of this three years' war he took and held the upper hand. He strengthened his forts; he looked to his navy; he sent the Etheling Edward (who later in life was to become perhaps a greater soldier than his mighty father) with a body of light horse to watch the Norse, while he himself followed with those troops whose turn it was for duty. The Danes could make no movement that was not known and circumvented by a commander who was stronger and more able than their own fierce leader. There was nothing for the Dane to do but stick close to his strongly fortified camps. When at last he slipped out in an attempt to cross the Thames he found the way blocked by King Alfred and the Etheling Edward after a long march. In the battle which followed the Danes were completely defeated. Hastings was out-maneuvred and out-fought again and again, but the old Viking would not give up. His wife and sons were captured, and sent back to him by the magnanimous Alfred; his fleet was destroyed, and his means of retreat cut off; more than once he slipped away only to find himself confronted by the ever-present Alfred or his son. Wherever he went, whether in Wessex or Mercia or Wales, a West Saxon army barred the way, prepared either to out-march him or outfight him. Despite his reinforcements the white-haired Norse King was beaten at all turns, until at last he gathered together his broken army and sailed away with the tacit permission of the English King. Thus was Alfred

justified for the great pains he had been at to prepare the kingdom for invasion.

But great as Alfred was in war, he was still greater in peace. His conception of the responsibilities of kingship made him a leader in all good works. He felt himself directly responsible to God for the uses he made of his opportunities, and so far as we can see had no ambition that was not for the bettering of his people and in the interests of justice and mercy. Even in the midst of war he devoted himself to the government of his kingdom, to study, to charity, to the task of rebuilding the shattered states, and to religious devotion. His whole private fortune he gave up to the maintenance of the army, to the building of cities, to the encouragement of art and literature, to charity, to the founding and endowment of schools and abbeys, and to the necessary expenses of his establishment.

When the war closed, the kingdom was in a state bordering on anarchy. The administration of justice had either fallen into desuetude entirely, or it had become so corrupt as to be worse than useless. Bands of robbers infested the country and pillaged the inhabitants. Towns had been destroyed and fire steadings burned from Plymouth to Canterbury. There was no law in Wessex save that of the strong hand. The grossest ignorance prevailed both among churchmen and the laity. Alfred tells us himself that "Learning had fallen to so low a depth among the English nation that there were very few on this side of the Humber who were able to understand their church ritual or to translate an epistle out of the Latin into English. . . . I cannot think of one able to do so on the south side of the Thames."

All this he changed by unremitting patience and unwearying energy. The aldermen of the shires were ostensibly the chief judges, but since scarcely any of these could read or had any acquaintance with the law, the actual administration of justice had fallen into the hands of inferior officials. How scandalous the conduct of these officers had become:

we may judge from the fact that Alfred had to hang forty-four of them in one year for maladministration of the laws. One Freberne was hanged for sentencing Harpin to death when the jury was in doubt and would not find a verdict of guilty ; and Segnar, because after Elfe had been acquitted he condemned him to death. "The King made the strictest inquiries into the course of justice, as well as into all other matters," says Florence in the *Chronicles* ; "reviewing with much shrewdness nearly all the judgments pronounced throughout the kingdom at which he was not himself present. If he perceived any iniquity in these decisions, he gently remonstrated with the judges, either personally or through trusty friends, on their unrighteous decrees, inquiring whether they proceeded from ignorance or malevolence. If the judges asserted they had given judgment so because they knew no better, he discreetly reproved their inexperience and ignorance in such words as these: 'I marvel much at your presumption in that having, by God's favor and my own, taken upon you an office and station belonging to wise men, you have neglected the study and practice of wisdom. Either, therefore, at once resign the execution of the temporal authority now vested in you, or apply yourself to the study of wisdom much more earnestly than you have hitherto done.' " And the chronicler goes on to tell us that the aldermen betook themselves to the study of justice with great assiduity.

A code of laws known as Alfred's *Dooms* was compiled by him with great care. The spirit in which they were offered may be guessed from reading what he himself says about them: "I, King Alfred, collected these laws, and I ordered them to be written. And many things which my predecessors had held, and which pleased me, I retained ; and many, which displeased me, I rejected, by the advice of my wise men, and commanded to be observed otherwise. But I was unwilling to interpose much of my own, because we know not how far they may please our descendants. I,

Alfred, King of the West Saxons, showed these to my wise men, and they said, 'Let them be observed.'"

Alfred re-created the spirit of literature in England by the eager welcome he accorded learned strangers at his court, by the establishment of schools for both boys and girls, by his practical encouragement to harpers, poets, historians, and skilled artisans, and by his own literary labors. Whether Alfred was the founder of Oxford University is, I believe, a moot question; it is, at least, certain that he founded schools of learning as well as abbeys. He was himself one of the most important writers of the period. He translated the history of Orosius, Bede's history, Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," and other works, and was also the author of much original work, and a poet and musician of no mean ability. So keen was the scientific spirit in him that he sent out several ships on tours of geographical exploration, and kept a record of the discoveries made. Nor was he content with setting artisans to work, but was himself an inventor, among his contrivances being one for telling the time by means of burning candles of equal size.

"Alfred mec heht gewyrcan" (Alfred had me worked) is the inscription on the famous jewel discovered in 1693 at Newton Park, and the inscription stands true for everything that was done in England during his reign. From the setting of a jewel to the saving of a kingdom, he did everything by himself. He was the animating force whose vivid spirit stirred the sluggish Saxon into life. We may well be amazed at the consuming energy and wonderful versatility of the man.

He was the best balanced and even-souled man England has ever known, spite of the painful disease which afflicted him so many years. To his scholars he appeared the scholar, to his artisans and stewards a man of business, to his musicians a balladist, to his soldiers an intrepid leader and inspiring general, to the whole nation England's Darling,

England's Herdsman, England's Comfort. There was something about him that reminds us of the Jewish prince David. Both were possessed of every bodily accomplishment, an abounding courage, a frank engaging countenance, and, above all, a nearness to God that is as rare as it is inspiring. Like David, Alfred must also have been oppressed by the soul-loneliness that comes to him who lives in advance of his age. "Desirest thou power?" he cries. "But thou shalt never obtain it without sorrows—sorrows from strange folk, and yet keener sorrows from thine own kindred."

Soldier, sailor, scholar, sportsman, scientist, inventor, poet, saint, business man, humanist, philanthropist, law-maker, and every inch the king! For all time he stands forth as the first Englishman, be the second who he may. He encouraged science, manufactures, and commerce. He established law and order in a country given over to misrule. He stamped out the heathen idolatry that was gaining a hold on the people. He built the first English navy. He fought in fifty-six battles by land and sea, and never struck a blow that was not in defense of his native land. He codified the laws on which the English common law was based. He built schools and churches in a land devoid of both. He created a national spirit, and saved Wessex and England for the English; and this made it possible for his son and his grandsons to incorporate all England into one nation. But for his singular forbearance and love of justice, he might have made himself overlord of all the country. But he was no imperialist, and the dream of the conqueror did not tempt him. He was a humble-minded Englishman, content to do the work that was given to his hand. Doubtless it never crossed his mind that any rare quality of greatness was in him. To us it is given to know that he stands without peer, first of his race throughout the ages.

## THE NEW NATIONALISM

By ARTHUR ERNEST DAVIES, PH. D.

RECENT events have been forcing upon public attention a series of interesting questions about which, within comparatively short time, it was taken for granted no differences of opinion were permissible or possible. This is the more impressive because they relate not to matters of expediency or policy, but involve debate about the fundamental nature of the Constitution which professedly defines the character and limits the scope of the United States government. If taken in connection with the development of national thought during the past decade, it is something more than professional pride which in 1899 led the American Bar Association to take steps to bring before the President the importance of the one hundredth anniversary of the appointment of John Marshall as Chief Justice of the United States; and the official recognition of the Chief Executive in his last annual message is one of those acts which meet the approval of all parties alike. So recently have the virtues and work of John Marshall been recounted, that the task may the more properly be declined; but we cannot forbear remarking upon one feature, a somewhat comprehensive and fundamental one, as it shows how thoroughly he was in accord with what has come to be the tradition, if it was not the original intention, of the Supreme Court of the United States. His preëminence is not due to, nor is his interest for us to-day connected with, the supposition that he was an innovator in the region of constitutional law. According to Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, of the Yale Law School, it has always been held that "as the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, any legislative statute inconsistent with it was no law

at all, and could be so adjudged by any court. But," he goes on to say, "while he [Marshall] did not invent it [*viz.*, this doctrine], he was the first great judge in a great place who thus applied it in great causes." And yet, granting such an estimate to be just, we have to remember that, in the absence of a body of precedent and recognizing it as still a debatable question what kind of a government the Constitution was intended to set up, the decisions of the bench would assume a gravity and importance which under a more settled state of opinion, public and judicial, as to the instrument of government, they would not possess. Thus, while we cannot say that Marshall added anything to the constitutional law, he was a great constitutional lawyer because he came to the consideration of the cases before him with a firm conviction as to the nature of the Constitution which it was his business to apply. And it was because we were, through the new problems that engage public attention, interested in constitutional questions, that John Marshall Day (February 4, 1901) had more than professional or historic interest.

This preliminary reference is helpful if it aids us to realize that a written Constitution does not settle everything by anticipation, and that some main questions may be left in abeyance because they can be determined only by a process of natural evolution. Thus on the face of it there is reason for insisting that the principle of union was fundamental in the thoughts of the framers of the government; yet if we are not to be satisfied with a phrase, it still remains to inquire as to the character of the union intended, and this can be answered only by waiting upon time to reveal what under all the circumstances *is* possible. This may seem a *doctrinaire* view to take, but it is in accordance with the historic facts, and the only verdict a review of the situation enables us to pass is that the idea of a *United* States has undergone enlargement from the beginning until now.

The domestic history of the past hundred years may be cited in corroboration. Questions of internal policy have

held the field for a whole century. The satisfactory ending of the War for Independence—satisfactory because it settled for better or for worse the right of the Colonists to govern themselves in their own way free from outside interference—left the new republic with practically everything else unsettled; and they are these unsolved problems of an internal nature that have been engaging the attention of the people for the past 125 years. To take only familiar instances, the War of Secession can be properly appreciated if we bring the events which led up to it into connection with the broader issues which were agitating the public mind. These larger problems were not connected with the political or social standing of any section of the community, if the immediate occasion of divergence is to be found here, but were involved in the political standing of the State Governments in relation to the Federal Government. In other words, was there, and did the Constitution intend to set up, a national government in any meaning of the term which should act as a limit upon the sovereignty of the several consenting States composing the federation; or, was the federation of such a kind that it finally remained with the component governments, the free and independent States, to decide, upon grounds of State advantage, how long they should act together for mutual advantage before they claimed their reserved independent rights? It is a constitutional question which is at issue, and one which involved a difference of opinion as to the character of the union which had been formed. The events of the 60's finally settled the political integrity of the Union, and North and South are to-day agreed upon the issue which once separated them.

If, however, we get beyond these troubled times, it is not long before the stream of migration westward set in and we are face-to-face with a politico-economic problem of some magnitude which has not yet, in all its features, been resolved. Thus we notice that the political insignificance, due to sparsity of population, of the scattered communities,

intensified by the absence of ready means of travel, led to ignoring in the councils of the nation of the wishes or welfare of the pioneers. Political importance comes only with growth of numbers and a settled social order ; but it was found when these conditions prevailed that sentiment was no longer conforming, the new life had given rise to new ideals, and a consequent divorce between East and West was the result. Now instead of leading to a conflict of force, as previously, a new and better way was chosen by which to enforce the mind of the West in determining the resultant character of the Union of which it is proud to form a part. So far, therefore, from desiring to undo the past, the new territories are anxious to qualify for Statehood, that their voice may be heard in the affairs of the nation. The means adopted toward this end is the development of the economic forces of the territory, so that, on the one hand, it may attract settlers as workers, and, on the other hand, wealth in the form of capital to co-operate with labor in bringing to market the products of energy and skill. And we find that as the economic importance of the West has become realized, its political significance has increased, and a co-incident tendency toward broader views in national affairs has been remarked. The center of political power has moved steadily westward with the economic opening of the West, and the end is not yet.

We might continue this review in other lines, but sufficient has been said to show under what conditions the spirit of nationality has had to grow, and it is not surprising if amid so much that is experimental and shifting there has been evolved no type which is distinctively American. But we should be false to our convictions did we leave the impression that no such type was, in the nature of the law, possible. For if it seems that the title of this paper suggests still further changes before the end is reached, it also points to an implicit nationalism in all past history ; and that the past has not produced the finished product, leads me to

make a few suggestions as to the influences which are likely to be prominent in determining the issue. But before these definite tasks are assumed, it may be well to meet the more modern situation in the same way as we have the past, and show that in principle they are the same. There are, of course, those who are inclined to believe that we have, politically, departed from historic tradition in the part we took in the events which grew out of the Spanish-American war, if not in that war itself. On whichever side we may ultimately take our place, it is necessary to remind ourselves that the same question of unity is at stake, and that the means of settling our rights to territorial enlargement are the same as at any previous time. Does the Constitution follow the flag? simply means, How interpret the spirit of the Constitution so that the duty of the people shall be done, whether that duty lies in the direction of advance or retreat? But perhaps the importance of such questions for us is that they cannot be without reactive influence upon our conceptions of national unity, and that our self-estimate is not likely to remain unaffected by considerations of world empire. And if no further good comes out of such discussions, we shall, I believe, be forced in consequence to a more serious study of problems connected with domestic politics. But not to be drawn aside from my main purpose, I want simply to notice a few considerations which cannot be omitted when the future of the country is under review.

As affecting the growth of national spirit and purpose, we ought, perhaps, consider the elements of the body politic from which is to come the motive power for future achievement. We are a cosmopolitan people. This has always been our boast when we forget that so long as it remains a fact ours can be only a patch-work civilization. There is a tendency among us to idealize situations, which arrests progress, and to admit into our general view of life short-sighted generalizations which pass for principles. Thus the ultimate facts are often obscured, and the present is not unfrequently

looked upon as a final condition. Examples of this are not wanting in our past attitude toward the immigrants; we have looked upon them all as Pilgrims, latter-day followers of the founders of the commonwealth. To what evil condition this view has led, one may only point to the mercantile spirit which is corrupting political life. And the easiness with which the foreign-born, in some cases, sell their votes shows that they are not refugees from political tyranny at home; and that most of these we have in mind are and remain Roman Catholic in faith denies us the comfort of looking upon ourselves in their behalf as emancipators from spiritual bondage. Neither for political nor for religious reasons are our shores year after year the dumping ground of European refuse: unless we are blind through shutting our eyes to the facts, the truth is that it is merely a matter of getting enough to eat; we are looked upon as the kitchen among the nations and our larder is never empty.

The economic factor has become so prominent during the last decade in all our thinking, that it is not surprising to find the question of immigration looked at predominantly from the point of view of the industrial importance of the new settler. But it must be noticed this involves the change in sentiment already suggested. It is for the sake of the body politic that we investigate, or think we should, the productive ability of those who seek their abode here, and we demand that the new-comer show a reasonable disposition to utilize the opportunities of life in this country—to the extent at any rate of ministering to the recurring needs of himself and those who may be dependent upon him. But this is not the philanthropic position; that attitude, appropriate once, has, with other intervening conditions, gone by. The change in the class of immigrants, for example, has forced other considerations to the front; and we have been compelled to recognize that if the democratic idea is to come to successful issue, the political freedom which it grants can not be enforced by an ultimatum, but ever re-

mains the condition of the economic progress of the individual citizen. Hence the prominence of the latter problem in recent times. And if we are to give a social interpretation of this phase of modern life, it is that the emergence of the laboring classes as a weighty factor in industrial advance can only be understood as a growing class-consciousness among those who formerly were willing to work for purely individual ends. The advent of the laboring classes is the dawn of the industrial era; new aims, new ideals, new possibilities are opening up, and their realization will mean—through how much strife and misunderstanding we cannot tell—a closer organic union between individuals and classes now, disastrously for the body politic, separated.

Immigration statistics are an interesting study in this connection. One fact that stands out is that the Anglo-Saxon element has not kept pace with the general increase in population of the country. Its relative decline may be marked in one way by noting the large number of Irish who gained admission to and citizenship in this country. Between the years 1847-50 emigration from the British Isles rose from 100,000 a year to 280,000, due chiefly to the exodus from Ireland. This stream of Irish emigration was so marked that from May 1st, 1851, to December 31st, 1889, the total aggregated 3,346,580. Another consideration of importance is the increasing proportion of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, Italians, Bohemians, Slavs, etc. But if we are to estimate aright the cosmopolitan character of the population, we ought not to forget the considerable number of Scandinavians and the more than 2,500,000 of Germans who settled here between 1850-70, nearly equaling the Irish contingent for the same period. Another fact which springs out of that already mentioned, stares us in the face. The acute industrial era has been made a possibility by the introduction of cheap labor into our market to compete with home enterprise. It is interesting to notice, and necessary

to remark, for the sake of the undiscriminating critic of everything foreign, that this feature is coincident with the advent of the southern, and was absent so long as immigration was practically confined to the northern Europeans. It is, therefore, not the Englishman, the German, etc., you have to fear, for fear in these quarters is ridiculous; the gigantic evils of our industrial development—the trust and the tenement—have root in the character of the men and women who, through centuries of neglect, have not yet any higher ideal than to sell their labor for food and lodging. This estimate of the situation, in both parts, is readily confirmed. Mr. Payne, in "European Colonies," pp. 383-386, tells us the most successful elements in European emigration, in the order named, are Scotch, English, Germans, and so far there has been none to rise up in contradiction. The decline in this element, or rather the relative increase in the number from undesirable nations, as far back as 1891, led Mr. H. Cabot Lodge (*North American Review* for January) to predict the time when restriction of immigration of peoples of inferior morals would be considered. How acute this problem is, we all know in a faint measure, and also what has been done to defend the Pacific shores. When shall we awake to the fact that we must either restrict entrance on the Atlantic seaboard, or else take vigorous steps to prevent swarming in the centers of population?

These facts have an important bearing upon the question of American nationalism. But it is not with regard to the ultimate outcome we think them immediately important. They suggest lines of reflection in this connection, of course, but their present bearing is rather to be found in modifying those expectations which seem full of promise or beset with hidden dangers, from whichever side you view it, arising out of the present friendly relations of our Government and the mother country. It seems to be forgotten by both sides that a question of this kind in a country like ours can not be settled over the heads of the people, and that among those

upon whom responsibility for the future rests, large numbers are either indifferent to the outcome, except as it bears upon their personal or family well-being, and, perhaps, equally large numbers have decided antipathy to, and look with suspicion upon, anything that would tend to give English ideals and methods prominence among those influences determinant of our future civilization. Besides, this should be remarked: that however large the English element in the citizenship of the country may be, it is not to be expected that, like the German and Irish, its vote, as such, will ever become a separate factor in politics. There is no such thing as a British vote, as there is a German and an Irish vote. The English are not a divisive force. We can rely upon them going individually to the polls and exercising the right of private judgment in a responsible way; and if my conviction is not misplaced, sympathy will not be allowed to warp judgment upon the issues before the people. These considerations are too often overlooked, if they are generally known to be well-founded; and it is by no means certain that there is any such unanimity of opinion among Englishmen on a question of this kind that reliance may be placed upon them to lend it practically unanimous support. In fact, I am inclined to believe that if Anglo-American relations ever materialized into an alliance, offensive and defensive, it would have no more strenuous opponents than themselves. If I interpret their feeling aright, they would regard anything more than a good understanding as detrimental to the interests of both their adopted and their mother country.

This attitude might be commended to the other foreign elements of our population, for only when this is the common attitude of all sections of the community can the distinctively American type emerge from the confusion of tongues which lends a picturesque sound to present-day life, but which cannot be a lasting characteristic of a homogeneous people. We must bend our energies to realize, irrespective of color, condition, or origin, the common oneness

of a great people, without which it can never become a great nation.

There are other facts, besides these which have gone to make of American civilization a product of the mixing of the nations, which have a suggestion for those who are interested in the probable outcome. Notwithstanding the reputation, deserved or not, of being the most progressive of nations, there is a large amount of indifferentism uniting us to all those who, in every age and country, acquiesce in things as they are. This is, in our case, part of the optimism which belongs to youth, but which cannot be excused on the score of youth, for its accompanying complacency can remain undisturbed so long only as there is disregard of the teaching of experience—other's, not our own. In this state, self-confidence becomes a snare; there is no motive to profess we still believe in the *status quo*. Whatever is, so reads the formula, is American for the American, and that is its justification. The divine right of the people—which usually means the divine right of the politicians—is a poor substitute for the divine right of kings, because the people—or even the politicians—have not all one neck, and without self-extermination on a large scale the evils of irresponsible use of power have no remedy. In such a state to cry *vox populi, vox Dei*, is either to discredit our social democracy or amounts to a political confession of atheism. In either case, it is only by an intelligent consideration of facts that we can hope for that higher guidance in which the popular philosophy affects to believe.

With regard to recent events, these remarks have a two-fold application. Taking account of the problem of expansion, we notice, first, appeal made to the prejudice of the masses. It is a thankless task to kill a dead dog, but we cannot avoid the suspicion that the Democratic party committed political suicide at the last Presidential campaign, because on this question its plan necessitated approach to the passion, not the reason, of the country. It was a mis-

taken judgment. The time has gone by when you can frighten a whole people by telling them what nations in another hemisphere are doing. "The eyes of the fool are at the uttermost parts of the earth." European may mean un-American, but not necessarily anti-American, and the experience of the people is not to be ignored in considering our own duty. We are not now defending the policy of the Administration; it is still an open question whether we ought not to have taken warning rather than have followed in the footsteps of the older nations in this matter; but the appeal to history was not made in this way by the other party, with this result, that the condemnation of the policy of other nations was not recognized as coming within the sphere of American politics. The issue so presented was a false one, and received, as it deserved, the fate of all irrelevancy. But equally fatuous, if more successful, was the method of the Republican party on this same issue, and here we find the second point of application. No more complete example can be found of the question-begging epithet in recent politics than the recommendation, under the term American, of a policy which, from the point of view of historical precedent, is no less than revolutionary. The true, sane spirit of the American ideal had no chance during the heat of the "battle of the ballots"; and it was one of the most signal services rendered to his country by the late ex-President Harrison that he gave the strength of his mind, the patriotism of his heart, to stating and defending such a course in the matter as seemed to his ripe experience as an administrator and student of American life and history most in harmony with the traditions of the past. But if, instead of this, we take the popular interpretation of the American spirit, we find it in that boundless self-confidence which either fails to see, or ignores all limits, real or implied, upon its outlook. In this mood, questions of gravest importance have been discussed and decided, and the very appeal of the opposition to sectional prejudice has only driven large num-

bers over to the party in power, with the cry, "We, too, are Americans."

Whatever the leading motives or accidental circumstances determining the political complexion of the next four years, it has become impressed upon the more serious minds that less than ever before can the average citizen be allowed to sink back into political obscurity while the officials run the government. If, indeed, it were a matter of routine, little inconvenience would result or injustice be committed by the absence of supervision ; but there are before the people of the country questions of wide-reaching importance, and those in authority, out of justice to them as well as to others concerned, must be made to feel that their conduct of affairs is being subjected to the keenest scrutiny, and that this is constant and general as well as piercing. In matters which affect the future character of the republic as well as the complexion of American life, it is urgent for the whole people to be alive to what is being done in their name, for it is the popular vote which will finally be held to responsibility for the issues before us. What, therefore, the President does in Cuba or the Philippines cannot be made a party issue, as, for example, it was possible to take sides on the tariff question ; we are being committed by the deliberations of every day to a policy which involves our honor, and we cannot afford, in such a case, anything to be done which is not in accord with the dictates of the popular will. It is, as just intimated, a moral question, but it is rather with reference to the ethnological modifications involved in the expansion of American territory beyond the seas that we speak. The character of this expansion is not without importance, for whether it be in the way of suzerainty, sovereignty, or equality, there will be a resulting modification of the American self-consciousness ; and what a nation thinks of itself will determine largely what others think of it. In either case, therefore, we cannot remain as we were before ; the nationalism of America is at stake.

It will also be evident that if the mere discussion of such matters may have the influence suggested in modifying the American type, their decision will be no less potent. We are very largely in the attitude of suspense : it is, at any rate, the deliberative stage ; and if we are coming toward a conclusion, there is some distance before the end is reached and the possibilities of the situation tend to keep us in a state of doubt. This is, perhaps, inevitable. We would not be understood as begrudging the time necessary for legitimate discussion. Anything, however, which unnecessarily prolongs the uncertainty ought to be severely discountenanced. Suspense is good neither for the individual nor the nation, and it cannot but have a weakening effect upon all we undertake. The recent stock exchange speculations are symptomatic of the mood begotten of our present situation, and when men, for the sake of relief from the tension of undecided policies, are driven to action, they are as likely to do the wrong thing as the right. It is rather to prevent unnecessary obstruction than to hinder legitimate discussion that the public ought to feel a responsibility during the process of determining the policy to be adopted, and to make this responsibility felt. We are involved in the greatest dangers if we become "panicky" ; our only escape is not to wait to see what the Government will do, but by all legitimate means help it do, because we have made known our wills.

The chief effect of this class of problems on the national character will be found in the decision to which we are ultimately committed. The various proposals may be grouped under two heads, and we are therefore bound to consider the new territories either in the light of dependencies or as parts, integral though detached, of the United States. It is, of course, impossible to ignore the responsibilities we have assumed in the eyes of the world ; and therefore to wash our hands in a moment of sudden but impotent repentance, is altogether out of the question. Our delay has fixed upon

us the necessity of in some way guaranteeing the good behavior of these alien nations. And whichever course we take involves its own peculiar modification of the national consciousness. If, for example, a colonial policy is adhered to, we shall find some old-time cries, which have formed part of the "heroics" of the people, suddenly silenced, dead of a broken heart. This will, of course, mean a positive reconstruction or, at least, re-interpretation of the basic principles of the commonwealth. If, however, the reverse course is adopted, and the Philippines, etc., become part of the territory of the United States, we introduce a vast population, largely without preliminary political and civil training, into free intercourse and competition with the rest of the country; and this does not seem very far from committing again the mistake made in the enfranchisement of the negro. We have a race problem on our hands now, we shall have two or more if the idea of political equality prevails; and if our politics, in this connection, are now sufficiently confused, then they will be still worse confounded. But we are not arguing for or against any one course; that is for the whole people to decide. What we are satisfied to remark is that, whichever plan carries, there are reactive influences modifying national characteristics. And in the latter case, namely, that of admitting to American citizenship these foreign races, other considerations come to the front which need not now be noticed.

It had been included in the original plan of this paper to say something, in a separate division, of the colonizing possibilities of the future, in the sense of the expansion of the American spirit and genius through emigration to countries divided by the sea from the home land. We forego this task, partly because the movement is a remote possibility, and partly because, in connection with the introduction of a large foreign population into American citizenship, it is likely to be in the other direction. There seems to be some difficulty in getting reliable information about the possibil-

ity of the white race living and maintaining its supremacy and vigor in the lower latitudes of the East. Yet this apart, that any considerable number will immediately emigrate, except for trade purposes, is exceedingly unlikely. But that there may exist a desire on the part of our new fellow-citizens to make the acquaintance of the country of which they have so recently become a corporate part, is not a dream, and no exclusion law will be applicable in this case. At any rate, it is a possibility. And if it should become a realized fact, it will materially change not only the physical type, but also the mental and moral product. Even if inter-marriage is not immediately introduced, the presence of those in our markets who have been used to lower standards, economic and domestic, cannot but change the balance of the labor world, which even now can hardly hold its own against those who are the employers of labor. Such considerations are not to be ignored in any discussion as to the new nationalism.

## ENGLAND'S HOSPITALITY TO REPRESENTATIVE AMERICANS

THE visit of the representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce to London as the guests of the London Chamber of Commerce, the reception of the Americans by King Edward VII., the great banquet in their honor, and the innumerable courtesies showered upon the visitors, have formed one of the main events of the past month. Apart from the courtesies involved, the visit of such a large number of American kings of commerce is an important event at this time when American capital, American energy, and American ideas are finding a new field in London and in England; when what is termed "the American invasion" is the subject for countless leaders and paragraphs; when the English newspapers are calling upon John Bull to wake up and save his trade from being captured by the Americans; when Mr. Carnegie's magnificent gift to Scotland is the leading subject in educational circles; and when in matters of sport American owners and American jockeys are winning the classic races.

England is not disposed to-day to minimize American rivalry. The disposition is perhaps to exaggerate it. There is no questioning the fact that England recognizes the strength and power of her latest trade rival and has no illusions as to the severity of the struggle in the competition of the United States. Therefore, the great welcome extended to the representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce is significant that the battle is to be fought fairly and with good temper, and, as has been said, "with better weapons than jealousy and disparagement."

It is possible that Americans have not quite realized the reality and strength of British feeling for the blood ties of

their kin across the sea; but these distinguished American visitors will return home with the knowledge that this is something more than the mere courteous feeling between people of the same color and same speech. The English press almost without exception has dwelt upon this good feeling between the two countries and the two peoples, at the same time pointing out the severity of the struggle English trade is to meet. It would take pages to quote one-tenth of the dignified comments upon the welcome to visitors, but the temper of most of them may be judged from a leading editorial in the *Daily Telegraph*, which in well-chosen words points out to Englishmen their duty and at the same time sees that the two nations must continue for years, even in the midst of this industrial struggle, to be more indispensable to each other than any other two in the world. After referring to the reception of the delegates from New York as a national welcome, the leader goes on to say:

“We cannot repress what we may call a sense of historic satisfaction when we notice that among the delegates welcomed by their Majesties at Windsor, and representing some of the most powerful personalities of American commerce, out of a score of names, almost all are unmistakably of British stock. The United States will solve its polyglot problem because, in the controlling spheres of national life, it is the real American that rules, and the real American in seven cases out of ten is as straight-descended from the ‘old home’ as Washington or Lincoln. We look upon all the triumphs of America, even let them be effected at our own expense—which we do not intend shall happen if our most vigorous efforts can help it—as a famous parent might look upon a son of genius. After all, we had twice led Europe in the art of political revolution before the Declaration of Independence, and we had taught its authors to win their freedom by the methods with which we had secured our own. In American competition, as the names to which we have

referred suggested, we are only confronted by our own business instinct in an improved edition—‘revised, corrected, and considerably augmented,’ like the returned kiss in the French play. Since the commercial supremacy of the mother-island had to be challenged from some quarter sooner or later, we would infinitely rather that the real battle had to be fought out with our American kinsmen than with any alien antagonists. Nor is the reason, even here, purely sentimental. If transatlantic competition is in itself the most formidable we can have to grapple with, there are singular and not unimportant advantages for ourselves in the struggle. We understand it better than we do the conditions of Continental rivalry. Of the directing figures and the material mainsprings of German competition, for instance, we have astonishingly little knowledge. But in the case of the commercial expansion of the United States we know the personalities with which we have to count, we appreciate at once the methods with which they work, and they rejoice in a sanguine press which effectually prevents us from remaining ignorant of their progress. The very sense of near relationship in rivalry is precisely the stimulus most likely to rouse all the latent energy in our national character to opportune and concentrated resistance; and the common speech is an invaluable aid in enabling us to assimilate, as we intend to do, everything that we can utilize in the example of our industrious pacemakers across the Atlantic. While German rivalry, in other words, was largely pushed on behind the vail of more or less density that exists between every nation and one totally foreign to it in life and language, we can watch American competition through a medium of instructive transparency as bees might be studied in a glass hive.

“It is in availing ourselves to the full of these unique facilities for imitation and observation that we shall find the readiest and most effective resources for the counter-organization of British commerce. ‘What would you do first?’

said Socrates to the talking politician, and there is no test of practical insight so simple and so searching. The first thing for manufacturers is the adoption of American machinery and a close personal acquaintance with the American system. Our visitors to Windsor on Saturday are the forerunners of an American invasion. The extraordinary prosperity that is at its height throughout the Republic promises to have as one of its signs the most successful transatlantic tourist season upon record. A similar movement of English visitors, employers and workmen alike, to the United States would be worth any legislative panacea for our commercial difficulties that Parliament could devise. This is a process, happily, which has already begun, will be largely extended in the immediate future, and cannot fail to have an absolutely radical influence upon the whole spirit of the mechanism of British trade.

"Nothing more promising has been seen in this country since external competition became a serious problem than the movement in favor of taking deputations of trade unionists upon a tour through Industrial America. There they will see with their own eyes the recent developments which have been a liberal education during the last two or three years to some of the most enterprising among British capitalists; and they will realize, as nothing but personal demonstration on the spot would enable them to do, how suicidal to its own interests has been the mediæval policy of British labor in the past. Nothing but a journey through the States can enable the average British imagination to realize what America is. President McKinley has just returned to Washington with his wife—for whose complete convalescence the wishes of the whole British Empire are as warm as our sympathy in the moment of her apparent danger was profound—after one of the most impressive journeys ever undertaken by the head of a state. The Presidential tour was quite as unparalleled on land as is the cruise of the *Ophir* by sea. From New York southward to New Orleans, from

El Paso on the Mexican frontier to San Francisco, and back across the continent to the White House, Mr. McKinley, with his chief colleagues in the American Government, traveled a round distance of more than ten thousand miles upon the territory of the Republic. No other fact, perhaps, has brought out so vividly the sheer vastness of the United States. But while it is a vague commonplace of our ideas that the Union is forty times as big as this island, what we do not yet adequately conceive is that it has forty times the natural resources. In the last thirty years alone, no less than four hundred thousand square miles of virgin soil has laughed into one illimitable expanse of corn. It is as if nothing but wheat waved over a region more than three times the entire area of the United Kingdom, and which had only been brought under the plough within the memory of the present generation. The mineral deposits are on the same prodigious scale. There is more coal in America than in all Europe, more than there is anywhere, unless Baron Von Richthofen's estimate of the Chinese deposits should ultimately be verified. In spite of the nervous reaction against the so-called and miscalled 'trusts,' even the gigantic business consolidations of America are as natural as the vastness of the Mississippi or Niagara, of the great lakes or the plains of the Far West.

"But, while all such considerations are merely overwhelming and terrifying to the Continental mind, there is one supreme factor which will continue to make all plans of an industrial coalition of European nations against America an idle dream so far as any participation in it on our part can be concerned. Though the bald statement that American exports last year exceeded our own in volume, seems disturbing in itself, we must remember that the amount of finished manufactures was still but a fraction of our outward trade. Half the total produce shipped by the United States consisted of food and raw material, of which the greater part provided the vital nourishment of our own com-

mmercial life. We flourish upon the natural resources of America, in spite of tariffs, almost as much as the United States themselves; and the two nations must continue for years, even in the midst of the industrial struggle, to be more indispensable to each other than any other two in the world."

The spirit of the foregoing was the spirit of the speeches at the banquet tendered the visitors by the London Chamber of Commerce, at which were nearly four hundred persons prominent in the English world of commerce and politics.

Lord Lansdowne, in proposing "The President of the United States," said he took leave to imagine that he had been intrusted with the toast because he was the holder of the position of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and because it might be that the toast coming from his lips would seem to denote something more than a mere private expression of admiration and good-will. "And yet to me," he said, "as to all the subjects of his Majesty, it requires an effort to think of our relations with the United States of America as foreign relations. We think of the many ties that bind the two great nations together, and those who, like myself, are the servants of the public, feel that we hold an unwritten commission that, so far as we are concerned, no pains should be spared to maintain the most friendly and intimate relations between these two great communities. We feel, too, that if it should happen at any moment that some passing breeze should ruffle the surface of the waters upon which we are sailing together, we have only to go deeper in order to find the strong and beautiful tie of affection and respect which as ever stretches from shore to shore of these two great nations."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in replying to the toast, said that there could be no jealousy between America and England because it was not lost what a friend got. He thought the Fates might pity any foes that set themselves up against England and America. No statesmen could bring war be-

tween the two countries without dishonor. Let the patriotism of other countries continue, but they should not rest content until they had the patriotism of the whole English-speaking race.

Nothing need be added to what has been already said to show that the welcome of the American visitors was hearty and sincere. Each year the bonds between the two peoples grow stronger, and they are not vain dreamers who look forward to a closer relationship than now exists between the two countries, a coalition that shall promote peace and strive for the liberty of mankind.

D. E. F.

## THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE: ITS OBJECT AND ACCOMPLISHMENT

BY GEORGE H. JOHNSON, Sc. D.

THE Anti-Saloon League is an organization including national, State, and local bodies of that name, which continually seek to inform the public regarding the effects of the liquor traffic and so educate public sentiment on the subject, to promote legislation restricting such traffic, to hold the balance of power at nominating conventions and elections to the same end, and to assist executive officers when elected to enforce all laws for the restriction of the liquor traffic. The League is opposed to saloons on general principles, but it is not a total abstinence society. Although most of the officers and members of the League are doubtless total abstainers from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, yet a man may be an habitual consumer of such drinks and still be a valuable member of the League.

The Anti-Saloon League is omni-partisan, undenominational, and broad enough to include all who recognize saloons, as they exist, to be a strongly intrenched evil—the restriction of which is necessary for the abatement of crime and pauperism, the protection of society, the purity of our homes, and the honesty of any government by the people. Those who hold this view must see the necessity of organized, continuous efforts to enable them to give efficient moral and political support to those conscientious legislators and executive officers who are doing their best to restrain this great evil in spite of the strongly organized opposition of all who are interested in the traffic.

There were more than enough political parties and denominational and temperance societies in the field before the organization of the Anti-Saloon League. The *raison d'être* of the League is fundamentally the same as for the federation of churches and the charity organization societies. Instead of duplicating, they consolidate; instead of dividing forces, they unite them. If they served nothing more than a clearing-house function, their existence would be amply justified; but such societies generally do vastly more than this; they carry on active constructive work which it would be practically impossible for the smaller societies to do separately.

The Anti-Saloon League, whose early history will be presently outlined, began its national organization in Washington, D. C., December, 1895, with about forty affiliated bodies, and it now federates about two hundred and twenty-five, including the Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, United Presbyterian, and other great church bodies, and the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and other strong national temperance societies. Its president is the Hon. Hiram Price, of Iowa, former Congressman and Indian Commissioner. Its general superintendent and active field executive is the Rev. Dr. Howard H. Russell, of Ohio. Its legislative superintendent is the Rev. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, who has been connected with the movement from its beginning. The headquarters of the American League are in the Bliss Building, near the Capitol, Washington. The ultimate aim of the League is expressed in the motto, "The Saloon Must Go." The method of the League is expressed in the motto, "Emphasizing points on which we agree, and avoiding subjects on which we differ, we push forward in solid phalanx and with united front against the Rum Power."

On these broad propositions, which must commend themselves to nearly all good citizens as well as to students of sociology, men of very diverse views can stand united in

their efforts to restrict a dangerous traffic. The Prohibitionist, who believes with Senator Morrell that the liquor traffic is "the gigantic crime of crimes," may stand side by side with the club-man and the society lady who have wines on their tables but do not want a common groggery on their own block. The Prohibitionist, standing on his own platform calling for the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic by Federal and State statutes enacted by legislators and enforced by executive officers elected by a political party created expressly for that purpose, is a very lonely individual. He is a monument of conscientious conviction. But on the platform of the Anti-Saloon League he finds himself surrounded by a great multitude—including most of his friends and neighbors—who hold the most diverse views on other subjects, but fully agree in not wanting a saloon near their own homes, churches, and schools—a common resort which, if unrestricted, would be wide open for twenty-four hours a day seven days in the week. People generally unite enough expediency with altruistic selfishness to be glad to assist others in driving from their midst a public nuisance and menace in return for similar service received from them.

The third-party Prohibitionist is grand and monumental in his fidelity to a supreme purpose. He commands our admiration at the same time that he elicits our commiseration for the uselessness of his efforts in the achievement of direct results. But probably for every voter in the Prohibition party there are a dozen other voters who favor local option and approve of the restriction of the liquor traffic so far as that is practicable, and who would be glad to support any such movement which does not interfere with their own political party and other subjects in which they are interested. Unlike the Prohibitionist, they do not make the suppression of the liquor traffic their supreme political purpose. It is to them simply one of many important social problems, and the one very likely in which they see the least prospect

of progress or reform. When they are shown a practicable method of achieving important results in this direction without sacrificing anything else, and their co-operation is earnestly invited to this end, they will cordially give their support. To this large number of citizens in sympathy with the League's immediate object must be added many others who do not favor the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but who do believe in the enforcement of law and order, and hence will support a society which is doing efficient work to restrict or close those saloons which are lawless and disreputable. Such, then, is the constituency of the Anti-Saloon League.

The article on the Prohibition Party in the April number of **THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE** showed that in spite of the tremendous handicaps of that party it has repeatedly held the balance of power in presidential elections, and doubtless the same has been true untold times in State and local elections. The above considerations lead to the conclusion that the Anti-Saloon League might naturally expect a constituency fifteen or twenty times as large as that of the Prohibition party—so large, in fact, that it would in many places have a majority of the voters. Such is the conclusion reached from *a priori* considerations. Now we will look at the actual facts as shown in the short history of the League.

A State Anti-Saloon League was organized in Oberlin, Ohio, that mother of so many good things, September 3, 1893, and last year it actually had in the State Legislature a majority of eighteen members who owed their election to the League, and were pledged to support its measures. This is simply an indication of what may be accomplished in other States where the League has been since organized.

The genesis and growth of the League may be briefly stated. About ten years ago it became evident to Rev. Howard H. Russell, LL. D., then pastor of the Armour Mission, Chicago, who had previously been very active in

organizing local option and anti-saloon leagues in connection with pastoral work in Ohio and Missouri, and to Rev. A. J. Kynett, D. D., who had co-operated in forming many "Christian Temperance Alliances"—as they were called—in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and other States, that such organizations would not go strongly forward unless suitable men were employed in each State to give their whole time to the oversight of the work. Dr. Kynett had visited Columbus, O., in February, 1893, and organized a Christian Temperance Alliance at a well-attended convention, but with no superintendent to push the work, and nothing further was done in that direction. After the launching of the Anti-Saloon League at Oberlin, the Rev. W. E. Moore, D. D., of Columbus, President of the Christian Temperance Alliance, wrote Superintendent Russell that they had an "unorganized organization" which would be glad to be merged in the Anti-Saloon League. This was formally done in October, 1893, the two executive committees being consolidated. Since then the Ohio League has steadily grown in its constituency, in financial strength, in the diversity of its methods, and the success of its work. For example, in a recent legislative campaign the League, with its 160,000 enrolled voters, defeated the two members of the previous General Assembly who were recognized leaders for the liquor interests. One was defeated at the primaries and the other at the polls. By such sensible methods of work, the very methods which have given the organized liquor traffic such political power, the anti-saloon forces are winning their victories.

In December, 1895, the American Anti-Saloon League was formed at Washington. The call for the convention was issued as the result of a conversation between Dr. Kynett and Archbishop Ireland, a circumstance prophetic of the alliance coming more and more to be realized in this league between temperance workers regardless of creed. The national organization now has branch Leagues in thirty-six States and Territories. Almost all the Northern States have

Leagues, and the Southern States are being rapidly organized; westward the League has branches in California, Washington, and the Hawaiian Islands. A League is now being organized in England—which is the beginning of the international work. More than two hundred persons are now devoting their whole time to the work of the League in the various States.

The growing influence of the League was demonstrated during the last Congress of the United States, when it became through its legislative department a leading and essential factor in the enactment of the Anti-Canteen law removing the sales of liquor from the United States army posts. This result was achieved not by a pressure upon Congress of petition or personal appeal alone, but through the organization of the voters in several of the States in such a manner that they have now become a strong factor in the nomination and election of candidates for public office in the various political parties. Every member of the League is expected to be diligent in the exercise of the rights of citizenship, and to attend the primaries and caucuses of the political party to which he belongs, whatever that party may be. A careful record is kept of the votes in both branches of the State Legislature upon temperance issues, and it becomes the duty of the League to see that men who are friendly to temperance legislation are saved from harm because of their votes in this cause. If the members of the Legislature are unfriendly to the temperance cause, it is the duty of the League to defeat such men when they come before the people again as candidates for office.

The League seeks first to inform communities of their rights and opportunities under existing law. This is done principally through the churches of all denominations and the publications of the League. Clergymen connected with the organization occupy the pulpits of the churches in a town or section of a city on a Sunday arranged upon; they advocate the enforcement of the liquor laws, the revocation

of licenses illegally held, and the formation of local Leagues to attain this object. This is the so-called Anti-Saloon Sunday which has made the League known to churchgoers throughout the country. The churches of the State, and of each locality, become the nucleus around which the other moral and temperance organizations are gathered for the development of that public sentiment which is essential to success. A large proportion of the League's constituency are church members who became subscribing members of the League at one of these church services where the work was presented and names enrolled.

A local League being thus organized, and the money provided, the State League sends experienced inspectors to obtain evidence of violations of the law and their skilled attorneys conduct the cases in court. Thirteen consecutive legal victories by the League in Albany, N. Y., and vicinity is a record to be proud of. In every instance the liquor tax certificate was revoked and the proprietors deprived of holding another license for one year. When a League has such success it is comparatively easy to prevent the granting of new licenses. But better and much less expensive than these legal measures is the voting of "No license" under the New York State local option law. Probably few citizens of New York State, outside of the League, know that about three hundred townships in the State have voted "No license" since the League began its work in the State only two years ago.

The New York State League, which is growing very rapidly, has made a record for work during the few months of its existence. Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, D. D., the superintendent, is a very efficient and enthusiastic leader. On the board of trustees and various committees there are more than thirty of the most prominent clergymen and laymen in the State. Truman H. Baldwin, Esq., is the president. The vice-presidents are Rev. I. K. Funk, D. D., Rev. O. P. Gifford, D. D., and Rev. David J. Burrell, D. D. The head-

quarters of the State League are in the Presbyterian Building, New York City, and district offices are maintained in Buffalo, Rochester, Elmira, Syracuse, Albany, Poughkeepsie, and elsewhere. Seventeen officers and employés have devoted their whole time to the work. Public meetings, mostly in churches, have been held during the year ending May 1st to the number of 2,700, with audiences of 700,000 persons. Nearly ten million pages of literature were circulated, and over forty thousand dollars were subscribed to the State League by eighteen thousand persons.

The law-enforcement department of the work has been very tedious and expensive, but the new law is expected to greatly expedite the civil proceedings for the revocation of licenses which have been forfeited by non-compliance with any one of the many regulations imposed by the law upon licensed saloon-keepers.

The Supreme Court of the United States and the courts and legislatures of every State in the Union recognize the evils of the modern saloon. These evils are so apparent that the legislatures of all the States have sought to keep within some bounds the indiscriminate traffic in ardent spirits. To do this has taxed the skill of the law-making powers. In the case of Crowley, Chief of Police of San Francisco, vs. Christensen, 137 U. S. Supreme Court R., p. 86, Mr. Justice Field, delivering the opinion of the Court, said :

By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram shop, where intoxicating liquors, in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source. The sale of such liquors in this way has therefore been at all times, by the courts of every State, considered as the proper subject of legislative regulation. Not only may a license be exacted from the keeper of the saloon before a glass of his liquors can be thus disposed of, but restrictions may be imposed as to the class of persons

to whom they may be sold, and the hours of the day and the days of the week on which the saloons may be opened. Their sale in that form may be absolutely prohibited. It is a question of public expediency and public morality, and not of federal law. The police power of the State is fully competent to regulate the business—to mitigate its evils or to suppress it entirely. There is no inherent right in a citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquors by retail. . . . As it is a business attended with danger to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited, or be permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils.

It is a notorious fact that laws regulating liquor saloons are very generally violated, and the Anti-Saloon League occupies the unique position of being the only organization—not strictly local—for securing the observance of such laws. There have been some successful local Law and Order Societies, Citizens' Committees, and other civic experiments resorted to out of the extremity of necessity arising from fragrant violations of the law; but they have been sporadic, generally only temporary, and always at a disadvantage on account of their local character. The Anti-Saloon League, on the other hand, unites the experience and resources of hundreds of communities, and affords to each the advice and services of trained experts.

Opinions differ, among the best citizens, as to the wisdom of particular liquor laws and regulations, but all must agree that disregard of law has been the germ to which may be traced the decline and fall of most governments that have gone into decay, and so every lover of our country ought to be in sympathy with any society which promotes the enforcement of laws. It is no exaggeration to say that the saloon itself is the school-house of lawlessness, the manufactory of criminals and paupers, and the home of perjurors. No ordinary means of enforcing law, aside from public sentiment, are sufficient to cope with such a widespread, organized, and lucrative business, whose profits depend upon the violation of the law. The Anti-Saloon League, dedicated as it is to the enforcement of laws restraining this great

public evil, is performing one of the most patriotic services of any organization that exists.

Mr. W. B. Wheeler, attorney for the Ohio League, writes :

The obstacles which we face are many. In a large number of communities we find the machinery which is employed to enforce the law in the hands of the enemy of the law. Far too often the officers, who are paid to enforce the law, shield rather than prosecute the criminals. It is not uncommon to find a pre-election agreement made between an officer and the criminal class that certain laws shall not be enforced, or enforced in such a manner as not to materially interfere with the business of certain criminals. The liquor business is such that, with threats and bribes, the judiciary is often stained, and judges on the bench lend themselves as tools of lawlessness instead of being the bulwark for law enforcement. There is no part of the machinery of the government which these enemies of the law do not try to corrupt and control. This is a condition which we have to face, and with faith much larger than a mustard seed enter the fight to change that condition so that a better class of officials can be nominated and elected, who will honestly attempt to do their duty. We find also that the officer of the law who receives his salary in part from money derived from the taxes or license from the liquor business is under more or less obligation to them. Large amounts of money are paid from that business to pay the expenses of the courts and of public institutions, and the liquor dealer constantly harps upon the fact that he is a public benefactor because he thus pays in these large sums of money to the government, and he acts as though the public servants were but his agents. This unholy relation, and the obligation which follows from it, will remain as long as we license or tax the iniquitous business, and it is one of the conditions we face which makes it hard to enforce any kind of regulative or prohibitory legislation.

The laws, State or local, which we enforce, or attempt to enforce, are often very poor tools. They were framed and passed in States where there was no organization to especially look after the technical wording of the law and its possibility of enforcement. The liquor dealers are always on hand with the best of attorneys, to secure the insertion of some harmless-looking amendment which practically knocks the teeth out of the law, and then with a useless piece of temperance legislation the people say, after its enactment, What good does it do to pass temperance laws when they cannot be enforced?

Another important function of the League should be to encourage officers of the law who are inclined to do their duty. Without a question, the average officer of the law would rather do his duty than not if he feels safe in doing it; in other words, he moves along the line of least resistance, and it is because the law-breakers are more aggressive and determined in their opposition to his doing his duty than we are to encourage him in doing his duty, that we have the condition of affairs which we face to-day.

As an Anti-Saloon League we want to teach and train the people to be as consistent in sustaining the officer of the law who does his duty as our enemies are in encouraging men who violate their oath of office and refuse to do the work for which they are paid.

The officers of the law, who in the beginning were, in most cases, unfriendly to our work, are gradually gaining a confidence in it, and we cannot attend to one-half of the calls that are made to us from officers of the law in different parts of the State to assist them in the enforcement of the temperance laws.

After all else is said, probably the best testimony that can be given to the work of the League comes directly from those interested in the liquor traffic. Mr. F. C. W. Ferguson, managing editor of *The New Voice*—the Prohibition organ—wrote:

Two years ago I did not believe in the Anti-Saloon League, because I thought it was working along wrong lines. But, as one of the editors of *The New Voice*, I read all the liquor papers published in the country, and I noticed that all the wrath and vituperation of that press was being poured out against the Anti-Saloon League, and I said that henceforth my enemies' enemy shall be my friend.

*The Wine and Liquor News* said :

It cannot be denied that the Anti-Saloon League has accomplished more in three years than the old Prohibition party has accomplished in twenty. Hence it must not be forgotten that the real enemy is not the Prohibition party, but the Anti-Saloon League, which uses all parties to bring about their end.



IAO VALLEY

## HAWAII FIRST

### BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUAI KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

By E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the Valley," Etc.

#### XII

##### IAO VALLEY

I have long desired to see your beautiful islands, but an unconquerable disposition to sea-sickness keeps me from the sea.—*E. V. Smalley.*

I beg to thank the Klub for the honor it has done me.—*Joseph Jefferson.*

I shall invest in a Kodak, and if you can get my sweet friend Kate Field to be there at the same time, we shall be able to photograph the entire Klub for the *Overland*.—*Rounsevelle Wildman.*

It has been in vain thus far, but I know that I shall some day see that poetic land of luxury and languor in nature, and of strength and enthusiasm among its people.—*Julian Ralph.*

When I cross the Pacific again, I certainly shall not omit to visit Hawaii, as I did last January.—*Oliver Optic.*

When fortune permits me to come your way, I will be found a diligent inquirer after your whereabouts, and this will be, I hope, directly after annexation, of which consider me a somewhat blatant advocate.—*Lew Wallace.*

**B**ACK of Wailuku, forming a vast break in the eastern side of Wailuku Mountains, is Iao Valley, told of in many a book, and visited almost daily by some admiring friend. It is a wonderful place, said to be "the most beautiful in the islands," "incomparable," "equal to the far-famed Vale of Cashmere." I never saw Cashmere, but last week I met a man that had. The only way to judge of Iao is to go there yourself. I read in some book or other that the "agricultural" attractions were not to be compared to the historical; that the latter gave to the place its chief

interest. To me the fact that Kamehameha had a battle there is only an incident. Had all the acts of men since Alfred the Great been done in this pass, I should not visit it one whit more. But it may be well to tell the story.

Kamehameha the First, being ready to conquer Maui, secured men and canoes from his uncle at Hilo, and came over to Hana in the dog days of 1790. He fought a battle at Hamakualoa and, as usual, won it; then pushed on to Kahului, where he landed. With him were Young and Davis, with musketry and two field pieces.

Well, the Maui army, led by Kahekili's sons, were followed by Kamehameha's guns, until the former reached a peak far up the valley and in their desperation climbed to the top, where Kamehameha saw them easily. He soon scrambled up the rocky sides of the Needle with his men, and pushed his enemies down upon the rocks below. The Hawaiian historian says: "It is said that the brook Iao was choked with the corpses of the slain, whence the battle was called 'Kapaniwai' (the damming of the waters)."

From the bridge, or what might be better remembered by some, the Iao saloon, to the First Crossing, the opening between the sides of the canyon is a vale about half a mile wide, with roads hugging the mountain on each side, followed by small houses and cultivated patches, largely *taro*. You take the left-hand road, going up Iao Street by the cemetery, and down into shade very soon, until you reach the ford. A guide-book says it is an "easy after-dinner walk," but I would not encourage any one to take it, for, generally, it is hot and dusty. Along the way thus far, you pass coffee patches, bread-fruit, ginger (*zingiber serumbet*), with fragrant white or yellow blossoms, indigo, malvastrum, and other island plants, besides the blue morning-glory (*ipomea insularis*). This vine is called *koali* by the natives, and is used in fractures and bruises, in most instances to the detriment of the patient.

Soon you reach a locked gate near a native house, where



"LIKE A STREAK OF QUICKSILVER"

you might ask for the key. It brings you among fig, mango, and oleander trees, the blossoms of the last brushing your cheek as you ride by into the Second Crossing. Then come woods where the pretty white passion-flower drapes many of the trees, disclosing here and there a water-lemon, which is a near relation.

At the Third Crossing you have reached the beginning of magnificent scenery. To your right rises the Needle, a blunt point of rock that doesn't resemble a needle, attaining a height of 1,000 feet, its trees and ferns dripping with moisture from the clouds above. A branch of the stream comes down between this rock and another almost as imposing, through a gorge darkened with ferns and shrubs. To the left of the Needle another stream goes in through precipitous sides to an inevitable waterfall, that looks, from where you stand, like a streak of quicksilver. Still to the right, close to the entrance of the valley, you may follow up the main body of water through wonder upon wonder of cliff, water-fall, forest, stream, and vale.

We came to the first tableland, and looked back towards the entrance upon a speck of blue water that we knew was the sea. But we did not stop short of the second tableland, which was a panorama, a great crater rimmed with trees and open to the sky.

The Junior Partner, who had gone ahead with the Bostonians, wanted to penetrate the mountain like the ancient chief Kalanikupule, and come out on the other side, but the rest of us not venturing any further than a narrow ridge in that direction, she and her party returned.

## XIII

### AT THE BRIM OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CRATER

If you want to be good, do nothing bad until you are eighty.

I have never forgotten what I read in the book that cost me the last quarter I had.

IT was startling enough, this vast chasm, and unlike anything we had ever seen. Would these clouds stay there?

We should wait and see. What was eating to seeing!

"Wait till the clouds roll by," said Mr. Stamford gayly.

We turned toward Wailuku, and another view almost took our senses away. As far as the eye could see was a vast floor of icy-looking clouds, piled into every imaginable form, resembling, no doubt, a boundless arctic sea, with snow, solid and broken bergs, and spaces of cold, blue water; such a sea as Nansen saw and has so thrillingly described. There was an arctic chill to the air, as well, which added to the reality of the scene.

After this I care little to go to the North Pole, for I have seen the wondrous icy sea of the north. It reached almost from our feet to the Wailuku Mountains, level except for the massing mountains of ice. They were moving, too, some sinking and some rising. Occasionally you could discern a bit of land, or some chimney through the sea.

Truth is never original. Our comparison was true. We could compare this gathering of clouds to nothing else, and we all began talking of the arctic sea as if we were there, and fell to a discussion of Nansen's book. We had none of us been to the Polar Sea, but we felt satisfied.

We had turned toward the crater again, when the Junior Partner exclaimed, "Look at the circular rainbow," and we had no sooner seen it than within the circle appeared shadows



CLOUDS IN THE CRATER

of ourselves, greatly exaggerated. They mocked us by doing what we did, tossing their hats, waving their hands, wagging their heads; very grotesque and very interesting. This was the Clown of the Cloud—Kaloloohoao—and we saw him because we were present at the right time, namely, 5 P. M., with a crater full of clouds, and the sun shining in at just the right angle. Of this a former traveler has written: "We arrived at the brink August 20th, in time to view a wonderful phenomenon, which comparatively few have ever been privileged to behold. There appeared a rainbow forming a complete circle, enclosing three figures. To test the reality of the apparition we waved our hands and handkerchiefs, and our silhouetted images waved back to us. Five times this phenomenon appeared and disappeared." For us it lasted all of half an hour, and disappeared only when we moved out of the reflecting focus. That was why it "disappeared" to the traveler. There were as many figures as there were persons, of course, the phenomenon being similar to that of the "Specter of Brocken."

There are many wild recesses in the valley.

It is said that there are yet several stills carried on by the natives, and one can see how easy it would be to conceal their work in a place where the trail seems to end in a mass of rock, but finds its way on and on, hidden by trees and vines and sharp curves. These stills are crude affairs. *Ti* roots are baked in an underground oven until they become sweet, after which the pulp is put in a rough trough (formerly a canoe), and left to soak, fermentation taking place in four or five days. The beverage called *okolehao* consists of nearly pure alcohol. Formerly it was distilled by means of iron pots, and gun barrels for vapor conduction. It is strange how closely connected gun barrels and whiskey have always been.

Another intoxicating drink, producing far worse results, is the native *awa*, made from the root of the same name that grows in different parts of Hawaii, including Iao Valley.

It is the *piper methysticum* of botany, and is usually cultivated, the plants found here being escapes. There are several species common to islands of the South Seas, and bundles of roots may be seen at the wharves, bound for some special port. The liquor is made by a process of mastication. A group of men and women, after being supplied each with a cud of *awa* root, squat on the ground about a common calabash, and begin to chew vigorously. The aromatic plant produces a free flow of saliva, which from time to time is ejected into the bowl. You have seen the same sort of an entertainment in some Western hotel. When the liquor is properly fermented it serves as a beverage. Robert Louis Stevenson is said to have been very fond of this drink. Its effects are baneful, the victims becoming blear-eyed and affected with a peculiar furfuraceous skin. While under the influence of the stimulant, one is said to be as full of pleasant dreams as an absinthe habitué. When harmless plants are turned to such bad account, it is no wonder that good men's best intentions should be turned by others into evil use. Certainly, in Iao "only man is vile."

We found a pebbly little island in the middle of the stream, and occupied it for our dinner. When we had eaten, we each took our alligator-pear seeds and planted them, like true Klubbers that we were. The Quorum decided that the seeds of fruit eaten by picnicking members should be planted with due care.

Far up in the direction of the "Black Gorge" there is a cave, known to be the burial-place of kings and chiefs. The Bostonian took out her note-book and read aloud: "The remains of many ancient kings are deposited in a cave in Iao Valley, at the head of the Wailuku River."

Now the sun had reached the clouds of the arctic sea, flooding them with light, tinting here an ice peak, and there one, leaving spaces of frozen white and spaces of blue water; a sight better left to the imagination for detail. We had only to turn around to see it.

At last the sun went down and the air grew colder, so we walked slowly to our house, where Kaleiwi had a good fire on the hearth. We had barely reached the house when the Judge called us back to the brim. The clouds were going out, he said. It was light yet, and when we came to the edge the whole view burst upon us—this great mountain hollowed out by this great chasin, in a way to cause wonderment without end.

You are perched up on the top of a mass of volcanic débris, 10,000 feet high, 90 miles in circumference at the base, and sit looking down into a bowl 2,000 feet deep, occupying the center of the mass. The walls rise, jagged, ragged rocks of gray, precipitous, unequal, extending triangularly for twenty miles. You see a point across from you, three miles away, and they tell you that it is seven and a half miles from one wall yonder to this, nineteen square miles of surface, 12,160 acres of cinders and space. In the bottom of this hole you notice a series of hills, truncated and having basins, sixteen of them ranging from 100 feet to 900 feet high, colored red, brown, black, and velvety black. There to the northeast is a break in the side of this great thing, Koolau Gap; and out through there broke the hot lava to the sea, while in the southwest another gap called Kaupo has satisfied the extraordinary demands of the crater. These gaps are now grown up to trees and bushes, and one of them is said to be a good valley for the cultivation of coffee. From a higher point of the rim, somewhat to our right, it is 720 feet to the floor. What appear to be shrubs two or three feet high are forests of trees said to be as tall as any on Maui.

There are a number of caves in the crater, and travelers have used some of them for shelter and lodging. Water is found in one of them. There is also a "bottomless pit," dark and gruesome. Sounding lines dropped down probably strike ledges, and so reach interminable lengths. Some such ledge shelves the most of our mysteries. The pit may not be deep, but its edges crumble and will not bear inspec-

tion. Otherwise there is not much of interest here, except, of course, the presence of the crater, whose immensity makes itself almost palpable. There is a trail down into the crater, beginning about three miles from the guest-house. It is gradual, but tedious, especially to retrace in the sun. I think that most persons are surprised to find such abrupt sides to the crater; in many places one fears to look over.

Nearly all available stones have been rolled down, but we found one or two that we sent crashing down into the abyss. A young man wrote home and told his parents how he had amused himself rolling rocks into the crater, when his thoughtful old mother wrote back advising him to be careful, as he might hurt some person by his carelessness.

We could see Hawaii across the space, but in a rather misty way. It was now very cold, the stars shone bright and clear, and clouds began to creep into the crater through Koolau Gap. We hurried to the house, having forgotten all about supper, which we soon cooked and ate. In the meantime Kaleiwi made a good fire, tied and fed the horses, now shivering outside, and came in saying that everything was *maikai*. He was a jolly fellow, moving around the room in a half dance, and striking his thighs with an exuberance of spirits quite unusual in the tropics.

“Craigie Lea,” the Scotchy name of the only house on top, is but a few feet from the brim, where an opening in the rocks allows the visitor to step to the very edge. It is a one-room house, built of stone, with prison-like windows and a corrugated iron roof. Within are a good floor, fireplace, barrel for water, table, cupboard, cooking utensils, and about a dozen cots. The place was built by residents of the island for the use of the public. There is a guest-book, too, a record of various things by visitors to the crater. It contains an interesting history of the building and house-warming, written by “C. H. D.”; accounts of experiences and sensations, with verses and jokes enough to fill an evening. Dr. Poking had been here. He said that the wind blew in

under the eaves, and the fireplace smoked. Mr. Musk stated that he got up in time to see the sunrise. We came to an item: "Last night Sunflower chewed his rope off and went home, Dr. Cooper having to walk back to Olinda." Sunflower was the very horse now tied outside, so we went at once to see, and found that he had nearly cut his rope by the same old habit of chewing. We hobbled him and made



"CHEWED HIS ROPE"

him sure. Is this the first real service a musty record has rendered?

We finished by writing in the book ourselves: "We reached here wound up for enthusiastic explosion, and went off duly in true American style, at sunset and sunrise, July 29th and 30th. Our adjectives floated off across the vast expanse and joined the clouds; hence our inability to record them here. One had the audacity to say that the crater reminded him of the subject of theology, because the longer

you looked into it the less you knew about it. The poetical member of the party, on seeing the crater, utterly collapsed, and was unable to transcribe the ponderous thought that made brandy and water necessary. We thank the builders of Haleakela and Craigie Lea for their favors rendered."

The Judge said it was time to re-tire, which, being inter-



preted, meant to be tired over again. The meaning became more significant before morning.

Kaleiwi slept due southeast and northwest, across the front of the hearth, keeping up a roaring fire. The Junior Partner came next with her feet to the fire. The Judge lay near the eastern wall, while Mr. Stamford and the Assessor

stretched between the Judge and the Doctor. They were in the middle. I had no pillow, the Junior Partner used a rubber coat for one, and the rest arranged themselves as best they could. Such a night! Sometimes there is rest without sleep, but here we had neither. The heavy blankets, the cold currents coming up through the bottom of the cot, the want of a pillow, or, if you had one, its tendency to fall off the end of the bed, and the fleas, were too much for us.

I heard Mr. Stamford snoring the remorseless monotone of oblivion. The Judge was quiet; he had been trained to listen to evidence. I got up for a change of venue, and looked about me. The fire was almost out, leaving the room in partial darkness. Kaleiwi had curled nearer and nearer to the embers, and looked like a chunky yule-log rolled there to keep fire (we expected him to do it, but not in that way); the Junior Partner, of which nothing but her nose was to be seen, breathed freely; the Judge, covered with an oil coat, lay placidly enough with his face to the roof, while the Assessor and Mr. Stamford had joined cots and made the most of an unhappy coalition.

I crawled out of my wrappings and went to examine the thermometer. It was two o'clock, cold, clear, and great fleeces of cloud hurried in from the northeast; temperature 48° F. I went back to bed, this time to sleep. I never knew the time when I couldn't sleep just as the hour came to get up. At 5 A. M. the Assessor called, "Now is the time to make a rise." The Junior Partner grunted, and did not appear enthusiastic, which provoked Kaleiwi to say, disgustedly, "Plenty time get up now. Lady before *maikai*—she get up *wikiwiki*" (quickly). He regarded this want of alacrity as a reflection upon the coming sunrise. It would never do to belittle that.

Wrapping ourselves in blankets—some of them beautifully striped—we filed out of camp into the cold, piercing air, and walked like stealthy Indians straight to the brim. It was still too dark to distinguish clearly, so we stood and

shivered, or clapped our hands together and pounded our feet against the rocks. A new Polar sea stretched to the west of us, and although the sunlight fell here and there the clouds appeared reluctant to go. They were like some persons who wake up in the morning to find daylight an intolerable imposition.

Lighter and lighter it grew. The great, open mouth of the crater began to yawn, and turned to colors indescribable. It was "a feasting presence full of light." The artist was growing bolder; orange, gold, pink, fell thick and fast upon the canvas; a breaking of clouds there, a burst of crimson here, a flood of color—and the sun had risen.

This is the "House of the Sun." According to the tradition, the sun in somewhat of a hurry finished his work in a very short time, but was caught by a notable Hawaiian and obliged to move more slowly. Which is quite consistent with present-day customs in Hawaii.

Over across the opposite wall, and a bit of blue, whether sea or sky it would have been hard to say, Hawaii appeared, its three mountains clearly defined, Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Hualalai. We could see the Kohala mountains and the level stretches of cane. The seacoast from Kahului to Keanae could be distinguished, and the blue bay at the mouth of the gap was very beautiful.

The morning crater was as silent as the grave, not a breath, not a note, not a motion except the moving of the clouds. We had breakfast now, and all joined in doing up the work. The Judge and Kaleiwi went down into the crater, while the rest of us walked around toward the south, thinking that we might find the remains of an old chief's huts, which were said to be there. But after going three miles, and getting views of the crater every few minutes, we gave up the search and came back to camp. On the way we stepped upon bunches of stuff that crumbled into dust under our feet—the yellow hydrated oxide of iron. The Judge returned all tired out, and the Junior Partner had

mountain sickness, but we sat by the fascinating brim, and talked.

"Look at those colors on the cones," said the Assessor. "An artist that could use them would make his fortune. They are the product of different degrees of oxidation of iron. Iron, in fact, does the most of the painting for rocks and hills. The blood-red there is due to granular oxide, also the red to pink shades, while hydration produces the brown and yellow. Altered olivine gives green, of which there are shades on the inner edge of the cone nearest here, while the satiny brown and black luster is due to sulphides."

"This is my first visit here," said the Judge. "And ours," we added. "I have been here many a time," remarked Mr. Stamford. "I once stayed a week in the crater. It has a barren floor, covered with dust, sand, and lava flows, but the gulches are interesting, and generally covered with growth. The caves are naked. They were probably formed long after the top was off, perhaps by explosions. The gaps are comparatively modern. Dr. Lyons says that some of the flows may be as recent as two hundred years. It is strange that the natives have no tradition of eruptions, if any occurred so late as that. The history of craters is much the same. The large one has grown out of a number that have broken into each other at times indeterminable. Dutton says that of all the scenes in the Hawaiian Islands Haleakela is by far the most sublime and impressive. I have seen them all, but this holds me more than any other."

## XIV

### THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

“THIS crater was never a boiling caldron of its present size,” said the Doctor, as we sat on the edge of the chasm. “We believe that, but all this mountain to its very top was made by overflows coming from the bottom, and the bottom must have been as low as it is now, or lower, so that no matter how small the circumference was, the lava came surging up to the top. Its sides are higher now by the depth of the last flow. We are toning down things and getting away from everything wonderful, trying to deny catastrophic origin, but this old volcano made a fuss, I’m sure of that; and if some of these long-winded scientists had been here at the time, I am certain they would have done some catastrophic running.”

“I have been up here in a snow-storm,” said the Assessor, “and I’ve passed through all kinds of country and climate, journeying along these slopes. Windward it is all rain and forest, with gulch after gulch to traverse, as many as seventy-two in a few miles. Then leeward it is dry and barren over a flow of lava as yet undisturbed by climatic inclemencies. Dutton thinks that, volcanically, Haleakela is a close imitation of Mauna Loa.”

“Do you know,” said the Doctor, “the larger a thing is the less noise it makes? This great crater knows how to be silent. It is true, it puffed and steamed years ago, but it was younger and smaller then. Haleakela is a text. It is something for a man to pattern after; large, broad, open, you can see to its depths; nothing is hidden except its history. It is constantly rising without pomp or show; gradually going upward.”

"It has dignity and impressiveness, too, which a man cannot have if he be under five feet seven," added Mrs. Lydope, "and it has a northern and a southern side, which every well-balanced man ought to have."

"Well," interrupted the Assessor, "this must be the Sermon on the Mount."

"Let us have the rest of it," remarked the Judge of the green.

"This mountain is constant," continued the Doctor; "you cannot look at it long without following it up, and I call that a good experience. Besides, it is the same every day, which I wish all women were. It has age: a valuable acquisition. Another thing, it keeps its personal history to itself. That is one of its best traits. We go away, but it remains: a persistent factor for good in the community where it rises. It has come to stay. And this has a beneficent influence on persons of a restless temperament. I could go on, but would come at last to the fact that Haleakela is cold and dead. I suppose that we must all come to that, too."

"Might you not add," said the Secretary, "that the mountain keeps its head above water, and goes high enough for a change of climate? We might take that as a hint to keep our feet warm and our heads cool."

"A good hygienic rule," remarked the Doctor, laconically, "and better than a cabbage-leaf and mustard."

"The mountain has certainly not been perfect," Mr. Stamford began; "it had faults, two large gaps in its continuity, and these are apparent to-day. It behooves us to

'Guard a good name with steadfast care;  
Once wounded it a scar must bear,  
At which, tho' washed with bitter tears,  
The world will point in after years,  
And tell what placed it there.'

In youth, at some time when it was heated, it broke forth in flowing fury and damaged itself. The world went on, but

the mountain was broken, and doors were opened for drear fogs to enter."

"But," replied Madelaine, "every man has faults. I would not care to meet the man that didn't."

"Just so," went on the preacher, "but only because he may profit by them, and not commit them again. In that sense they develop strength. Anger is a good accommodation and carries a man over many a gorge, but it is a poor thing to keep, as some do. To lose one's self in a spasm; to splutter, splurge, tremble, and speak in a voice of thunder as this mountain did, will be sure to leave a gap in one's character. Trees may grow in it, but that is secondary."

The Poet, who had been silent, now drew a paper out of his pocket. "Before reading this I want to say that Haleakela is a poem as well as a text. It originates impulses. If these impulses turn to no better account than rhyme, it is not the fault of the inspiration. We poets work hard and don't get much pay. Coleridge has said, 'Poetry is its own great reward.' Sometimes a man may be found who is willing to listen to the reading of a dozen stanzas, but generally he has pressing business and begs to be excused. Poets are to be admired for their assiduity. With all the newspaper criticism, they let their hair grow long and keep on singing. As an old man said, 'You can break a horse of balking, but a boy of writing poetry, never. It must be according to nature.' He was right. You must stand at the foot when you read my poem."

"Is it in Hebrew or in Chinese?" inquired the Assessor.

"No, I mean at the foot of the mountain," answered the Poet, seriously.

"Let us hear it," said Mr. Stamford.

#### HALEAKELA

Majestic mountain of our isle,  
Following thy long slopes as they rise  
Patiently upward from the plain below,  
Touched with the death-like beauty of the snow,  
Like some great Being art thou to mine eyes.

Lifting thy presence, grand and calm,  
Into the mystic region of the clouds ;  
Wrapped in gray winding-sheets and mournful shrouds,  
Where winds do chant and croon a doleful psalm.

Sternly and proudly standing there alone,  
Even the sea washes thy pillared feet  
Humbly with spray of tears, as tho' 'twere meet  
It should in lamentation thus atone.

A lesson art thou to the passer-by,  
Whose soul uplifted toward thy sun-lit crown  
Passes again with thoughtful shadows, down  
Even to the level where the waters lie ;

Yet cannot stay—only for time to gaze  
Upon the noble grandeur of thy form,  
Now visage-hidden in the mountain storm,  
And clothed in the vari-colored tints of haze.

For warning gleams upon thy features glow,  
Though thy steep heights are passionless and cold  
Thou art not only verdureless and old,  
But comest to the greening vale below,

Reaching, at last, to here—even to me,  
Showing an upward way to higher things,  
Which must be gained by steps and not with wings,  
A slow and constant rising from the sea.

And we shall some day find—all striving done,  
Up, step by step, along life's reaching side  
From levels wet by troubled wave and tide—  
The heights we saw, wherein is housed the Sun.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE TRIP TO TEMAGAMI

By W. R. BRADSHAW

I WAS seated on the piazza after dinner, on a warm August day last summer, gazing at the incomparable scene surrounding me. Between the boles of mighty hemlock and balsam that overshadowed the hotel, creating a cool, moist shade, were seen bright glimpses of blue Lake Temiscaming, with its further shore, not half a mile off, rising five hundred feet above the water, and clothed to the summit with a forest of fragrant pine. It seemed a glimpse of a Norwegian fiord, a blending of majesty and beauty that captivated the senses, more profoundly eloquent of nature's healthfulness and peace than any painting or mere word description could be, however great the genius of painter or writer.

As I mused upon the scene I thought how attractive this particular outpost of civilization ought to be for the thousands of toilers congregated in the hot cities of the South, sweltering their lives away all over the broad land from Ontario to Texas. There, fifty feet below the hotel, but almost concealed by vegetation, is the railroad depot, where tourists are brought without an effort, and there, also, is the steamboat wharf, from whence finely appointed steamers carry passengers to the virgin wilds of Canada that begin anywhere around us. Immediately behind the hotel, scarcely a mile through the park-like grounds, the impetuous Gordon Creek, the southerly overflow of Lake Keepawa, dashes headlong down a cascade, having a fall of one hundred feet in as many yards. I had been out all the morning fishing for trout, and had caught quite a basketful, including black bass and pickerel, but it seemed to me a much better

occupation to lie among the shrubbery at the bottom of the gorge, midway down the cascade, and allow myself to be fascinated with the infinite fury of the descending waters. Keepawa Lake lies three hundred feet above the level of Lake Temiscaming, and as Gordon Creek is but eight miles in length, anything more picturesque and glorious than the tumultuous plunge of its waters down the granite mountain, flashing its banners of spray amid the green aisles of the forest, would be hard to conceive.

Thus musing on the delightful environment, my reverie was disturbed by the manager of the hotel announcing that several lumbermen's cribs were about to shoot the Long Sault Rapids, that extended for seven miles below the hotel, where the Ottawa River leaves Lake Temiscaming, and all guests were invited to enjoy the trip. Instantly all Temiscaming was in commotion. Mr. Lumsden, the owner of the hotel, is a wealthy lumberman. In a bay, half a mile north of the railway depot, the logs brought down the lake from his various lumber camps are congregated. Here "cribs," or rafts twenty-two feet wide, with small cabins built thereon for sleeping accommodation for his voyageurs, are constructed to shoot the various rapids of the Ottawa, each crib forming the nucleus of a much larger raft when the more placid reaches of the river are reached, below Mattawa.

The experience of going down seven miles of foaming rapids, having a vertical descent of fifty feet, is one that doesn't offer itself every day, consequently every one volunteered for the trip. It is true, we were warned that we should have to walk back to the hotel on the railway track, but that condition was of minor consequence in this land of hilarious activity.

Quite a number of people sat on the roofs of the cabins of the various cribs when they were towed out into the current of the river by "alligators," or steamboats, each containing a powerful winch, by means of which it travels on land

as well as on water. The particular crib on which I sat, on being cut loose, headed for the opposite shore, but the men at the gigantic sweeps, four in front and four aft, with a dexterity born of experience, and acting under the command of an Indian pilot, guided the raft into the middle of the stream. It was a strange sensation to feel the crib sink suddenly downward as it struck the first line of breakers. The prow sank under water, and instantly the entire raft was swept by a vast wave of foaming water, and we seemed to be borne down the turbulent stream without visible support. We went down the rapids like an avalanche that bears houses on its bosom, the invisible force of gravity carrying us irresistibly onward. The flying courses of foam, like the sea-horse of Neptune, were literally harnessed to our chariot.

What ponderous yet swift motion! Were we really moving as fast as the flying shores indicated? How silent, save for the voices of the foam; how smooth, save for the fearsome oscillations! It required great skill of mind and great strength of muscle to keep the raft from drawing on the rocks on the one hand, and from being sucked into an entangling eddy on the other. We made the seven miles of the Long Sault Rapids in safety in twenty minutes, or at the rate of twenty-one miles an hour.

The Long Sault Rapids terminate in a beautiful bay known as Beaucheur, which is the beginning of the alluring stretch of water known as Seven League Lake, which terminates in Mountain Rapids, where the whole volume of the river rushes through a narrow channel obstructed by rocky reefs and islets, the water boiling with the fury of its descent. About three miles below Mountain Rapids we reach Les Érables Rapids with a fall of thirteen feet; and a short distance below the same the dazzling cascade known as Cotton Creek tumbles down the precipice and enters the river underneath the railroad track. Four miles below Les Érables Rapids we reach La Cove Rapids, where the fall is

ten feet, and four miles further is the picturesque town of Mattawa,\* at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa rivers.

Champlain passed through Mattawa in 1615 when in search of a westward journey to China, and it is also famed as one of the early missions to the Indians and the camping-place of the Jesuit missionaries when on their journeys to the Hurons and Algonquins over two hundred years ago. The Canadian Pacific Railway has done the region a great service in building the branch extension of its system to Temiscaming, a distance of thirty-eight miles, practically every yard of which had to be blasted out of solid rock. For let it be understood that the river Ottawa, north of Mattawa, and Lake Temiscaming, lie in a great crevasse in the Archæan rock, which rises in perpendicular cliffs from 300 to 600 feet in height.

No pen can do justice to this wildly alpine journey to Temiscaming. The precipitous shores clothed with dense forests of pine; the stately river with its ever-recurring rapids; the virginal splendor of the scene, which is as fresh to-day as it was ten thousand years ago, make the magnificent gorge the gateway to a new world of the most healthful experiences.

Temiscaming, the terminus of the railway, is the jumping-off place, where civilization ends and untamed nature begins. Henceforth, with the exception of the Indian guides, one's acquaintances will be sturgeon, maskinonge, sunfish, bass, pike, and pickerel, in the water; moose and deer, bears, wolves, lynx, foxes, marten, beaver, mink, otter and porcupine, squirrel and chipmunk, on land. The birds will be

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\* NOTE.—There are two main traveled routes to Mattawa from New York both of which are highly picturesque. One is via the New York Central Railroad to Montreal, beyond which the journey is continued to Mattawa via the Canadian Pacific Railway. The other route is via the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Niagara Falls, where the journey is continued on the Grand Trunk Railway System to North Bay on Lake Nipissing via Toronto and the Muskoka Lakes, and from North Bay east to Mattawa via the Canadian Pacific Railway.

loons, sawbills, fishhawks, gulls, ravens, partridge, and ptarmigan, and the trees that make glad the landscape will be pine, basswood, balsam, hemlock, tamarack, maple, birch, oak, beech, ironwood, alder, yew, spruce, and cedar.

I made the acquaintance of a gentleman from Vermont, named Johnson, at the hotel, who like myself was *en route* for Temagami, and we agreed to make the journey together. After due deliberation and consultation with voyageurs who knew the route we decided to begin our journey at Haileybury, at the northwestern end of the lake, and make a canoe voyage up the Montreal River via Lady Evelyn Lake to Temagami. Thence our course would be down the Temagami River via Gross Lake to the Sturgeon River, issuing therefrom on Lake Nipissing. Crossing Nipissing we would reach the Mattawa River via North Bay and Trout Lake, terminating our journey at Mattawa, a circuit of about 300 miles.

Prior to our embarking on the fine passenger steamer *The Meteor*, which is one of the fleet of vessels operating on Lake Temiscaming, of which the genial W. M. Jones is Commodore, we had sent a message to Mr. C. C. Farr, postmaster of Haileybury and pioneer of the settlement, to provide the necessary guides, canoes, and outfit for the journey. Mr. Farr was formerly connected with the Hudson's Bay Company and speaks the Ojibway language like an Indian, and is an expert in everything pertaining to the life of a voyageur in the forests.

Once through Cotton's Narrows, about a mile above the steamboat wharf, we are fairly launched upon the long and sinuous Lake Temiscaming, that fills an immense crevasse in the Archæan rocks. It has a mean depth of 400 feet, and the perpendicular cliffs rise from 400 to 600 feet above the water. Its area is 125 square miles, and it lies at a height of 590 feet above sea level, a magnificent highway leading to rich acres of arable land surrounding its northern extremity, and to the wildly beautiful regions of Lake Keepawa on the

east, Lake Abetebi and Lac du Quinze on the north, and the ever-glorious Lake Temagami on the west.

The lake scenery between Temiscaming and Opemican, a post-office and the winter quarters of the lake fleet, is solemnly beautiful. We float on a primordial sea surrounded by precipitous mountain shores. We pass Ship Island with its lighthouse and arrive at Opemican. Here the lake takes a westerly trend, giving the eastern shore a southerly outlook for a distance of two miles.

Opemican is one of the most beautiful places on the lake, and to be appreciated one must go ashore to make an intimate acquaintance with the scene. What a magnificent site for a hotel is this low-lying peninsula amid mountain shores! The scene to the south is perfectly enchanting, the lake expanding into a wide basin and vanishing between colossal walls.

We continue our journey northward, passing through Opimika Narrows, where the shores of the lake approach within 200 feet, but above the Narrows the lake widens immediately to a width of a mile. Five miles further we reach McMartin's Point, on the east shore, where the cliffs are very high and precipitous; and ten miles beyond the Point the Keepawa River, the main outlet of Lake Keepawa, enters the lake a foaming rapid.

The next point of importance is the delta of the Montreal and Matabitchouan, on the Ontario shore. Both rivers drain a large portion of the plateau of Lake Temagami, the former being the northern outlet of Temagami itself, while the latter flows from the southwest, being the overflow of Rabbit Lake. A favorite canoe trip is to go to Lake Temagami via the Montreal River, and return by the Matabitchouan. In making this trip the Montreal River is entered by way of Sharp Lake via Haileybury, twenty-five miles from its mouth, as this latter section of the river is full of rapids that flow down a narrow valley 450 feet deep. The "notch" near the mouth is a very narrow cleft

between perpendicular walls of slate, and the current is so strong that it is almost impossible to force a passage against the current in a canoe.

We stopped at the Montreal River to put ashore a New York doctor and his friends with several stalwart Indian guides, several birch-bark canoes, and supplies for a month's trip on Temagami. The route of the party was by way of the Matabitchouan River, which is navigable against the current.

Our course was now due north, the lake getting wider as we proceeded. Traversing Moose Bay, where the mouth is two and one-half miles wide, as the shades of evening began to fall we caught glimpses of a glorious sunset whose splendor was concealed by Pointe la Barbe and the mountains further north. It was not until we passed through the old Fort Narrows, at the abandoned Fort Temiscaming of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the full splendor of the scene burst into view. The sky that erstwhile was clouded was now suddenly charged with crimson light. The passengers on the steamer's deck appeared red and ghostly in the radiance of the *rouged* firmament, and the lake was a pavement of Roman pink and turquoise, interspersed with wide bands of old gold. What a region of splendor and peace for prosaic tourists to enter! We seemed to profane by our presence the holiest chambers of the gods! And so the celestial fires lighted us to the village of Ville Marie, on the Quebec shore, where we remained for the night.

The next morning we started at 6:30 for Haileybury, where we arrived at 8 o'clock. Mr. Farr was on hand to receive us, with a couple of fine-looking Ojibways as guides, who were well acquainted with the route we had mapped out. We arranged, as is usual, to have the teamster of the Hudson's Bay Company's supplies for their post at Temagami take our camp equipage by wagon over the six miles of road to Sharp Lake, where we launched our canoes and bade good-bye to civilization.

It was with feelings of intense elation that we traversed Sharp Lake. We were now free denizens of the wilderness, the trammels and traces of civilization having been thrown aside. The Indians did the paddling, one in each canoe, while my friend and myself did the fishing, and we caught enough pike and bass for our dinner, which we dispatched at the end of our first portage on the shore of Mud Lake.

Taking to the canoes once more, we paddled for an hour or more and reached the last portage for the day. It proved to be a short one, and we soon reached the Montreal River, where we camped for the night. After a good night's rest on a bed of balsam boughs, and a hearty breakfast on some splendid bass caught in the river, we launched our canoes and paddled toward Bay Lake, an entrancingly beautiful expansion of our liquid highway. It was astonishing to see how rapidly and silently the Indians handled their paddles. Influenced by their behavior, we moved in silence, but thrilled with delight at the sight of the marvelously untarnished world around us, the unspeakably brilliant sunshine streaming out of the violet heavens, the fragrant ozone of the endless forests, and we threading the labyrinths of endless bayous of jewel-blue water.

We caught sight of gigantic moose crashing through the forest at our approach, and saw water-snakes writhe up the smooth rocks. Our camp on the second night was made at Mattawabika Falls, where the waters of Lady Evelyn Lake enter the Montreal River. The next day found us on Muskonaning, or Lady Evelyn, Lake, which is twenty-two miles in length and 730 feet above sea level, or 334 feet above the level of Lake Temiscaming. Here we remained several days to thoroughly explore its island-studded waters. It is one of those beauty-haunted chambers of the wilderness, the sanctification of whose silences is a panacea for the nervous strain of city life, and its life-giving ozone an antidote for the suffocating odors of city streets, and the freedom and

sincerity of its joyful expanse so enjoyable as compared with the selfishness and brutality of city life.

On to Diamond Lake, to Non-wa-Kaming Lake, past the old Hudson's Bay Company's post and over the Sharp Rock portage and into peerless Temagami, which lies on an elevated plateau 964 feet above sea level, and has an area of 100 square miles. In shape it resembles an octopus with far-reaching arms in all directions. It is a perfect labyrinth of liquid ramifications, being characterized by great irregularity of shore line and by the vast number of islands with which it is filled. It contains over 1,300 islands. The deepest sounding is 167 feet.

Temagami, or Temagaming, is an Ojibway word, meaning "deep, clear water." It is in itself a reflection on earth of the beauty of the sunlight and of the starry worlds above it. We spent a week skimming over its luminous water, at times disturbing its mirror-like expanse, and at times dashing through interwoven foam. Here one enjoys without limit the perfected colors of the universe, the luminous green of the forest, the stainless blue of heaven, reflected in the motionless wave, the flesh-colored Archæan rocks, the yellow sand beach, the mighty glory of sunset, the awful and exquisite splendor of the glowing heavens and of earth drenched with seas of blood. These passionate sunsets are the glory of Temagami, and then comes the violet night with its squadrons of stars, hung individually far apart in the luminous darkness.

The opulence of life and enjoyment that belongs to Temagami must be enjoyed to be understood. One must live in the exquisite transparency of its cloudless sky; one must be embraced by its cool and invigorating water; one must breathe its ozone and sleep in its sunshine, to realize what nature has done in this supreme focus of her endeavors to delight the spirit of man, to reincarnate in him a spirit of tenderness and simplicity of faith in nature and nature's God.

## IN DISTRICT No. I

*(An Economic Novel)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

### CHAPTER XXXIX—*(Continued)*

“A LIKE success was attending the American arms on the west side of the channel. Captain Drexel, of the *Washington*, had seen, in the explosion of the Castillo de la Punta, an opportunity for effecting a landing. He therefore despatched a party under Lieutenant Iselin, who, marching round the ruins of the Punta, came suddenly upon the gorge of the first of the earthwork batteries and found the garrison occupied in watching the explosion of the submarine mines. To rush in and make the Spaniards prisoners or otherwise put them *hors de combat* was the work of a couple of minutes, and then the guns of the battery were trained on the earthwork next in line.

“Protected by the *Santa Ysabel*, which the Spaniards deemed still their own, and the crew of which they supposed to be still engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the *Roosevelt* men, Admiral Spinks proceeded on toward the bay, receiving very little fire, owing to the fear the hostile forts experienced of hitting their own ship. And, ever as he advanced, the *Grant*, *Cleveland*, and *Washington* followed him, keeping up a hot bombardment of each succeeding fort with their destructive bromemmensite shells, while the Castillo del Morro and the captured earthwork raked the two ranges of forts with a fire which, owing to its being directed in a line where practically no protection existed, proved very damaging to the Dons.

“At length the inner bay was reached, where the *Toro*, supported by the five cruisers and the torpedo-cruiser, still

constituted a formidable array. Here Admiral Spinks adopted an ingenious manœuvre which has been much lauded by naval men. He caused the *Santa Ysabel* to be turned broadside on to the channel, and then to work her way sidelong in the bay, by alternately going ahead and astern, and being suitably steered in each direction. By this means he secured a defense against both the *Toro* and the bay forts, while his own vessels were coming up and deploying. The Spaniards were bewildered and utterly nonplussed. They saw their own flag still hoisted on the *Santa Ysabel*, and naturally concluded that it was Admiral Hernandez who was ordering these singular movements, and, of course, they refrained from firing in her direction.

"Suddenly, the *Roosevelt* started out from behind the *Santa Ysabel* and made straight for the Spanish torpedo-cruiser, the *Gitana*, while the *Grant*, *Washington*, and *Cleveland* rushed at the five cruisers. Now was the time for the *Toro*. Her captain chose the *Roosevelt* as her victim, and was driving on at full speed when the *Santa Ysabel* deliberately intervened. An order to go astern at full speed was given, but it was too late. The ram of the *Toro* struck the stern compartment of the *Santa Ysabel* and crashed through and through. In another moment, a gun from the stern battery of the *Roosevelt* was fired at the collided vessels, and a solid shot struck the *Toro*'s ram in such a manner that the plates were bent and twisted so as to make extrication impossible. The *Toro* sank deeply by the head and the *Santa Ysabel* by the stern, and although the water-tight compartments kept both vessels from going to the bottom, yet neither vessel was in a condition to lend any further assistance in the battle. The singularity of the position was rendered still more puzzling by the sudden irruption of American, instead of Spanish, officers and seamen from the *Santa Ysabel*; and the surprise of the *Toro*'s crew was so great that after a mere show of fighting they threw down their arms.

"Then, at last, the Spanish flag was hauled down on board the *Santa Ysabel*—and on the *Toro*, too—and the glorious old Stars and Stripes were hoisted in its place. The remaining six Spanish vessels, who already were suffering severely, lost no time in following what they supposed to be the example set by their Admiral.

"The resistance of the forts continued almost until evening; but, when night fell, Havana was ours."

Here Lydia made a gesture in suppression of the hurricane of applause that was impending, and she paused for a moment, turning and giving some direction to Eliza, who at once arose and went back into the waiting-room. Then, turning to the audience once more, the orator continued :

"When the day's doings came to be reckoned up it was found that, with the loss of only two ships—the *Lincoln*, which was found to be so badly injured that it sank soon after heaving to, and the cruiser *Winslow*, which ran upon a live submarine mine and was blown up—an American fleet of ten vessels had, in two days, destroyed or taken a Spanish fleet of twice its number and had captured one of the strongest seaports in the world. This was accomplished, fellow legionaries, by the skill, the daring, the hope, and the effort of one man, the pride of America, our glorious leader and the Comptroller of our county, Admiral Henry Spinks."

As she uttered the last words, the door of the waiting-room was opened, and Eliza appeared, hand in hand with the old Admiral himself. Lydia immediately ran back, and, taking the Admiral's other hand, accompanied him to the front of the platform. The two girls then produced laurel wreaths, which they had witfully hidden somewhere amid the flowing sleeves of their official robes, and each, holding the wreath above the Admiral's head, while still retaining his hand, bent toward him and kissed his cheek.

How we all hallooed and went crazy! Shouts, screams, yells, laughter, crying, stamping of feet, clapping of hands,

thumping of sticks, waving of handkerchiefs, hats in the air—every possible demonstration of enthusiasm, delight, and pride, welcomed the moving spectacle of American Heroism crowned by Love and Beauty.

## CHAPTER XL

### IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

When at length the audience was fairly exhausted, Lydia and Eliza conducted the Admiral back to a seat of honor which had, up to that time, remained vacant. And then Dr. Blauenfeld returned to the front of the platform once more.

"Fellow legionaries," said she, "I have yet something to say to you—something which will move your hearts, even more than the sight of our great chief—something which will move his heart, also, and will make him thank God that this joyful day has arrived."

At this extraordinary announcement, a deep, absolute hush pervaded the entire audience, and Admiral Spinks turned pale.

"I have," continued the girl, "told you the story of the Battle of Havana. You will have understood that it was won partly by stratagem, partly by skillful tactics, and partly by cool courage and desperate daring. It was unquestionably the greatest feat of arms that history has ever recorded. (Renewed applause.) But you will also have noticed that accident, as always is the case in war, had much to do with our success. The sea-mist on the one hand, and the explosion of the Spanish mines on the other, were mighty factors of victory. The fog was due to the hand of nature, and I have no more to say about *that*. The explosion of the mines, however, is a matter that will bear some further discussion.

*(To be continued.)*



## Editorial

### China

AT this writing it appears as though the European Powers now engaged in the Chinese muddle were disposed to follow the lead of the United States. England has begun to withdraw her forces from China. It is probable that Graf Von Waldersee will soon return to Germany, and that the other Powers will withdraw as soon as they can.

That American diplomacy has done much toward smoothing the way of the Allies in China is open to question. Still, the events are confirming the good judgment with which the American Government has treated this deplorable Chinese question. It is true that negotiations over the international peace proposals are protracted. The English Foreign Office has ranged itself against the demands of certain of the Allies for an excessive Chinese indemnity. The people who have heretofore viewed this whole Chinese question with an apathy which it is difficult to understand, are awakening to the fact that the whole course of the Allies in China has been a costly one and practically without results.

It were a thankless task to recapitulate all that the Allies have not accomplished. The common taxpayer, who is not in close touch with the secret of diplomatic procedure, begins to grumble. The thrifty German is beginning to think that military glory may be purchased in China at too high a price.

The man who appreciates that the situation of the Allies is likely to lead to international complications looks with fear upon any prolongation of the concert in China. In fact, it may be said that every one who appreciates the miserable condition of affairs is anxious that China should be allowed to help herself, allowed to institute reforms, even allowed to work out her own salvation without the iron grip of the European Powers and the intriguing diplomacy which may fan into flame a greater conflagration than that just passed.

We know that the moral aspect of the question appeals but little to nations land-hungry, and it is not to be supposed that, in the competition for glory and influence in which the European Powers have plunged, there will be much heed given to the rights of those who have land to be seized, but it is an encouraging fact that the Anglo-Saxons, in their treatment of China, are standing together to maintain her integrity and are offering her an opportunity for regeneration.

Equally agreeable is the fact that in the whole miserable business the unmentionable outrages which have disgraced the arms of some of the Allies cannot be laid at the doors of the Anglo-Saxon. There need be no complacency over this. Englishmen and Americans are not brutes—thank God! and English soldiers and American soldiers are expected to bear themselves as heroes and gentlemen.

This is by the way, however. We need not enter at length into the indemnity proposals nor the means by which the indemnity will be raised. America and England are opposing an excessive indemnity. They are fighting for the "open door" for trade, and, as matters now stand, it is reasonably certain that English and American influence will be strong enough to give China a fair chance.

As to the future, who can say? We believe that the luminous articles of Sir Robert Hart have had their effect. And to what he has already written may be added his statements in a recent interview regarding the blunders

of the Powers. "Of the political situation," he says, "I do not think that we are any nearer to a solution to-day than we were before the trouble. The acceptance of the peace negotiations will not really advance the situation in any way; for China is at the moment at bay and will sign anything. Nor have I at all a high opinion of the terms laid down by the Powers. Some of the conditions are futile and unnecessary and much has been omitted which should have been inserted. I look on the proposed fortified Legation quarter as a very injudicious move. We ought to throw the onus of protecting the Legations on the Chinese government, and to take measures that they do protect them. How can we have serious political dealings of any sort with a country whom we cannot trust even to this extent?"

For the establishment of peace, good-will, and mutual confidence, Sir Robert Hart believes much time will be necessary and much delicacy required. "I think we should," he says, "in carrying on our negotiations sometimes try and put ourselves in the Chinaman's shoes, and look at things from his point of view. Hitherto, speaking generally, we have not admitted the fact that he has a right to a point of view at all. The failure in the policy of Western nations in dealing with China is due to the fact that no attempt is made to treat the Chinaman as a rational being. He is slow, he is conservative, his methods of thinking and acting are not our methods, but he has his feelings and his train of thought, and, if we would deal satisfactorily with him, we must endeavor to understand him. A Chinaman, like everybody else, will sign any contract when he is forced into it, but when you force a man to follow a policy which he does not believe in, that man will be forever endeavoring to find a means to circumvent his persecutors. If you look back to the international dealings with China, you will find that nearly every contract that has been made with her has been forced upon her against her will."

When asked whether the foreigner had improved his position with the Chinese by the recent display of strength, Sir Robert replied: "That all depends on how he makes use of his temporary advantage. If we expect that we shall suddenly be able to push the Chinese into becoming a progressive race like the Japanese, we shall make a great mistake. Not only would it be impossible for us to alter the Chinaman's nature, but, as I have pointed out elsewhere, it is essential that we should be most careful to treat him very gently in the matter of reform. Why do we want to make him do this and do that? And, above all, why in the world do we want to arm him and make a soldier of him?

"We may thank Heaven that he was not a soldier when the recent outbreak took place, and we may thank Heaven that it will be some time before he becomes one, for on the next occasion when he attacks the Legations he will succeed. Our endeavor must be, if we wish to have people living in China, to put Chinamen in the way of understanding and appreciating the foreigners before they become strong enough to crush them."

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#### **British Consular Reform**

Foreign rivalry to British trade is drawing English attention to the question of improvement of their consular system. It has been stated by some members of Parliament and some leading manufacturers that England's consular system, as at present constituted, is a grave menace to British commerce. Americans will be interested in watching any English improvement, as the American consular system itself has been the subject of sharp criticism and the object of well-directed efforts at reform. It is a fact that the American system, which has been so largely derided in its own country, is held up as quite a model by Englishmen.

The charges against the English system are that English consuls are, with very few exceptions, political favorites rather than men whose business training has particularly fit-

ted them for their duties, and that the Government, blind to the commercial welfare of the country, spends an absurdly inadequate sum on the service, thereby being largely responsible for the evils which exist. It is pointed out that, while the American and German Governments are making strenuous efforts to extend the field of their influence and increase opportunities for their trade, the English Government remains indifferent, while competition in the markets of the world daily grows keener.

Many propositions have been advanced for the improvements of the English consular service, and, while they differ in detail, they agree upon two main points: that the Government should pay the consuls better and that the consuls themselves should be caught while young and trained in the way they should go.

As the agitation in the United States is proceeding along much the same lines, it will be interesting to watch the institution of these much needed reforms in both countries.

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### **Editorial Notes**

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IS THERE not a little joker concealed in this offer of *The Smart Set* of a cup to be competed for by *Shamrock II*, *Constitution*, and *Independence*? Mr. Lawson fell out with the New York Yacht Club; he is said to be one of the owners of the publication which, by a coincidence, now offers a \$5,000 cup for Mr. Lawson's boat to compete for. If *Independence* should win, its owner would have had a sort of indirect triumph over the yacht club with which he is at odds; he would have, as stage folks say, placed himself in the position of "handing over money to himself," or something similar; and, in any case, what an ad. for *The Smart Set*!

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"COPPER found in Butte City," reads a newspaper dispatch. It further states that the discovery was made on the corner of Main street and Broadway, "the busiest thoroughfare of the city." No verification of this remarkable statement accompanies the news, but as these are times of peculiar happenings, perhaps it is really true. "Coppers" in other cities will be interested to know that one of

their number has really been found when wanted—even if the discovery was wholly unlooked for.

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REV. C. M. SHELDON, author of "In His Steps," publicly declared he believed the servant girl should have equal privileges with the family. His servant thought so, too, but when she tried to put the idea into practice by expressing a desire to dine with the family, she learned the difference between theory and practice. Mrs. Sheldon objected—and the girl is now looking for another situation.

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WHEN *Shamrock* was wrecked by a storm, people said something about "hoodoos." Now that *Constitution* has been similarly discomfited, it appears to be a pretty clear case, not of "hoodoo," but of a foolish and reckless desire of yacht-constructors, both English and American, to tempt fate and invite disaster by a too daring spread of canvas.

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HOW DOES Mr. Stephen Townsend like this? A literary reviewer sums up his "A Thoroughbred Mongrel," as follows: "This is the history of a dog by a dog for lovers of dogs."

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A CALIFORNIA clergyman is authority for a statement that "The county seat of Trinity County has 800 inhabitants, eleven saloons, and but one Protestant church." Rum town, that.

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A NEW YORK current attraction is described on the posters as "Nothing but praise, and nothing but laughter." Isn't there a slight contradiction of terms here?

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WHY, on its front cover, does the *Bookworm* have a big owl—two owls, in fact—so prominently displayed? Has the worm turned—into a night bird?

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A COMBINATION of practically all the salt companies in the world has been effected. The product of this trust will be at least well seasoned.

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NOT a very good advertisement this:

"DANGER!"

"So & So, Contractors, Are Removing this Building."

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TEXAS has oil to burn.

## Personal and Incidental

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### BESANT AND BUCHANAN

THE deaths, within a day of each other, of Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan remove from the ranks of England's literary men two strong figures, two men of ideals, two men of talent but not of genius, who had impressed themselves to a considerable extent upon their generation, and whose lives and fortunes exemplify in a manner the rewards and the losses of the literary life.

From a purely superficial view, one might conclude that Sir Walter Besant's life, work, and knighthood, his prominence in philanthropy, and his unwearying endeavors to fight the cause of the poor authors, typified success, while Robert Buchanan's lifelong revolt, his mediocre measure of success, and his falling short of the great worldly prizes, typified failure.

Perhaps such a superficial view would reveal the truth and all that is necessary for us to know. Each was a man of talent; neither was a genius.

It is possible that Sir Walter Besant realized his limitations, and, knowing himself so well, builded as best he could with the materials he had, winning for himself the honor which a little better than commonplace work very often brings. On the other hand, it is conceivable that Robert Buchanan never realized his limitations and blamed the world for a lack of appreciation that his work did not merit. How far the lives of the two men affected their work, literary critics will undoubtedly attempt to show, but it is conceivable that, had Mr. Buchanan never gone through the terrible apprenticeship he did, he might have turned a more smiling face toward the world, and the

world in return smiled back at him. It is not that in later years he did not earn large sums of money, for he did. But he was at revolt with the public and with his fellow authors, and while he was a born fighter he was not a pleasant antagonist. There is no doubt at all of Buchanan's splendid poetic gift. His satire was keen, and in his best work he displayed both humor and pathos. He essayed fiction, but to-day his novels are forgotten. He turned his attention to the drama, and alone and in collaboration adapted many plays and wrote some original ones which met with ephemeral success.

The story of his early days in London, of the death by exposure and semi-starvation of his young friend Gray, the poet, of his literary vagabondage, is a story that is crowned with a melancholy pathos.

Sir Walter Besant was educated at King's College, London, and Christ College, Cambridge, where he graduated with high mathematical honors. He was intended for the Church, but abandoned this career. He was then appointed senior professor in the Royal College of Mauritius, but was compelled by ill-health to resign, and returned to England, where he resided until his death. The list of his novels and miscellaneous writings is a long one. His partnership with the late Mr. James Rice gave him his first standing as a novelist. It was in one of his stories that he gave a great impetus to the movement for the elevation and improvement of the East End of London, and the People's Palace in the Mile End Road will long be associated with his name. He acted for many years as the secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Of later years he had thrown himself heart and soul into a movement for protecting authors against avaricious and dishonest publishers, and securing them a fair reward for their labors. He was also deeply interested in a movement to promote more cordial social relations between Englishmen and Americans.

It is doubtful whether Sir Walter Besant's work as a novelist will be remembered as long as his efforts in philanthropy. Certainly not much longer than Robert Bu-

chanan's fame will endure as a poet, and we leave it to the psychological analysis of some literary critic to determine the exact number of laurels that should crown the memories of both ; but, as contrasting the two men, an extract from a letter Robert Buchanan addressed to Sir Walter Besant is enlightening. Sir Walter tried to be the good genius of young authors, and, as said before, he championed the cause of the author against the publisher. To him, Robert Buchanan addressed an open letter in which he said: "I say to you now out of the fullness of my experience that had I a son who thought of turning to literature as a means of livelihood, and whom I could not dower with independent means of keeping Barabbas and the markets at bay, I would elect, were the choice mine, to save that son from future misery by striking him dead with my own hand ! 'Whom the gods love, die young,' I would say to myself ; 'whom the gods and Barabbas preserve survive on for despondency, sadness, madness, and despair' ; and my son should surely die. For what I have seen I have seen and what I have suffered I have suffered." "The very stones of the street cry out and rebuke you, sir," he concludes his letter, "when you invite the young and unwary, and, above all, the honestly inspired, to enter the blood-stained gates of this Inferno." D. E. F.

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#### THE ATLANTIC UNION

The first annual dinner of the Atlantic Union was held in London on June 10th, with Dr. Reynolds Hale, Dean of Rochester, presiding. The object of the Union is to draw together the various English-speaking peoples, and to strengthen the bond of union by the formation of ties of personal friendship among individual members. The chairman proposed the toasts of "The King" and "The President of the United States," both being drunk with much enthusiasm. Mr. Emmott, M. P., in giving "The English-speaking Communities," expressed the opinion that they formed the great progressive force of the world. The chair-

man said they had hopes that one who, to their great regret, had passed away would have responded to that toast. Sir Walter Besant, who had edified the people by his writings and even more by his work, had gone to his rest. He had taken more interest than any one else in this endeavor to promote good relations between the two nations on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. F. C. Van Duzer responded, and gave some details of the efforts made by the American Society in London to promote the objects of the Union. Other speeches followed, and at the conclusion of the proceedings it was determined to send a friendly telegram to the President of the United States.

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#### PROSPERITY

The present financial situation in the United States (if the reports are correct) is unprecedented. The Treasury has a surplus of over half a billion dollars, and on July 1st over \$150,000,000 will be paid out on interest and dividend account. Hence we may expect to see the present prices not only maintained, but advanced. Our wheat crop bids fair to exceed 700,000,000 bushels. In this connection the report of the Southern Railway shows largely increased earnings with increased mileage. The country traversed by the Southern is the finest and most promising in the South.

## Book Reviews and Notes

### THE CRISIS \*

A good, wholesome, stirring, patriotic novel is Mr. Winston Churchill's new work, "The Crisis." It is historically accurate, keen-cut in character delineation, pleasingly broad politically. Yet withal it can scarcely be classed as a truly great work of fiction. It falls somewhat short in several essentials. While the story is carried along very smoothly and connectedly, without disjointed breaks or many side-trackings—which, of course, is agreeable because it makes the tale so much easier for the reader to follow—yet it could not well be otherwise, for there is not much plot after all. A straight thread is naturally easier to follow than a tangled skein. Not one—at least not more than one—of the created characters in the book can be said to be very great or strikingly original. All are rather *types*, drawn, it would seem, true to life and with the skill of a painstaking novelist, the result of which is an excellent picture of the times, those thrilling, restless, racking times immediately preceding the Civil War, and during it. The fierce conflict of opinions and the battles of words that took place before a more murderous form of strife began; the widely differing views, shading gradually from the extreme Southern to the equally extreme Northern attitude; the Southerner who cannot bring himself to support an attempt to disrupt the Union, the Uriah Heep sort of money-making Yankee whose god is gold, the splendid old Southern Colonel who honestly believes in State sovereignty above that of the Nation, the Northern young gentleman in reduced circumstances whose Puritan ancestry is alone sufficient reason for his adherence to the North and its views, the fire-eating young Southerner, the liberty-loving German who patriotically defends with his life the integrity of the country of his adoption, the Southern gentleman of kindly disposition with a love of country and a love for the South contending with vacillating unreadiness in his not too strong-thinking mind, the radical, outspoken, stanch, and noble old patriot who sees with startling foresight the rocks ahead and courageously stands by his Union colors at all times and in all places, careless of diplomacy as of the opinions of those who see not as he does—this

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\* *The Crisis.* By Winston Churchill. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$  in. 522 pages. (Illustrated.) \$1.50.

last the strongest character in the book—all types, but all true to life, these are the personages who lived and fought and died in "The Crisis" of the nation's affairs, and it is these Mr. Churchill has chosen for his characters. Personages of historic prominence, too, (aside from created characters) figure—Capt. Nat. Lyon, Frank P. Blair, General Fremont, Gen. W. T. Sherman, U. S. Grant, and Abraham Lincoln. It is the interweaving of incidents from the lives of men such as these latter that gives strength to the story, that will make it "popular."

The author could have chosen no more fitting place for the story to be laid than in old St. Louis, that border battle-ground between Secession on the one hand and Unionism on the other, where the descendants of Puritan and Cavalier came together, "the principal meeting-place of two great streams of emigration which had been separated, more or less, since Cromwell's day. \* \* \* They worked along the line of the Ohio River. They met at St. Louis and, farther west, in Kansas."

Stephen Price, the story's hero, is an admirable young man, model, ambitious, poor, but having a high sense of honor, and who, with the Puritan blood in his veins, when the time came could not otherwise than espouse the cause of the North, even though most of his friends and the girl he most admired were for the South. Yet Stephen is by no means either very remarkable or an idol to be set on a pedestal and worshiped for unusual qualities. He sacrifices for his mother, but what boy would not? He assists the cause of the Union as a loyal man should, but, somehow, seems to have to be in a way pushed into the proper atmosphere in order to do so—he is not *deeply* convinced, *hot* with enthusiasm, *unrestrained* in his devotion to his principles, or quite *spontaneous* in his actions. He needs a match to set him on fire. Judge Whipple, his mentor, sends him where he comes in contact with Abraham Lincoln—and Lincoln is the match. The hero is generous to his enemies, kind and long-suffering, but that is what most commonplace novel heroes are; it is what we expect from them. The unexpected is the more interesting.

The heroine is equally "the usual." She is beautiful, lovable, more or less lively, and good, of course. She is a Southern belle, and therefore a good hater as well as lover, a girl of prejudices and somewhat vacillating in her affections, a young lady who even goes so far sometimes as to be impolite if she dislikes a person very much. Still, we forgive her a few imperfections and try to fall in love with her ourselves because she *is* the heroine.

If Mr. Churchill intends to write an American Human Comedy, "The Crisis" is the second of the series, "Richard Carvel" being the first. For Virginia Carvel is the great-granddaughter of Dorothy Manners-Carvel (as our modern society ladies would write it) of "Richard Carvel" fame. "Jinny," too, is a little like Dorothy in some of her traits, but perhaps not more so than all of the gentle sex are alike. On the whole, though, "The Crisis" will prove intensely interesting to most people. Because nearer our own time, perhaps it is better reading than "Richard Carvel."

Why some reviewers take such apparent delight in comparing Mr. Churchill with Thackeray, to the former's disadvantage, it is not quite easy to see. Perhaps the American does take pattern more or less after the author of "The Virginians"; perhaps he does not. It is unfair to compare him with Thackeray—yet. To compare him with himself, however, "The Crisis" is probably an improvement on its predecessor. Let us hope at least one more novel may be added to the series. If we look to American authors for comparison, Winston Churchill may yet rank with James Fenimore Cooper and that fine old Southern romancist whose works are not now read so much as they ought to be—William Gilmore Simms.

"The Crisis" is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

R. W. G.

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#### GRANT RICHARDS' RECENT ISSUES

On June 4th Mr. *Grant Richards*, 9 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London, published a volume of poems by Nellie B. Babcock, entitled "By Gray Bed Gardens." Some of the verses have already appeared in the *Spectator*.

"Nietzschke as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet: Choice Selections from His Works," compiled by Thomas Common, is a volume of exceptional interest, giving a general view of the many-sided genius of Fredrick Nietzschke. The first three parts consist of a series of classified extracts from all Nietzschke's books, exhibiting him successively as critic, philosopher, and poet; the fourth part, "Nietzschke as Prophet," is especially striking, consisting as it does solely of extracts from "Thus Spake Zarathustra," in which the author's ideas are expressed in the language and style of an ancient religious book. The work has an introduction indicating Nietzschke's position as a writer, with a sketch of his life and a brief account of each of his works.

Another of Mr. *Richards'* important publications is "The Story of the Stock Exchange," by Charles Duguid, with illustrations from

drawings by Joseph Pennell and Dudley Hardy. Mr. Duguid, who is well known in London's financial circles as the financial editor of the *Westminster Gazette* and other papers, traces the history of the London Stock Exchange—which has now reached its first century—from a time anterior even to the coffee-house transactions in Change Alley. The foundation, growth, customs, traditions, booms, hoaxes, and panics—all are described, as well as the present position of the institution.

On June 4th Mr. *Grant Richards* published an important work entitled "The British Thoroughbred Horse: His History and Breeding, Together with an Exposition of the Figure System," by William Allison, M. A., Oxon. The author's name is familiar to owners and breeders of blood-stock throughout the world, and the book provides a full and comprehensive proof of the accuracy of the Figure Guide invented by the late Bruce Lowe. Among the features of the work are statistics from the racing results of all countries, tabulated and "figured" pedigrees of all the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger winners, from the first up to the last; and the whole question of the breeding of the British thoroughbred is exhaustively dealt with. Mr. Allison has had a lifelong practical experience of his subject, and his contributions to the *Sportsman*, of which he is "The Special Commissioner," have for the past ten years attracted wide attention. The book is finely illustrated and provided with an index.

"The World's Classics" is a series of cheap and excellent reprints which Mr. *Richards* inaugurated on June 4th by the issue of three volumes: "The Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1830-1858"; "The Essays of Elia"; and "Jane Eyre." The price is one shilling net per volume in cloth binding, and two shillings net in leather. The cover, which is marked in gold, is from a design by Mr. Laurence Housman, and in the leather form is flexible. Every care has been taken to secure an adequate text, but it has been thought better to dispense with notes and introductions.

"The Curse of Education" is the title of a book by Harold Gorst, recently published by this house. The author uses the term "education" to express the modern conventional and mechanical system of training youth in this and other civilized countries, whereby every pupil is subjected to a common process, regardless of natural bent, and natural development and self-culture are hindered instead of encouraged. The book does not seek to demolish the present system without suggesting another to take its place, and the principles of a more rational *régime* are clearly enunciated.

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# Anglo-American

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST  
OF ALL WHOSE LANGUAGE IS ENGLISH

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The Anglo-American Pub. Co.

NEW YORK

60 Wall Street  
25 Cents

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50  
FOREIGN, \$3.00

LONDON

59 Chancery Lane  
1 Shilling

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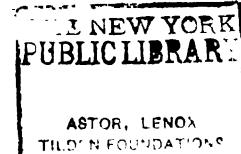
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# THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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August, 1901

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## INCIDENTS OF INTERNATIONAL COURTESY

By J. GEORGE HODGINS, M. A., LL. D.

AT the close of an article which I contributed to THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE of February last, in reply to one in the *Arena* written in disparagement of England, I said: "How is it that the average American" (with some exceptions) "cannot write about England and English affairs without betraying the ill-disguised but latent hostility of which the school histories of his boyhood sowed the seeds?... How different are the criticisms of such men as Captain Mahan of the United States Navy!... No less gratifying is the judicial fairness of Secretary Hay and Ambassador Choate in dealing with the delicate questions that often arise between the United States and England and her Colonies." These words, at the time, suggested a train of thought on certain phases of the relations between the United States and Great Britain, which, however, I do not propose to discuss, as they are in themselves too extensive in their outlook. There are, though, several special instances of mutual international and personal courtesy now and then recorded which are most interesting

in their character and which tend to show, *per contra*, how deep down in the heart is the feeling which prompts to these pleasant acts of national respect and kindness.

There are three forms in which these courteous and genuine acts of regard and good will display themselves, which, separately or in their threefold development, emphasize the memorable utterance of Commander Tatnall that "Blood is thicker than water," when he aided the disabled British fleet in its attacks on the Pei-ho forts of the Chinese in 1858. These three forms may be distinguished as the spontaneous, the incidental, or impromptu, and the deliberate and official. The several incidents which I shall recall and group together in this paper, have no connection with each other as incidents, since they occurred at longer or shorter intervals of time. Thus, one dates back to the time of the British-Chinese war of 1857-58; the next relates to the American Civil War of 1861-63; another refers to a period more than ten years later; and the rest took place chiefly during the last decade.

The first of these interesting incidents was thus told some years ago by Captain H. D. Smith. It was, no doubt, characteristic of the men and of the times, and has in it, as a narrative, a dramatic and pathetic side. The narrator said:

"Early one morning the Mate was startled by the cry from aloft: 'Black smoke ahead, sir. A big steamer standing to the suth'erd.'

"The Captain was called, and, in a trice, was on deck, where, applying the glass to his eye, he took a long look at the stranger who had loomed so suddenly out of the early mist which hung low on the horizon. Whatever her character, we had little chance of escape if she had rifled guns. Many a glance of apprehension was directed toward the somber hull and pair of sloping smokestacks, with the twisting smoke trailing far astern.

"'Show him our colors! Bend on the ensign. If that fellow is a rebel, the sooner we know it the better!' exclaimed the Captain, somewhat excitedly, to the Mate.

"We fairly yelled out as the blood-red Cross of St. George

danced up aloft from the steamer's signal halyards. She was evidently a British troopship, bound South, a little out of her course. We did not stop to consider that, however. She was too far distant to speak to her; but, in obedience to a gesture from the Captain, the Mate emptied a bag of gayly-colored signals on deck, and the boys were called to man the halyards and lend a hand to bend the magic flags. Upward fluttered the parti-colored bits of bunting; glasses were leveled, and breathless expectancy marked the sun-burnt features of the clipper's crew; for the signal inquiry flying from our mizzen royal was: 'What news of the American War?'

"The flash of foam cast up by the huge steamer was the only thing noticeable thus far, as the great steamer glided onward, but as yet no responsive signals gladdened the anxious hearts of those yearning to hear news from home.

"'Look at that!' suddenly exclaimed the Mate, pointing toward the big ship. 'What is he going to do?'

"'He is coming about,' shouted the Captain, his bronzed features visibly paling. 'Can it be possible he has played us a trick? And this is the *Alabama*? Stand by, all hands, for' —

"A deep blast of the steam whistle rumbled over the flashing waters, followed by a number of quick toots, as the steamer ranged to leeward, then an expanse of white canvas was lowered over the side. Glasses were directed upon that bright hatch, amidships, upon which dark lines could be discerned with the naked eye. The glass showed that these were letters.

"'I have it,' shouted the Captain, leaping excitedly into the rigging; 'spread the news fore and aft. It says: "The American conflict is over! Davis a fugitive"—and, what's that?—Oh, Heavens! No—Yes—"Lincoln is killed!"'

"'Strike the colors half mast, sir,' continued the Captain to the Mate, in a subdued tone. Then he added: 'Hoist the signal "Thank you" to the steamer.'

"At that moment the rich, full tones of a regimental band were wafted across the heaving swells, and many an eye glistened with strong emotion as the well-known strains of 'Hail

Columbia' fell upon the ear, faintly yet soothingly and softly. The steamer slowly fell off, and resumed her course; while, as if actuated by one impulse, officers and men sprang into the weather rigging, giving three times three hearty cheers and waving their caps and hats in return for the true kindness of the courteous Englishmen. The Stars and Stripes were dipped three times, the hoarse whistle rang out in return, and the meteor flag, slowly and majestically, returned the salute, and this hearty greeting in mid-ocean was over.

“‘The commander of that craft is a gentleman, every inch of him,’ was the admiring and spontaneous remark of the Mate, as he glanced astern at the now fast-fading troopship.”

The brave and heroic act of Commodore Tatnall in “lending a hand” to help the disabled ships of the British attacking force at the Taku forts in China is thus graphically told by Mr. Manley H. Pike in a Boston paper (I greatly condense it) :

“Twas when the British Admiral, Hope,  
Brought up his English ships to cope  
With Chinese forts, on the River Pei-ho,  
Now nearly fifty years ago.

Three booms of timber and iron lay  
Across the channel to block the way,  
While fiercely the rushing river ran,  
And fiercely the 'enemy's fire began  
To hull and rake the vessels which led,  
Dotting their dripping decks with dead.  
One boom was broken—the second held;  
Its tough spars all attacks repelled.  
So, caught in a trap, the ships were rent  
By every shot the batteries sent.

Now, all this time down-stream, afar,  
A neutral ship lay off the bar  
Apeak American colors flew—  
A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew.

It was a most harmonious craft,—  
And what they said forward was what they thought aft;  
Where, fretting like charger, kept in check,  
Flag Officer Tatnall paced the deck.  
A regular salt-sea sailor,—rough,  
Yet hearty and honest and bold enough.  
He eyed the battle, and bit his lips,  
To see the plight of the English ships.

‘Till swept by an impulse he must obey,  
He shouted: ‘Order my cutter away!’  
‘Neutral, or not, boys, hit, or miss,  
‘I’m going up there, for I can’t stand this!’

Around the cutter sprang water and mist. . . .  
But steadily, strongly to and fro  
In rhythmic swing the long oars go. . . .  
‘In oars!’ ‘Bow, there,’ comes the coxswain’s word,  
And Tatnall flings himself aboard  
The *Plover*, while fast to her shattered side  
The boat’s crew, longing to follow him, ride.  
The *Plover’s* officers, to a man,  
Gazed, wonderingly, on the American. . . .  
For neutrals, according to our idea.  
‘Pray why, Flag Officer, are you here?’  
‘You’ve many wounded, I’m afraid;  
‘I’ve come to offer them my aid.’ . . .  
Then lifting his laced cap from his head,  
‘Blood’s thicker than water!’ Tatnall said.  
Meanwhile, the cutter’s men hitched nigher,  
To see the bow-gun load and fire.

‘ ‘Excuse us, mates, but there ain’t no doubt  
You’re pretty considerably tuckered out.’

The Yankees leap to their welcome task...  
The great gun bellows, the great gun jumps,  
And back on its curbing breeching thumps.  
A moment’s waiting—a distant crash;  
‘Hurrah! an embrasure’s gone to smash!  
Sponge and load her, and ram and train,—  
For we’re the lads who can do it again!’

But Tatnall coming to them at last  
Pretends to stand (which he isn't) aghast.

‘Avast there! Drop it! What under the sun?  
‘Are you men doing around that gun?  
‘Avast there, I tell you, and back to your boat!  
‘There’s not such a parcel of rogues afloat!’

This tale, whenever ‘tis told, declares  
To Britons and to Americans—heirs  
Of fame, which each with the other shares—  
‘Blood’s thicker than water,’ and your blood’s theirs!”

A similar spirit by British seamen to that shown by Tatnall, although in a less demonstrative form, was thus spoken of by General Armstrong, in a speech at a banquet of the Army of Tennessee in Chicago lately. He said:

“I saw proof of this feeling in Manila Bay, when the British war vessels took their place on the left of Dewey’s line, and between us and another foreign squadron; and the seamen of the two fleets shouted themselves hoarse, showing that they had the instinctive feeling that we were the common heirs of *Magna Charta*.

“I realized it, too, when I was in command in Alaska, where I had no trouble in agreeing on a dividing line of authority with the Dominion officials.

“Great Britain also gave us her moral support in our acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines; and it will be a small matter for us, as a matter of comity, to give her a harbor in Alaska.”

In this connection, many will remember the incident of the terrible cyclone at Samoa, when Captain Kane succeeded, at great hazard, in taking her Majesty’s ship *Calliope* safe out of the harbor in the hurricane. It was a splendid feat of seamanship, when other vessels were stranded, as a writer in the *Leisure Hour* at the time said. As the English vessel steamed past an American warship, they were loudly cheered

by the American crew, though at the time they were themselves in imminent danger.

Another notable incident, illustrative of Tatnall's memorable utterance, is thus narrated to me by a friend from Nova Scotia, in regard to the case of the blockade runner *Virginius*, in 1873. He said:

"The *Virginius* was originally a blockade runner during the American Civil War, and was purchased and placed under the American flag by sympathizers of the Insurgent Cubans, then engaged in a desperate struggle against Spain in what is known as the 'Ten Years' War for Independence.' She was fitted out in New York by the Cuban Junta—of course, without the knowledge of the United States authorities—and placed under General Washington Ryan, commander of a large number of filibusters, whose object was to land and aid the Cubans. Ryan was a Canadian and a British subject, born in the County of Peel, near Toronto.

"In the last months of 1873, while off the coast of Jamaica (a British colony), with a crew of 183 men and arms and ammunition on board for the patriots, the *Virginius* was, near the southeastern part of Jamaica, chased and captured by the Spanish man-of-war *Trinidad*, and taken as a prize to Santiago de Cuba. On arrival there, the prisoners were handed over to the military authorities, and tried at once by court-martial, and 53 of them were sentenced to be shot, among them the leader, General Ryan. The sentence was confirmed by the Spanish General Bojal (I think), and was carried into effect outside the walls of the Fort of the Holy Cross on the following day.

"The American Consul in Santiago de Cuba wired to Jamaica for an American warship to come and protect the remaining prisoners and the American interests in the case. There being no United States warship available, the American Consul in Jamaica applied to the British Admiral, commanding the West Indian fleet, who ordered Sir Lampton Lorraine to proceed, in the sloop-of-war *Niobe*, to Santiago de Cuba, and place the 130 surviving Americans under the protection of the British flag, assuring him that the whole fleet would immediately follow.

"Sir Lampton Lorraine arrived at Santiago de Cuba at a very critical moment, when another execution (or massacre) of 26 other sailors was about to take place. He ordered his vessel to be cleared for action, and laid her close under the guns of the nearest fort, which could not be depressed to injure the *Niobe*; but she was so placed that her guns would sweep the town. He then landed with some sailors and informed the Spanish General that the survivors of the *Virginius* were under the protection of the British flag, and that, if any more were executed, he would lay Santiago de Cuba in ashes.

"The Spanish General, seeing that war with Great Britain would certainly follow, ordered the prisoners to be brought back to the fort, where they were visited by the British Captain, who assured them of British protection. He also told the Spanish General that he would hold him responsible for their future safety.

"Shortly after, the British flagship *Royal Alfred*, followed by the remainder of the fleet, arrived. After some negotiations, the remaining 130 prisoners and the steamer *Virginius* were surrendered to the British Admiral, who placed that vessel under the guns of the flagship, where she remained until handed over to the American authorities.

"The Spanish government was forced to pay a large sum of money to the relatives of those who had been executed.

"Nearly thirty years have passed since these events occurred; and all that remains of the gallant little *Niobe* is a shattered wreck among the rocks and shoals of St. Pierre de Miquelon, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the survivors of the brave crew that went with her Captain to the rescue of the doomed Americans at Santiago de Cuba are scattered far and wide. Some of them were natives of Canada, from the iron-bound coast of Nova Scotia."

The following stirring incident of the two flags happened at Valparaiso, Chili, and was related at Montreal, in 1881, by the Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck. Dr. Peck said:

"The man who gave me the facts I am about to relate

was Mr. Haskins, an American sailor, who had sailed to a port in Chili. On going ashore, he said, to enjoy his day of liberty, he drank a little and became hilarious. One of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword, and striking him a blow knocked him down. On that, the American sailor got up and knocked the policeman down in return. He was, on that, arrested and tried and condemned to be shot in the morning of the following day. Mr. Loring, the American Consul, expostulated with the authorities that it would be monstrous to shoot the man for such an offence; but they paid no attention to him, so he thereupon made a formal protest in the name of the United States Government against the barbarous act. Mr. Haskins, the sailor, was in the morning brought out, pinioned, to be shot. . . . As the English Consul was preparing to hoist the Union Jack, he saw the crowd in the field opposite, where the execution of the American sailor, of which he had heard, was to take place. Rushing over to the American Consul, he said: 'Good God! Loring, you're not going to let them shoot that man!' 'What can I do?' he said. 'I have protested against it. I can do no more.' Quick as thought the English Consul shouted, 'Give me your flag!' and, in a trice, the Stars and Stripes were handed to the English representative. At once, taking his own Union Jack in his hand, he hastened across the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and the soldiery, and running up to the doomed man he folded the American flag around him, and then laid the Union Jack over it. Standing a few paces back, he faced the officer and soldiers, and shouted defiantly: 'Now, shoot, if you dare, through the heart of England and America.' And they dared not do it, for they feared the consequences; so the man was at once released. In telling me," said Dr. Peck, "Mr. Haskins said to me, with tears streaming down his cheeks, even then, 'They loosed me then, and oh! how I longed to embrace those two flags!'"

The last of these international incidents which I shall recall is one which had in it all the elements of more than dramatic

interest and dignity and spectacular effect. It was more touching, too, in the spontaneous and heartfelt homage that was paid to the Mother Land, represented, as she then was, in the person of her beloved Queen. The incident—memorable as it was—is thus related by Mr. Alexander Forbes, the famous and greatly lamented war correspondent. He said, speaking of Blaine, who was then United States Secretary of State:

“It suited Mr. Blaine’s political platform to assume an attitude of unfriendliness toward Great Britain; but, personally, he took no little pride in his English ancestry; and he was always extremely cordial to English people residing in, or visiting, the United States. An occasion, in the course of which (wholly at Mr. Blaine’s instance) the United States paid a chivalrous compliment to Britain, is still fresh in my memory.

“The centenary of the capitulation of Yorktown, when the army of Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the combined American and French forces,—an event which virtually ended the long Revolutionary War,—fell on the 19th of October, 1881. The occasion was to be celebrated with great pomp and circumstance. . . . Blaine, at the time, was President Arthur’s Secretary of State...and in his hands were all the arrangements for the ceremonial of the commemorative celebration.

“Living, as I was, in Washington at the time, and being on terms of some intimacy with Mr. Blaine, I received from him an invitation to accompany him to Yorktown, on board a large steamer belonging to the Federal Government. In the great company which thronged the ship I found myself the only Englishman. The deck and the saloon glittered with the sheen of French and German uniforms. General Boulanger was the chief of the military delegation sent from France. In his train were descendants and collaterals of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse. The German element, on the American side, in the War of Independence, was represented by military members of Von Steuben and De Kalb. As the big steamer made her swift way down the Potomac, Mr. Blaine called me into his stateroom and detailed to me the programme for the morrow. Then he added: ‘After these

ceremonies are over...I have it in my mind to do something more. It seems to me that it would be a graceful act, as a finale, to make a frank and cordial demonstration of respect and fraternal good-will toward England, which we have not ceased to regard as the Mother Country.' ...

"In long previous years I had worn her Majesty's uniform; and, as an old soldier, it seemed to me, on the spur of the moment, that, complimentary as the demonstration was intended to be, it had something in it of a patronizing flavor. 'You were the conquerors,' I replied, 'and you are within your rights in celebrating the memory of your triumph...but I would have you count us Britons out of your programme.' ... 'I cannot agree with you,' said Blaine, with cheerful assurance. ... 'Anyhow, I am going to do it.' ...

"There was time next morning for an early walk around the still traceable entrenchments with which Cornwallis had surrounded the position of his hapless army, and to visit the plains whereon that British army surrendered, and delivered up twenty-eight British colors in stern silence!

"Presently began the pageant of the day. In the center of the grandstand sat President Arthur; around him, on the rising tiers, his Cabinet, the veteran chiefs of the Civil War, the soldier-delegates of France and Germany, Senators, and prominent citizens. Banners waved, cannons roared; odes were sung by massed choirs; the gallant and dashing Hancock (the hero of the 'Wilderness') led past the stand the defile of regiment after regiment of uniformed citizen soldiers; and a venerable descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers pronounced an historical oration. The commemorative celebration had at length come to a close; and there was now to be proceeded with the United States' compliment to Great Britain. Round the lofty flagstaff the troops formed in hollow square, facing inward. The Stars and Stripes descended from the peak on one halliard, and the flag of England ascended on the other. As the folds of the grand old banner unfurled to the Virginian wind its 'haughty scroll of gold,' the President of the great American Republic rose to his feet and bared his

head. The occupants of the stand and the vast throng surrounding the parade followed his example. From the cannon mouths roared out the measured fire of a royal salute. The troops presented arms, and the standard-bearers, as if by one impulse, drooped their colors till they swept the ground. The massed bands struck up our grand old national anthem, and the strains of 'God Save the Queen' were echoed by the pealing voices of a great multitude.

"As these strains died away on the still throbbing air, Blaine turned his radiant face toward me, and there was a flash of conscious triumph in his eye. But I had been conquered, convinced, and made ashamed before that meaning glance was darted at me. Men about me were humming Tennyson's 'Hands All Round'; and dear old effusive General Sherman was grasping my hand in his vise-like grip.

"But the triumph of Blaine's true intuition was not consummated on the parade ground. Two days later, when we were all back in Washington, he sent me, without a line of comment, a large envelope, full of extracts from the leading English papers, which had been cabled across the Atlantic. There was in them not a single dissentient note; with unanimous voice the British press accepted the Yorktown incident as, in Blaine's words: 'a graceful and handsome thing.'

There is only one other incident which I shall mention,—and that was a graceful act of personal courtesy to the British Ambassador at Washington. It was on the occasion of a funeral which took place from the Senate Chamber of the United States. The *Washington Post* thus describes what took place:

"One of the most interesting incidents that marked the funeral ceremonies in the Senate yesterday was occasioned by the arrival of Sir Julian Pauncefote. The President, Members of the Supreme Court, and all other visitors entitled to seats on the floor of the Senate had taken their seats and a short wait occurred, preceding the opening of the services. Just then the main door opened and Sir Julian entered. He took a few steps forward and then paused, while the Master of Ceremonies announced in a distinct voice: 'The Ambassa-

dor of England to the United States.' The pause was momentary. The President and every one present arose instantaneously in their seats. The English diplomat bowed with the easy grace of a man who is not embarrassed by the honors shown him. With a firm step and an erect though respectful bearing, he passed down the center aisle, past the President and Cabinet, to the seat assigned him. It was an unexpected incident, which, for the grace with which the required courtesy was demonstrated on both sides, made it of more than passing interest to all who observed it."

I should like to have referred to the universal and touching expressions of loving and tender sympathy which were uttered all over the Union at the death of our ever-beloved Sovereign. This expression of deepest sympathy was, with exquisite taste and feeling, embodied by President McKinley in his cabled message of sorrow at our great loss. The event, however, is so recent that it is still felt by every one as a great national calamity, and such a one as has more than once fallen upon the people of the United States.

An incident of very recent occurrence may be given as an example of that peculiar hostility to things British which still lingers in some parts of the United States as the result of the pernicious seeds sown in American school histories, as has been pointed out in the former part of this article. The incident, however, only serves to throw into bolder relief the strong feeling of mutual respect and amity which generally exists between the British Empire and the United States. A press dispatch from Oonalaska says: "On July 4th the master of the British ship *Glenova* hoisted the English flag in honor of the American holiday. Judge Whipple was so angry when he saw the British flag that he sent an officer on board and hauled it down. News of this action reached Captain Harney Knox, of the United States gunboat *Concord*, which was in the harbor. He personally went aboard the *Glenova*, hoisted the British flag, returned to his own vessel, and then fired a salute in honor of the Englishman's country."

## WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

By P. F. PIPER

ONE of the most hopeful phases of modern college life is the great increase in the number of students who are working their way. This means much for the future of our nation, for there is scarcely a town of any size in any part of the country which cannot boast of one or more of these self-made men.

In years gone by a college education was a luxury to be enjoyed by very few except the rich. As a result, a class of aristocratic nonentities arose, whose chief claims for distinction were the possession of wealth and a college degree; a degree which meant but little more than the equivalent of a modern high-school training. Now and then some determined fellow, strong, manly, and willing to work, would succeed in winning the coveted diploma. But it was a struggle which only the strongest men could survive. Social ostracism was complete in some instances.

But soon the influence of these self-made men became manifest as their number increased, and the democratic spirit became more characteristic in colleges everywhere, until at present in practically all colleges of America the poor student is on terms of absolute equality with the rich.

The desire for a higher education is increasing everywhere, and the truth of the old motto, "It costs much to be educated, more not to be," is axiomatic.

Chapters could be written giving the stories of the struggles which some of these self-made men have undergone, but a few instances will suffice to show that when an American boy wants an education he can get it for himself.

One of the leading scientific men in the employ of the

United States Government shouldered a hod and carried the brick and mortar used in the construction of one of the university buildings—and won the respect of every fellow student in the university thereby.

There are many who tutor deficient students or supply the pulpits of small country churches, while many teach school for a time. Those with an eye for business run boarding clubs and make their own living out of the surplus.

One young fellow in an Eastern college had \$16 when he entered the university, and it was not long before he was reduced to the traditional postage stamp. But by diligence he secured a place as reporter on a city paper, and shortly after was given charge of a department on a religious weekly. These, together with the fees from a boarding club, enabled him to keep his place in college and to graduate with his class.

A well-known college president once stated before his class that he lived on crackers and milk one year at an expense of thirty-five cents a week.

Questioned as to how he expected to be able to attend college when he had no money whatever, a young man said, "I trust in the Lord"; and, strangely enough, his first work was to pump wind into a church organ. This same man slept in the basement of one of the college buildings, mowed lawns in summer, and attended to furnaces and sidewalks in the winter. In this way he was able to secure funds enough to buy his dinner in a cheap eating club, for which he paid one dollar the week, while fourteen cents daily paid for his breakfast and supper. This man was a cripple!

The old custom of working on a farm has passed with the decadence of agriculture in the East, but many new occupations are open to the energetic student. On the great lakes members of the life-saving crews are often recruited from the ranks of college men. The waiters and musicians on passenger boats, street-railroad men, elevator operators, cattle men on European stock boats, and many men in all the humbler occupations, are from the leading colleges.

Any education which teaches a boy to be confident, self-reliant, and industrious, is of great value to the individual, but of greater value to the nation. But one of the best features of all is the fact that it is just this kind of a struggle which fits these men to fill the more responsible positions in the commercial world. In addition to the purely academic training and culture, they have gained a practical training which enables them to take their places beside their fellow-men and do their work without complaint or any exhibition of arrogant superiority.

## EDUCATIONAL FALLACIES AND ABUSES

By EDWIN RIDLEY

Not what knowledge is of most worth, is the consideration which determines the character of our education; but what will bring most applause and honor—what will most conduce to social position and influence—what will be most *imposing*. As, throughout life, not what we *are*, but what we shall be *thought*, is the question; so, in education, the question is, not the intrinsic value of knowledge, so much as its extrinsic effects on others. And this being our dominant idea, direct utility is scarcely more regarded than by the barbarian when filing his teeth, and staining his nails.—“EDUCATION,” *chap. I*, p. 7. HERBERT SPENCER.

EXCEPTION has been already taken by us to the common habit of our school-teachers, or to that single abuse of our public-school system which evinces itself in the form of what may be pronounced as the “cramming” and recitative abuse. But, such exception having been taken, we feel bound to attest, most forcibly, our profound admiration, in the main, for the American educational system—or public-school system.

For we believe that in no other nation or country in the world is there so perfect and comprehensive an one, or one which so signally attests to the watchful care and faithful supervision of those who control and direct the educational interests of the various States of the Republic, and which redounds with so much credit to the nation and to the common advantage of the people and Republic. Moreover, it is worthy of notice, and is a subject of extreme gratification to all right-minded citizens of this great Republic, that so many of the teachers in our public schools should be, and are, so conscientious and capable in the performance of their duties and obligations. No one who has ever observed with any worthy degree of interest and intelligence the amazing alacrity, vigilance, and resources of the average school-teacher in our public schools, but must have been favorably impressed and some-

what mystified by such plain manifestations of painstaking diligence and fidelity on these teachers' parts—"mystified," foresooth, inasmuch as the general conduct and apparent individuality of these every-day school-teachers, in their homes and in public places, apart from their school environments and associations, do *not* often impress the quiet observer with a high opinion of their intelligence and general competency!

How this may really be, is a question that we do not care to discuss in this paper. Suffice it here that we frankly acknowledge their general fitness and fidelity in strictly school association and obligations. How these teachers devote themselves with such unflagging persistence, and infuse their whole being and mind and will-power into the lives, or minds and affections of their pupils, for the most part, and draw out the inherent, though dormant, faculties and perceptions of those under their immediate charge and tuition, is a marvel to the uninitiated mind of the European observer. It is too much to assume that all these teachers are *original* in their resources, or quite genuine, either, in their manifestations of regard for their pupils: that they often are quite sincere, in the latter regard, is unquestionable—since their indifference could not assume such fervent garb, under any conditions, or subject to no matter what promptings and influences; but there can be small question of the advantages and promotive influences of a clearly defined and highly intelligent public-school *system*, in its bearings and influences, and promptings and benign effects, upon the teacher.

One thing is certain, at all events: that is that the people of the United States have grasped and developed a higher educational ideal than the people of any other modern nation, and have more nearly approached the ancient Athenian ideal of popular education, and of the use and purport of public institutions, and of the diffusion of education among the masses, likewise. There may be more *thorough* educational systems than the American public-school one, and, may be, more immediately "practical," and, humanly speaking, advantageous ones—as for example, those of Scotland and Ger-

many. But the American educational ideal is more embracive, exaltive, and benignant, in its grasp and compass and design. It is, furthermore, more truly *educative!* It "draws out" to the best advantage the best that is in the pupil—it is, in brief, true to the actual etymology of the word from which its term is deduced—it does verily "draw out" the capacities, even though it may not always "instruct" the mind of the pupil!

So much, then, by way of preamble to this section of our paper. It now remains to undertake the less agreeable task of reviewing the abuses of the American public-school system, or of exposing the one particular abuse to which exception has been specially taken, and to which we would now fain direct the thoughtful attention of our readers. First, then, we contend that, despite its many virtues and advantages, the American public-school system is wanting in thoroughness. This is a shortcoming, to be sure. But this evil is aggravated by the extravagances and excesses of the general system in other directions. For instance, too much ground is sought to be covered by our public schools, and too much "cramming" is expected and required of the pupils. For it is next to impossible for the average pupil to cover at all adequately such ground, or actually to *learn* more than a fractional part of the lessons and studies required of him or of her, and at the same time to perform possibly imperative home duties, and essentially requisite social obligations, and to indulge in wholesome recreative pastime. To be sure, to the exceptionally bright and healthful girl or boy, or to one who really evinces special and peculiar talents of some kind, and who is studiously inclined, such tasks and demands may not be at all exacting or burdensome; but, to the normally constituted and average pupil, such demands and exactions are conducive to sharp practices and abuses on his or her part; and evasions of duty and copying and stealing of lessons and exercises learned and accomplished by the more conscientious and diligent among his or her fellow pupils are pretty certain to be the result. On the other hand, where the pupil is honest and yet dull, the strain is too great; and while his or her lessons may be done and pass

creditably, in the estimation of the teacher, they are only half-learned and done. Then, again, it is impossible for the average mind and understanding of the public-school pupil to grasp and master at all adequately the varied and entire range and compass of subjects and studies marked out for and expected of him. Far better would it be for every one concerned, for the pupil and teacher and parents alike, were the educational course apportioned and qualified in accord with the manifest ability of the pupil, and with the circumstances and probable sphere of usefulness of both parents and pupils. This idea, and dominating instinct of the American mind and character, of common equality, and of the wisdom and necessity of educating all alike on a highly pretentious basis and system, or of constantly stimulating the imaginations and aspirations of every pupil, by a process of "cramming" and prompting, may be a very worthy intentional purpose; but it is productive of much mischief, and when pushed to excess, and regardless of all prudential social and industrial considerations, is simply calamitous in its influences and consequences. You can *not* make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Nor can you, by any process of human ingenuity, make aught but an impotent fool of a child whose mind and circumstances will not permit of undue educational exactions and promptings.

As it is, there are tens of thousands of boys and girls who graduate from our public schools and universities who are ruined for life by their school promptings and associations, or by reason of their having been permitted and encouraged to attempt "courses" and to pass grades, which neither their circumstances nor their abilities either sanctioned or justified them in so much as attempting. The consequences invariably are, that while these boys and girls might, under rightful and judicious direction and control, have developed into useful citizens, as workmen or mechanics, or as domestics and nurses, and the girls ultimately as wives and mothers, they are now of no earthly use in any human capacity, but, like drifting timber in our Niagara river, go down to waste and destruction in the cataract of human waters.

## A REMEDY FOR ARIDITY

By J. ADDISON MARSHALL

THE conditions attending aridity seem to be little understood, even by the residents of arid or semi-arid sections or the savants who profess to have studied the question. That portion of the United States between the Rocky Mountains and the Great Lakes may be classed as semi-arid. Fifty years ago it was designated on the maps as the "Great American Desert." Nearly seven-tenths of it has been transformed within this fifty years from the whilom desert to the most fertile, productive, and easily tilled lands on the continent. So great and cheap have been the agricultural productions of this section for the past few years, combined with the ease and facility of transportation of its products, that many poor lands of the east coast have been allowed to revert to wilderness, and the eastern agriculturist, even at the best, has been driven to his wits' end to successfully compete with the West. The cultivated area of these lands continues to increase and another fifty years will see the entire plain east of the Rocky Mountains covered with waving cereals and supporting a teeming population. This has been brought about almost solely by plowing up the land and thereby furnishing a sponge to retain and utilize the rainfall. On the semi-arid prairie the dew is seldom seen. Such rains as fall are of short duration and great violence, and the tough prairie sod is only slightly penetrated with the moisture, which soon seeks the water-courses and escapes.

On the other hand, when the mass of the country has been plowed up, it drinks its fill of moisture before any escapes, and the conditions of copious dews and moderate and more continuous rainfalls occur. With no mountain ranges and little or no area of forest worthy of the name, doubtless this section will ever be subject to recurrent droughts and devastating storms, but its unapproachable fertility will remain. This

change of conditions of moisture everywhere modifies the climate and even alters the flora of the country. About three changes of the class of settlers must occur to transform the condition of the "howling prairie" to what the frontiersman terms "God's country." In its way, therefore, this section is destined to subjection and fertility in the ordinary course of present conditions, although it demands the struggles and privations of a few generations to accomplish this object unaided.

Not so, however, with the lands in the strictly arid section, the valleys and plateaus west of the first range of the Rocky Mountains. These lands are generally very fertile, but nowhere, save in isolated places, can crops be raised theron, except by artificial irrigation with its fluent waters, which are wholly inadequate to cover more than a small moiety of the land. It is, however, perfectly practicable to make the greater portion of this section, all that is worth cultivating after reclamation, to furnish sufficient moisture for its own use. This may be done simply by planting coniferous trees in sufficient quantity to affect the climate of the location.

During my early residence in Nebraska, in the 'seventies, the hot winds were very common, not only in the summer when they were disastrous to crops, but also as a necessary incident to the weather of late winter and early spring. On one of these occasions, after the hot winds had been blowing for a day or two, I observed the ground under these trees was wet to the extent of being muddy, and probably to the depth of one inch or thereabouts, while all around was in the dry and dusty condition of usual aridity. The trees themselves—mostly Austrian pines, or the so-called native red cedars, but which are probably really juniper trees—were dripping with moisture and their foliage was of the peculiar intense green which the trees take on when subjected to continuous rain. This was long before the vegetation of spring had started and was, therefore, more noticeable. I observed this for many years afterward, and though usually not so noticeable it always in some degree occurred whenever a warmer current of air struck the foliage.

This means that if arid sections were planted as heavily with coniferous trees as Washington or Oregon, they would have approximately as humid a climate. But, it is answered, the latter States are adjacent to the ocean and near to a moisture-laden atmosphere. This is true. Still it is doubtful if the air of these States contains more moisture in fact than the Gulf breeze across the more arid States, save that the latter air, passing over the hot and arid country, has the same effect upon it that it does to pass moist, humid steam over a super-heater. This does not in fact destroy the moisture but only changes its condition. Subject this same super-heated steam to a sudden lowering of the temperature and it will show just as copious moisture as that of a lower temperature. This is what the coniferous foliage does. It lowers the temperature of the surrounding air, the result, of course, being the precipitation of moisture. The hot winds of arid locations do not appreciably precipitate moisture in contact with deciduous foliage and the latter withers and finally dies in such locations without the aid of irrigation—a neighboring stream or some other unusual assistance. The only aid deciduous foliage seems to be is the shade it furnishes to deter evaporation. Its dead leaves, too, act somewhat as a sponge to hold the attained moisture, in the same way that plowed land does upon the arid prairie. Moisture, like wealth, is attained in two ways: either by getting in abundance when prodigality is excusable, or getting less to save therefrom by a rigid economy.

Plowing and the deciduous foliage are the saving influences, while the presence of the conifer in abundance will alone supply a wealth of moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and aid as well in its retention. Showing this fact conclusively, the only trees of the arid regions existing in any quantity, are the conifers or those of the same foliage. The few cedars of Lebanon have sustained existence amidst aridity for untold centuries—an example of "survival of the fittest"—from a supposed once plentiful existence, while the piñons, or nuts pine, of the Southwest are well-known examples near by. These, with a species of cedar, are almost the sole native trees

in a vast arid area in the Southwest; and owing to their plentiful presence on some mountains in New Mexico, valleys adjacent can be found with moisture enough to raise ordinary crops without irrigation, while otherwise all around is aridity.

The change can therefore be made, and the means are simple. The next question is the cost. In answer to this I say the cost is absolutely nothing; that is to say, the wood when grown will pay, and more than pay, for all expenditure. At the least the fruitful and self-sustaining country, which will result in the land not covered with trees, will be a clear profit. How much of the area must be planted to trees to render the surrounding country arable and inhabitable is a matter for consideration, and perhaps experiment. It would seem it need not be very large if regular and systematic methods are employed, and, of course, the land must be retained after the trees are once growing. The older States will pay a greater or less penalty for the wholesale and wanton destruction of their forests; and each 160 acres should have at least 10 acres of coniferous trees to protect the fruitfulness and moisture of the remaining lands.

One difficulty is that the enterprise must be governmental, controlled by constant and careful regulation, and the pioneer generation cannot be expected to reap at least the full benefit. In this day of hurry and impatience for sudden profit, even the government is too impatient to undertake so slowly maturing benefits. It may be necessary to leave it for a wiser and more reflective generation, a denser population, whose necessities require the territory. Yet where a single lone tree will draw from the parching blast enough moisture not only to cover itself in profusion but to shed the excess upon the surrounding earth to the extent of a fair shower, it is evident that it is the fault of no one but the inhabitants if what is now an arid region shall always remain arid. And it would seem easy to protect a State and reclaim it from aridity, perhaps even a county, and possibly a single farm, by more liberal planting. Certain it is Nature shows by this simple method that an arid country need not necessarily remain so.

## HOW MUSICAL COMEDY THRIVES

BY A MAN IN THE BACK ROW

AT one of the performances of "Cyrano de Bergerac" given by Madame Bernhardt and M. Coquelin in New York I sat next an Englishman, one of your typical globe-trotting Britons who spend a little time in "dear old London" and most of the year traveling. This gentleman was on his way West somewhere and had stopped over in New York for a few days just to take in the sights. Falling into conversation with him, I spoke casually of Anglo-American amity and particularly of the mutual interchange of theatrical attractions, incidentally suggesting that the common language made this so easy. (The Bernhardt-Coquelin play was given in the original French.) My British neighbor spoke enthusiastically of American plays and players in London and commented on the crowds they drew, especially one, "'The Belle of New York,' I believe you call it," he said. That the English mind should have been taken up with such a giddy thing as an imported American musical comedy impressed me at first as being rather odd. Yet this fascination for the light drama, in a catchy musical setting, has been very widespread. It is, to use a baseball term, having its "innings."

Musical comedy both in England and America seems now to stand and to have stood for some time past in the first rank of successes scored in the realm of things theatrical. At the present time its popularity is beyond question. Billboards are covered with its bizarre and striking poster displays, publications devoted to the interests of "the profession" give to the stars of musical comedy fame a monopoly of their picture space, newspapers print criticisms and press notices galore of

this particular form of attraction on "the boards," and the amusement-loving public reimburses the manager for all this outlay by spending its money freely at his box-office and then enthusiastically applauding the result of his efforts to furnish light entertainment for those who enjoy that kind. That is where the beer-thirsty man differs from the man who is theatrically thirsty. The former "blows in" his money for beer and then "blows off" the froth in order to get at the genuine liquor beneath; the latter spends his money and his time in drinking in the froth and leaves the heavier yet often really more refreshing liquor of the legitimate drama to be appreciated by others if they will.

It is an old saying that all kinds of people go to make up a world, and it might be said with equal truth that all kinds of people go to make up the audience at a house where musical comedy is presented. Those who enjoy this species of dramatic entertainment are by no means limited to the light-minded. The man of business cares endeavors in the evening to leave behind his many worries and the burdens of the day when after office hours he can take a little relaxation. He goes from one extreme to the other; from the intense, nervous strain of concentrated energy in business to the easiest sort of relaxation in pleasure. For an hour or two he hopes to forget his troubles, and wishes for some sort of recreation requiring neither exertion nor thought. Hence musical comedy suits him to a T; it is something to be enjoyed without the exercise of too much action and without the wearing away of any brain tissue. There is just an excuse for a plot, and he couldn't give that excuse if asked about it the next day. He carries away with him generally only a vague recollection of pretty women in pretty costumes, funny comedians in grotesque makeups, a joke or two, and a catchy air, perhaps, that has found lodgment by a process of repetition through the combined agency of chorus, orchestra, and, it may be, soloist. He feels rested, however, and that is principally why he went.

Except at matinees more men than women are to be found in a musical comedy audience. Perhaps this is because men

as a rule enjoy humor better than women. The latter have their sympathies more often aroused by tragedy, the former by comedy.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you," is a saying that has foundation in fact, and with the average musical comedy "It is to laugh." Accompanying the comedy element, too, is another, even more powerful in its attractiveness, the musical features. "The man that hath no music in his soul," at least some sort of an appreciation of its influence, is indeed rare, and it may be a woman who does not take delight in music is even more rare. To one who has been technically educated and who may have a keenly discriminative sense of the technique in music, the classic and the grand opera have charms beside which, of course, the music of the musical comedy cannot stand for a moment. But there are thousands of men and women who have little appreciation of really high-class music, and these will not, and could not if they would, criticise too closely an air that is catchy and light and which happens to tickle their fancy, even though that fancy be but a passing one.

Musical comedy stands somewhere between comic opera on the one hand and burlesque on the other—that is, true burlesque, not the kind called burlesque, but which in reality is only a cheap sort of burlesque of burlesque. For instance, in New York, a burlesque on the Bowery will bear about the relation to a Weber and Fields burlesque that table d'hôte claret at five cents a bottle does to champagne; the humor of the Bowery is too often a vapid rehash of witticisms originating on Broadway. But, after all, human nature is not very different, whether it be on the East Side or the West Side. A Miner's Bowery audience expresses by applause its appreciation of fun as often as a Weber and Fields audience does.

From true burlesque, though, to musical comedy is but a step, and not a long one, either. Stars of one firmament glide into the atmosphere of the other with apparently no change whatever in the brightness of their twinkle. And the dividing line between musical comedy and light or comic

opera is equally vague. Francis Wilson in "The Little Corporal," and the same comedian in "The Rounders"—there is as much fun in one as in the other; Lulu Glaser in "Erminie" and Lulu Glaser in "The Prima Donna"—it is the same vivacious young lady in both. And who will say that Edna Wallace Hopper, for example, is not every bit as dainty in "Florodora" as she was when in the more elaborate "El Capitan"? Mention of "El Capitan" recalls to mind, too, the bulky form of De Wolf Hopper, now one of the leading men at Weber and Fields'. From comic opera to burlesque is not a great jump nowadays. If you wish for further proof, consider one of the Lilies—Miss Russell.

Yet, strange to say, as similar as musical comedy is to comic opera, the former seems to be growing in popular favor while of the latter there is a growing popular abandonment. No wonder players in comic opera make their exit from it when the crowd fails longer to be attracted by its at-one-time allurements. If there is any one who must keep with "the crowd" to get along, it is the actor. The old legitimate drama and melodrama have given place to plays of a different order, and managers as well as actors have learned that the whims of the public must be catered to. Shakespeare, if he were with us to-day, would be writing plays of the Pinero and Fitch kind—only, perhaps, better. If he were of a musical turn, his genius might find expression under, or over, the name of Harry B. Smith.

A writer in a recent number of the *National Review* divides the players of England roughly into two classes: one in which the Bohemian temperament is uppermost, the other dominated by strict business principles. The average American player has a happy blending of both these qualities. He, or she, is seldom free from Bohemianism in some phase (the press agent sees to it that the public does not escape knowing this attractive fact), but a little laxness in some directions does not mean laxness in salary stipulations when it comes to signing the contract. Not a bit. Ask Mr. Frohman or Mr. Lederer. The English writer thinks the average middle-class player in Eng-

land hardly makes £180 or £200 a year. That certainly looks small compared with the large weekly stipends we hear about being paid to some musical-comedy player folk. Perhaps, however, we must consider the latter as above middle-class—a few, though, it would strain our consciences a little to give them a higher place. Even the New York chorus girl—and she, of course, theoretically, is a long way from the top of “the profession”—generally draws her \$15 a week or more, sometimes, but rarely, as high as \$25.

When one counts up the number of these girls and the men of the chorus, the cost of costumes, scenery and other stage properties, rent, royalties, orchestra, the managerial staff, advertising, and several other expenses of large size, when to these are added the anything but small salaries of the stars, the fact becomes plain that there is an enormous outlay attached to the putting on of a musical comedy, much of it before a dollar has been taken in at the box-office. When all this expense is taken into account, it is remarkable that so many musical comedies succeed as do rather than that some fail. A New York publication a short time ago enumerated twenty-six failures of the season, and it is to be noted that, despite the fact of so many musical comedies being presented, of these twenty-six failures only three were, strictly speaking, musical comedies. Since then, however, two more of the latter have failed to come up to their managers' expectations.

It is by no means fair, though, to charge musical-comedy theatrical managers' occasional bankruptcies altogether to the failure of musical comedy to attract public favor. It is possible for a play to succeed fairly well and yet permit its sponsor to go into bankruptcy. Other business troubles of the same manager, extravagance in other directions, improvidence,—many things may combine to force insolvency that shouldn't in all fairness be laid solely at the door of musical comedy because it comes to pass. Statistics show what a considerable percentage of those who have taken advantage of the national bankruptcy law, since it has been in effect, has been of theatrical people. Yet being adjudged a bankrupt does not always indicate what

it is supposed to. Sometimes it is a convenience. For instance, a well-known musical-comedy actress was adjudged a voluntary bankrupt not so very long ago. A professional gentleman to whom she was indebted, when he heard of her application to be freed from her financial obligations made haste to inquire of her personally if she intended, although having an engagement and being apparently prosperous, to repudiate her debts and avoid payment—to himself, among others. She at once relieved his mind of all anxiety on that score, assuring him that he would be taken care of. It seems she had, some time previously, given a certain dressmaker an order for a gown. When the garment came to be tried on, it did not fit. Subsequent alterations failed to remedy the defects. The actress rejected the dress as ill-fitting; the modiste insisted upon being paid the few hundred dollars she claimed was her due. The actress remained firm; the dressmaker brought suit. Rather than pay what she held to be an unjust bill the actress went into bankruptcy. Her schedule of liabilities looked formidable, her assets practically *nil*. And when the proceedings were ended, the actress was in a position, having a good New York engagement, to pay such of her creditors as she saw fit. There are doubtless other theatrical "bankrupts" such as this lady. If players, though, are extravagant and improvident, it is their own fault, or misfortune, and does not necessarily signify that plays have failed to draw the shekels of the public. In any case, it is very evident, the theater is a magnet for both players and public.

The stage has, in fact, a great fascination for a good many people. It may be most of us have at some time or other in our lives been attracted by its glamour; a few of us have been "stage-struck." To the "stage-struck" young person nowadays what is more likely to inflame his or her desires than the stage of musical comedy? It is more attractive, however, to the young woman than to the young man. Matinée idols generally are to be found in other branches of the drama, but where, oh where, are there so many and so shining examples of female loveliness as in musical comedy? The road to fame

and wealth looks so easy, and so rapid. Ask the average girl to-day in regard to her ambition to enter musical comedy and she will point at once to Miss Edna May as the bright particular star whom she would emulate. "I expect only to start in with chorus work, of course," she will tell you, "but in looks I don't think I am altogether a fright. I can read notes (she means musical notes, but blushes a little as she thinks of another kind of notes she secretly hopes to receive) and sing a little, and I am ambitious and can work hard. I'm sure I shall get ahead if I am only given a chance. See how Edna May has risen. Why, she was only a chorus girl a few years ago, and look at her to-day!" Perhaps true, every word of it, but the lottery of chance in success here is as uncertain as in a number of other vocations. Notwithstanding appearances, and that some girls rise with truly marvelous speed to fame and fortune, there is sadness in store for many an aspirant to favor in musical comedy as elsewhere.

And the mention of sadness brings up the question of stage morals. These, it is to be feared, are, as a matter of fact, not quite up to the highest standards of morals generally, although by some people are probably imagined to be worse than they really are. But we shall not discuss problems of morality now. For it is not these but of more pleasant features that we think while we are enjoying "The French Maid," "The Belle of New York," "The Casino Girl," "The Girl from Up There," "Florodora," and a half-dozen other international favorites. So we shall continue to take in musical comedies of merit and be taken in by those that fail to please. The Man in the Back Row is certainly not alone in his liking for musical comedy.

# HAWAII FIRST

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUAI  
KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

By E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the  
Valley," Etc.

## XV

### SHIFTING SANDS

I have heard much of its beauties and the graciousness and hospitality of its people. Some happy day I hope to see it all.—*Ednah Procter Clark.*

I am much flattered by being placed in such distinguished companionship.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

I have long wished to visit the islands, and hope the time may come when I can do so. There will now be an added incentive.—*C. F. Holder.*

I shall be happy to sign the constitution.—*James Whitcomb Riley to Secretary.*

I send my grateful thanks to the Klub.—*G. W. Cable.*

It would afford me great pleasure to visit the islands.—*C. C. Abbott.*

I have had the kodak fiend at my back with his gibes and his snap-shots.—*Helen Mather.*

You have not forgotten the song or the singer.—*Author of "Tenting To-Night."*

I was a bright morning when I started toward Maalaea on Tom, with saddle-bags, and a good dinner put up by Ah Sup. In Kihei I was joined by a smiling white man on a dapple horse. He rode up, greeting me heartily, and began to talk as if we had been friends at college. He was short and florid, with red hair and whiskers, and his eyes had a rather pleasant twinkle in them. His dress was unconventional, being loose and baggy; a style called "floppy" by our President. But the horse, which his rider called "Mac," was sleek and fat, and the care that his master did not give

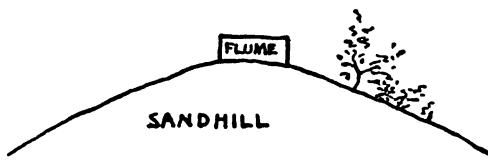
to his own appearance, was spent on the horse. As we cantered along the beach I was well pleased to let my garrulous companion do the talking. "I was born in the islands," he began, "and am an island product. My father tried to send me to school, but I never took to books. I preferred to be with natives driving mules, horses, and bullocks—it didn't matter much which. In this way I learned to speak native better than I do my own tongue, and grew so proficient as a bullock driver that for several years I followed it for a living. Although I have held office from time to time, my chief occupation is breaking in horses and jockeying generally. I can tell a good horse a mile off. If I once hear a horse gallop, I can forever after distinguish that particular animal from a cavalry of them. I do it by the strike of his hoof on the ground. It's as characteristic as a man's handwrite. When I was in Palestine I caught sound of the step of a horse that had been imported from Maui to Jerusalem by a rich Jew. I went to his master and engaged that very horse to ride to the pyramids. I would rather trust a horse than a man any day."

We were opposite the algaroba grove the Junior Partner and I had driven through some time previously, but it was snowed under with sand—literally covered up. The tops of the trees stuck out of a bank probably twenty feet deep, packed very hard. The last northwest wind had shifted the dunes miles to the southeast. I spoke of this to my companion, whose name, he told me, was Fisk Boggs, and he gave me an account of how the Wailuku sand-hills travel. Years ago the largest were near Kahului. They gradually shifted toward Spreckelsville, some of them becoming settlers by the persuasive influence of sea vines and shrubs, which fastened them down to one place, as wife and children will a wandering man. Others came on to Maalaea, and now, I could see for myself, how numerous and high they were on the stretch between Kalepolepo and Makena.

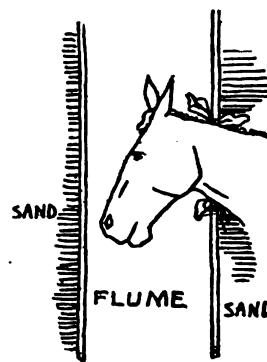
"A peculiar thing happened to me among these changing sand-hills," said Mr. Boggs, lighting a cigarette. "I had

the job of building a flume over there, and started from Wailuku with a large wagon, some redwood boards, tools, shovels, and half a dozen natives. I rode Mac, who was

much younger than he is now, and handsomer, too. It was at about this season of the year, but when we left



town in the morning, there was no prospect of a storm. Just this side of Kalepolepo a breeze sprung up, which turned to a gale, rushing out of the northeast. We followed the road *mauka* of this, which, as you know, leads directly through the sand-hills. We passed two houses covered up. The owners were squatted on top eating *poi*. Along here stretches of algaroba trees, some of them thirty feet high, were completely hidden from view. The sand just sailed past to the right of us, gradually gaining on the road, and finally struck us full blast. We couldn't do anything but stop. I got the shovels out and ordered the natives to keep the horses and wagon above ground while I attended to Mac. This went on for four hours, and the boys were getting tired, but the wind wasn't. 'Let the wagon go,' I said, although it was at least ten feet above the level, 'and keep the boards out,' for a bright idea had struck me. But it was no use to try to keep Mac from being covered up; already he was packed to his hips, and going under fast. Hurriedly nailing the boards together, ends up, we made a box about four feet square, and fitted it to the horse's head, filling the space about his neck (where we couldn't make the boards fit) with our handkerchiefs. We made a flume twenty-eight feet high, and fixed it in place. We had to get a wiggle on us, too, to keep from being buried



together. In two hours more the sand had formed a solid bank around the flume, reaching to within a foot of the top, when the wind quieted down."

Here we got off for luncheon, and Mr. Boggs drew on the sand a rough sketch of his flume.

"Well," resumed my comrade, "when the storm was all over, I sent two natives for some water, and thirty feet of rope. On their return we lowered the bucket for Mac. You ought to have seen him drink. He emptied eight bucketfuls of water, one after another. When we let down the feed, you could hear the animal whinner, he was that delighted to get something to eat. We slept at a native house that night, and next morning began excavating. It was near as bad as getting to the ruins of Pompeii. I telephoned for a dozen Japs, and it took us two solid weeks to get Mac unearthened, and when we did, the flume fell over on one of the Japs and broke three of his ribs. The two other horses were, of course, dead, and we let them stay where they were, digging out the wagon and harness. Mac came out as frisky as a colt, and, I can assure you, we were not long in getting back to Wailuku. Nor was the job of fluming ever completed."

Mr. Boggs, who staid in Makena, said that he would join me later at Ulupalakua. Makena is a little hamlet landing among the algaroba trees. It is across the bay from Maalaea. When the wind and waves make landing impossible at Maalaea, Makena is as quiet as a pond; and when Makena gets stirred up, Maalaea offers hospitalities. Between the two you are able to land.

Very near is Puu Olai, a large hill in the sea, 255 feet high, which looks as if it had been rolled down Haleakela by some giant or other. An hour or so brought me to Ulupalakua, which I reached in time for its delightful evening. No wind was stirring, and a hushed murmur pervaded the hills and trees. The paroquets chattered, and the peafowls strutted about, spreading their tails. They are wild here, and in former days, when the natives bought them for their *leis*, they sold for \$15 a pair.

Mr. Boggs turned up on the morrow, and we resumed our journey and our talk together. We returned by the Kula Road, which traverses the flank of Haleakela from south to north at an elevation of several hundred feet. The only thing worth recording was Mr. Boggs' talk. The view of the ocean and the islands to our left seemed to inspire him, and he rattled on until we reached home.

"You see that island over there?" he asked, pointing toward Kahoolawe. "There used to be a number of natives there, and with them was a Georgian named Tom Higgins. He was one of those bumptious fellows, strutting like a bantam, so straight that he looked crooked the other way, and carrying his chin in the air. He claimed to be a millionaire, but, come to find out, it was only his grandfather's uncle who was the millionaire. Tom stood about as much chance of getting the money as I do of getting water for my coffee from the Martian canals. This man was a great blow, and kept at it pretty near as constant as a trade wind. With him everything was big, except himself, and he didn't blow about being six feet tall only because his bodily presence would have nailed the lie. But he did have a genius for invention. Instead of working, he would scheme some machine to save labor. Indeed, I think that all these labor-saving machines originated with lazy, shiftless men. Busy men don't have time to study out traps that will take away a cat's living. I would have taken more stock in Tom's plans if he hadn't been so high-toned about them. The minute he got an 'idee,' he put on no end of airs and fancied himself a Newton. Among the useless things that he invented was a little snap-vise which he called a 'tongue-holder.' He quoted St. Paul's words about the human tongue, and dwelt on the fact that children are taught to count three before making an angry answer. He had taken pains to make a list of catastrophes which might have been prevented if the persons concerned had held their tongues, or got somebody to hold their unruly members for them. He said this represented a money value of over \$10,000,000 and the loss of

life was up in the millions. Blamed if he hadn't a weakness for the word million! Now he had invented this self-winding vise, which would keep you from saying a word for five minutes after the instrument had been fastened to your tongue. He said that when a man or woman, especially a woman, lost her self-control, she could place the affair in her mouth and be safe. I told him that if a man were so angry that he couldn't hold his tongue without artificial aid, he would be too mad to get something to hold it for him. Imagine an excited man saying to his enemy, 'Wait till I get that patent tongue-holder out of my pocket.' But the fellow had the impudence to tell me that his vise was good for men that talked too much, offering me one."

Mr. Boggs took some more cigarettes out of his pocket, and continued: "The queerest thing that this man ever invented was what we called Tom's Turtle Team, which he drove to the day of his death, October 3, 1868. He caught a dozen or so of large turtles, weighing up in the hundreds, and tamed them. Then he cemented thick, round pieces of cork in between their legs, fastening these to the shell. Next he made a box-shaped boat with a comfortable, cushioned seat in it, and fastened the bottom of this box to the backs of six of the largest turtles, holding it on by brass rivets. To this he harnessed three pairs of turtles tandem, connecting them all by wire. With strong cords for reins, tied so that he could pull the first pair of turtles out or in, and in that way direct his team, he started out from Kahoolawe. He rode over to Lanai. When this became his ordinary means of travel, he painted the box red, stuck a trident in the end, and rode the seas like a veritable Neptune. He finally went crazy. I never look toward Kahoolawe but I think of Tom perched on his seat, reins in hand, guiding his turtle team over the sea."

## XVI

## A ZIGZAG JOURNEY TO WINDWARD

THE Reverend Mr. Lew and I were assigned stateroom number three, on the *Claudine*, Wednesday morning, February 9, at 11 o'clock. As both of us had a sad past experience, we sought our berths at once. Strange to say, when dinner-time came we were glad to go down to the table. Here and there, along the interesting coast-line between Kahului and Hana, we stopped to unload freight, and we had occasion to observe the immense fissures in the shore, where were small bays lined by daring pandanus trees.

It was not long after supper before the old foot-hill of Kauiki loomed up, something over 350 feet. The fortification was held for twenty years by one chief against another, but finally the defending chief surrendered to starvation. The place is Hana. Almost like a flash we passed out of rough water into smooth, curving into the shelter of the hill, a cove called Pueokahi Harbor, with deep water but no wharf. The Captain said it seemed strange that in Hawaii, formed as it was by volcanic action, there should not be thousands of little bays suitable for harbors, but there were not. Honolulu and Hilo were the best, and next to these might be placed Hana, which could not be called particularly good.

On the landing were the government physician and the government surveyor waiting for me. The doctor drove me to his house, a cosy cottage in full view of the sea and prettily situated in the midst of growing shrubs and trees.

"This is my ranch," said the doctor, betraying his nativity, which was further disclosed by the cordial invitation characteristic of a Native Son of the Golden West. In this house lived the doctor, the surveyor, and the assessor, a bachelor trio, lacking only—wives. I was their fortunate guest.

A dozen musical instruments, from *ukuleles* to Chinese fiddles, hung on the wall. There was talking but no fiddling as the evening went by.

Hana has a sugar plantation and a mill. The district is

extensive, but the village is small, with a population largely native. Over the greater portion of the field, traveling is not only difficult but often dangerous. Sometimes the doctor is called upon to ride across *palis* to north or south of him, as the case may be. Dr. Beratz, a former physician in this district, was drowned in crossing one of the numerous gulches that bisect the shore, having been carried down to the sea. His body was never found. There are Protestant and Catholic missions here and well-attended schools.

After a refreshing night's rest, the doctor drove me over to another plantation at Makae, formerly called Reciprocity. It is about three miles from Hana, and is visited several times a week by the doctor. We went at once to the best house in town, which, of course, belonged to the manager. He had been a fellow passenger on a former voyage and greeted me cordially, giving me with charming courtesy the freedom of his house and grounds. Although he has a comfortable outlook, with house, pets, flowers, and a Chinese cook to make him happy, he is a bachelor. I am tempted to call Hana the Celibates' Retreat. Here are the doctor, the surveyor, three plantation managers, the assessor, the postmaster, my old friend the parish priest, the bookkeeper, and several others. Not one has a wife. Women are as scarce in Hana as they were in the California mining camps of '49. But the manager of Makae, who deserves a medal, is soon going to set an example to all these bachelors, and we hope that before long even the priest will have the good sense to get a good wife.

At Makae the manager got me a saddled horse, and the surveyor and I rode out to Kipahulu, a sugar plantation to the southeast. The ride was most of the way in view of the sea, across deep gulches spanned by rustic bridges. Some 1000 acres of cultivated land are scattered among the rocks and up the mountain side, and toward the sea are mill, store, manager's, and *luna's* houses.

That night I staid with the Makae manager, whose plantation cultivates about 900 acres of land. Half of this is irrigated and yields an average of nearly six tons to the acre.

Owing to bad management the plantation had run down and, in fact, been given up, but it is now beginning to pay. The former manager was a German baron. The present manager said he thought a baron was all right in his place, which was either in the cemetery or keeping a peanut stand in New York.

At breakfast I ate some of the best bread I have had for a long time. My host said that his cook was called one of the most satisfactory on the island. "How will he stand the change from master to mistress?" I asked, knowing that in Hawaii all cooks prefer to work for bachelors. "Oh, very well, I think," was the answer; "he is a contract man." To my mind, in which rested certain vague shadows of a former experience, this reply was inconclusive. "You remember about the horse and the water?" "Yes," said the manager, "but I have posted my wi—my girl, and she will let him have his own way, which is really a model way."

I slept in a guest-house by myself, and in the morning, rode over to the doctor's, behind a span of snow-white horses. May the gods bless the manager, or anybody else, that is about to set up the sacred institution of home in this land, where so many men of naturally domestic instincts are merely housed and not homed, or are living in a manner disastrous to all the higher attributes of a man's nature.

We had luncheon at the doctor's, where the Chinese cook served a tableful of bachelors. At one o'clock in the afternoon we were to leave. By the time my mule Pilikia got a saddle to fit, it was nearly three. We first tried an English saddle that wabbled on Pilikia's back and made me feel as uncertain of my position as I do of some Calvinistic tenets I have for many years tried to straddle. I do not see why English saddles were made. They are so unlike the Englishman himself, being neither elegant nor comfortable. The next we handled was the Mexican, slightly better, but not half so good as what we finally took—a sensible, easy McClellan saddle. I hope that I am not prejudiced, but I do like an American thing: it always fits—whether a shoe, or a hat, or a coat. It may not be so substantial—who wants an article to last forever and a day,—

but it hasn't that heavy, clumsy, countryfied look peculiar to European goods.

As we rode out of the yard the doctor waved his hat and I waved mine, shouting back that I hoped he would be in the United States the next time I met him. Then we started on our long journey toward Nahiku.

Nahiku is the name of a fertile tract of land lately surveyed and placed on the market for settlement; I might say a place lately pre-empted by settlers, for, I believe, the land is all taken. It lies upon the windward slope of Haleakela, between Hana and Keanae, and is covered with forest. It is protected from the winds common to many other localities on the island, and appears to be particularly adapted to the cultivation of coffee. With this purpose in view, many residents, chiefly English-speaking people and Portuguese, have taken up the land under the Land Act of 1895.

We passed through much interesting country and came upon some laborers clearing forest land for the plantation. The soil is rich, and the plantation finds that it pays to increase its acreage in that way. The trees taken off are generally *hau* and guava. The latter makes good fire-wood and the best of charcoal. As charcoal sells at a fair price, I should think that some money could be made from the guava trees. When we came to the *hau* thicket, the surveyor remarked that it formed one of the worst jungles to get through, being almost impassable. Its branches are large and intertwine in an intricate manner, scarcely leaving room for a man to crawl through.

Following the trail up the mountain side, we entered a narrow path lined on each side by the usual arboreal personages of the Hawaiian forest, and reached an opening surrounded by a fence made of fern trees, cut in short lengths, their thick, hairy trunks laid one upon the other. Several of these trunks were sprouting and would soon form a natural hedge. We rode up to a pioneer lodge, where we were met by a former acquaintance. He answered to the surveyor's shrill yell, long before we came in sight of the place, and, as it was just dusk, his wife invited us to eat.

This clearing is a sample of others being improved throughout the tract. Back of the house is a large stream that furnishes the drinking water. The land, of which there were about twenty acres already cleared around the house, had been covered with dense forest: with thickets of *awa*, bamboo, and various shrubs. Bananas were scattered all through the woods. The pioneer had saved several orange trees about his house; these were bearing. He was digging holes for his coffee trees, and making a vegetable garden. Chickens, hogs, and a cow would come later to supply the larder. The garden had not done very well, owing perhaps to the season, and possibly to the great amount of moisture. If the vegetable garden were not a success, I am afraid that the settlement could not be permanent. The pioneer spoke of a fall in the price of coffee, and said that there would be no money in the business if the growers got a cent less than the present prices.

After shaking hands with our entertainers for the second time, because they came from Massachusetts, we descended the path, crossed a coffee patch, and entered the forest. The surveyor said that we would take a short cut through the woods to the government road, as it was now dark, and we ought to be at our destination, which was a native house several miles farther on. The experience of riding under immense, umbrella-like fern trees, along a path whose leafy sides hit you in the face, your horse plunging in the soft, wet soil, was, to say the least, novel. I trusted altogether to the surveyor and Pilikia, and, pressing my hat over my head, shut my eyes.

"To our right, here, about five feet away," called out the surveyor, "is a precipice several hundred feet sheer. We wind around it and finally get into the gulch. Hold on, for it is rocky, but it is the worst part of the road, and we shall soon be through."

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, as Pilikia went down into a hole and I slipped over the saddle as far as two high ears, "I can't see a thing, and, for all of me, we may be going straight into the gulch."

"Oh, no," answered the surveyor; "but dodge your head

quick, or you'll have it taken off by that limb. This is where Saul—no, Absalom, got caught by his hair."

And we rode on in this blind way until we reached the old government trail we had left in the afternoon. It was not much to brag of, but seemed like the streets of a city compared with what we had come over. In my opinion nothing is quite so new in the line of experiences as a night ride through a Hawaiian (or a Puerto Rican) jungle. Make it a dozen times, and always some unrealized, undreamed-of difficulty will present itself. This particular trip will live in my memory when other things have turned the color of the calico that goes to make up most of the *holokus* you see about.

Pretty soon the surveyor uttered a fearful yell. He was hailing the son of a former acquaintance on Kauai. We were just going by his house, but he did not reply. "Is that the rebel yell?" I asked the surveyor. "Yes," he answered, "the modified yell. We call it the Nahiku coffee yell, and it is very convenient in the woods. You noticed how our host over yonder answered back." And so he did. The reverberations may be crossing the gulches yet, for all I know.

Very soon we came to a native hamlet of three or four houses under cocoanut trees. "These natives," said the surveyor, after some silence, "are a good-for-nothing, shiftless set, very different indeed from the natives about them. They own 400 acres of rich land here, which they hold in common, and will neither work it themselves nor sell nor lease it to any one else. One and a half hours' work will keep them supplied with what they want." "It's palm trees and climate," I replied.

But the natives were not so worthless that they wouldn't help belated travelers, for we had no sooner come to a little stretch of sea that we had to cross in the dark, and rather mistrusted as to depth, than a stream of light fell upon the water and a soft voice cried, "*Maikai no*"—it is all right. From a little hut on the hillside a woman had stepped out with a lantern, and when we crossed the stream, went ahead of us up the long, steep *pali* to the very top. We had not

even asked her. To her we were in *pilikia*, and that was enough. This *pali* was paved with round stones, and so steep that we got off our animals and walked up, puffing like porpoises before we gained the summit.

Once there, in the deep woods, the surveyor called out, "Hello, Schopen!" and a voice came out of the darkness, "Hello, who ish dot?" "How are your pigs—lost any more?" continued the surveyor. "Ach," was the reply, "dey all runs avay. Mein Gott! dis landt no goot—no goot."

"This old Dutchman," explained the surveyor to me, "came here and took up a tract of land, building a shanty about eight feet high, and making other improvements to match. He constructed a pen of loose branches for six hogs that all got away and ran into the forest to join their wild similars. He had bad luck, first with one thing, then with another. He is all alone and working without any practical knowledge of farming, but whenever he feels the blues coming on he goes into the house, takes down his old fiddle, and plays like mad, scraping and dancing as if his life depended on it. After the fit is over, he lays down his violin and returns to work again. He will never do anything with his place and ought not to be here."

"Yes," said I, "that may be. But he knows how to treat the blues. How much better it is to play the fiddle and dance, even boorishly, than to mope and lament and sum up your introspective total to your physician!"

When we reached Puu's house, from which a light glimmered upon the road, we gladly turned in at the gate. Here were beds, and the blessed telephone. I remember having spoken disrespectfully of the instrument, but that was on another occasion. I could hear the Junior Partner's voice. Every one was well, and my little, curly-headed lad had gone to sleep.

Upon the wall near the telephone was posted an illustration from *Puck*, representing President Dole as an auctioneer selling Hawaiian lands. The President himself had staid here over night only a few weeks before on his way to Hana.

In my room I found a large *koa* bedstead with high posts, surmounted by a mosquito net. The bed was dressed with clean white linen, and upon the dresser had been placed some large oranges. We had the place all to ourselves, as the natives had scrambled under the porch to a basement on the



"AND THIS IS THE GOVERNMENT ROAD"

"ground" floor; father, mother, sisters, brothers, grandparents, grandbabies, other babies, lovers, relatives, and friends. I wondered for a long time what animals had got under the house, when I finally recognized the grunts. It is a usual thing for the natives to give up the whole house to their guests.

They slip away somewhere, and the first thing you know you are in absolute possession.

By morning it was raining. A *kona*, or south storm, had come up—the one severe disturbance of the Hawaiian year. The Junior Partner telephoned that it was blowing a gale at Maalaea, and raining pitch-forks. "Why did you start on such a trip?" she asked, with nothing of the anxiety in her voice lost by its transmission over the interminable gulches. "I won't start until it is safe," I assured her. "We shall stay here three days if necessary"; and as I said it my heart sank at the possibility. The Junior Partner had a superstitious dread of the gulches during the rainy season, and I did not blame her. Many lives had been lost in the crossings.

As native women do not cook, the surveyor brought out some canned goods that he had stored, lighted an oil stove, and prepared a breakfast of eggs, fried potato, canned corn, and coffee. There we waited for the rain to stop, until we grew tired of waiting, while the water fell in torrents.

"Have you anything to read?" I asked despondently.

"Only a book on civil engineering, which is very interesting, though," he said, bringing out a large tome. It was very dull reading for me, because I didn't have the "mind to bring to it." Had the work told how to improvise bridges over impassable gulches, I could have read it.

At last we decided to go, for, if the rain did not soon stop, the streams would be swollen, and our stay might be prolonged indefinitely. The women uttered disgusted grunts, shaking their heads, but we started in the glorious downpour, in the full of a *kona* rain-storm that had repressed its feelings for nearly two years. It made up for lost time. Pilikia threw back his long ears and set himself to the task. It was necessary, too, for the precipices were many and steep. The surveyor often called my attention to the way the trail followed some of the worst places. "And this is the government road," he would exclaim.

He is now surveying the country from Hana to Kailua for a good road fit for carts to pass through the newly settled

coffee district. The present road passes down a precipitous wall, curving from one side to the other, and comes to sea level, where the ocean rolls in with great foam, while opposite, a torrent of water from the mountain pours over the cliff, each side being almost perpendicular, and clothed to the water's edge with living green. Sometimes when we were in the most



"HE WOULD TURN HIS HEAD BACK"

dangerous places, and Pilikia was poised for a step lower down on the slippery rock where a misstep would prove the end of us both, he would turn his head back and take a bite of *ti* leaves or grass, as occasion offered, as unconcernedly as if he were on an Illinois prairie.

I am sure that Pilikia is a philosopher and has long ago

discarded all those old creeds that stick like dust cobwebs in the chambers of a man's brain. He has settled all those disturbing matters relating to fate, destiny, and the chief end of men and mules, for he went on in the torrent of rain, one foot before the other, over smooth and rough, along the rim of a cliff or through the water, munching something that suggested not only resignation but satisfaction. He didn't care a fig for anything; who was on his back or off it. His intellectual being seemed wrapped up, enshrouded, walled in, by a vast contemplation. The only exception to this mood was when he admired scenery. I did not realize what Pilikia's character was until he began to display some of his æsthetic qualities. He was certainly an idealist, pure and simple, for we no sooner reached the bottom of an unusually deep gulch than he threw back his head, planted his feet well forward, and gazed—actually riveted his eyes—upon a beautiful cataract just ahead. He seemed to be perfectly awe-struck, and I began to conceive an admiration for his keen sense of the beautiful. Had he been endowed with hands instead of feet, I am sure that he would have been a painter. Had his feet been of another sort, he might have been a poet.

After some ten minutes of this hypnotic frenzy, the surveyor, who was half way up the opposite *pali*, caught sight of us, and called down, "Stick your spurs into him"; but I didn't have the heart to do it. Soon my patience was rewarded, and Pilikia slowly relaxed, coming out of his catalepsy. He raised his expressive ears, and we resumed our journey. Poets, artists, and other animals of an emotional nature should never be disturbed when they are taken with one of these attacks. I told the surveyor my opinion, which he did not respect in the least. He said that it was a common thing for mules to be awe-struck at the foot of a steep hill; he called it ordinary balking. But it was different with Pilikia, for he became distraught in the view of some unusual outlook. I like to be charitably inclined toward all things, and tried to put myself in Pilikia's place. I am sure that the ride in the rain from Hana to Paia has given to one rider,

at least, much satisfactory insight into the mind of a mule. All the time it was pouring, but we were well done up in oil coat and trousers, singing snatches of college songs, and really admiring the dripping landscape.

At about 2 P.M. we crossed a bridge and came to the house of Napihaa, the host, postmaster, and church-warden of Kaenae. The place is a native settlement shut in by the rugged cliffs of Koolau Gap. Broken rocks lie at the sea entrance, where a steamer sometimes stops. The coast is very rocky. One large detached rock near by is called by the surveyor "Man-of-War Island," and a huge boulder cut through with an arched entrance perhaps thirty feet high, we named "Annexation Arch." We were cold and wet when we reached Napihaa's, for the last crossing was deep, and the water came over our saddles. We could see snow on the rim of Haleakela.

Napihaa is a good-natured native in easy circumstances. His house, while barny, is large, and airy. Upon the walls were photographs and prints of European celebrities from the Kaiser to Victor Emmanuel. Napihaa told us that Mr. Dole had promised him a photograph if he would come for it in person. He said that he would go for it by and by.

Here we changed our wet clothes, and had dinner cooked by a Chinaman. We were hungry and everything tasted good. But there was nothing to read except a pile of Hawaiian Bibles too high to jump over, and song books, with a few copies of Talmage's sermons. In the house was a native school-teacher, whom the surveyor sought for books or papers. He was successful, and brought me a *Police Gazette*, an old Hawaiian report of mission work, printed in 1825, and two geographies. When there is nothing else, I can amuse myself very well with a geography or two, so I got in bed in order to keep warm, and read over what I had studied when I was twelve. Across the margin of the paper was written in lead: "Now, darling, don't be down-hearted, but cheer up, for I love you as fondly as ever. No matter what any one else may say or do, remember that I will always believe in you." The matter touched me. This assurance had the same true,

womanly ring about it, even if it appeared on the margins of a paper of questionable respectability. There was a sincere quality at the bottom of it, disclosing a woman's loyalty. I could not tell who penned the lines, or for whom they had been written; and it did not matter. They were as good as an essay. With this, and the knowledge that I could telephone to the Junior Partner at a moment's notice, I went to sleep.

The next day, on our way to Kailua, we met two natives that had just crossed the ford at Honomanu, which is often not safe to attempt. They gave us their *alohas*, and said that we might keep on. The traveler is here obliged to go into the sea, and when it is stormy or the tide is high, crossing is dangerous. Only a few days before we arrived, the mail man was washed out to sea, but fortunately escaped drowning. He was a native. As good luck willed, we found low tide and a safe passage. Honomanu *pali* is very steep and winding, the road making nine turns down one side, and fourteen up the other; curves almost abrupt enough to make the rider dizzy. Pilikia did not mind them at all, and, odd to relate, did not even admire the view. At the bottom of the gulch which is flat, are several houses and rice-fields. The sides of the gulch were about 400 feet high.

Our walk through the sea suggested the subject of swimming, and the surveyor told me of some native feats in that line. He said that in early times a native man and his wife were banished for some offense—sent to different islands, the man to Molokai, and the wife to Lanai. Taking her chance, the woman swam one night from her island to Maui, touching Lahaina, where she staid a day or two with her friends, then resumed her swim to Molokai, where she regained her husband. The first channel is about eight miles wide, and the last fifteen. Travelers by this windward route go by hours and not by miles. They will say it is "three hours from Hana to Nahiku," the distance covered being from eight to ten miles; and, "three to four hours from Nahiku to Kaenae," or eight miles. In some places it takes an hour to go two miles.

We saw several landslides, some of them extensive. In one place, trees, rocks, and all had plunged over the cliff, and left bare rock for a waterfall.

We crossed six bridges, and there ought to be ten. But bridges are not the safest way of getting across, especially in out-of-the-way localities where a bridge may become unsafe long before it is condemned, and come to pieces suddenly like the "one-horse shay."

Pilikia didn't go fast enough for the surveyor, who urged me to use the spur. It was the first time I had worn one, because I don't like them. They are barbaric things even on humane feet. When I struck the instrument into Pilikia's side, and he threw back his long ears in plain disapproval, I felt like another Balaam on his ass, and expected to hear the creature stop and reprove me in my own language. But he didn't. He just jogged along, chewing his meditative cud.

Each separate gulch of the series has a name, generally appropriate. There are: Wailuaiki (two small waters), Wai-luanui (two big waters), Waikamoe (sleeping waters).

At Kailua, which we reached early in the afternoon, we found a house occupied by a *luna*. It had four or five rooms furnished with one chair and a table. Even the telephone was out of repair, and I committed the unpardonable blunder of calling some strange woman, "dear." She hung up the ear-piece with a bang. She was evidently not used to terms of endearment.

The surveyor left me here, returning to Hana. He said that he had come to arrange some matters at Kailua, but he did no such thing. He came because he was generous enough to wish to accompany me the greater part of my zigzag journey, and I have placed the offering with other Hawaiian courtesies never to be forgotten.

Near Nuelo a Portuguese, much excited, came running to the road. He said, pointing to a house that had recently been broken up into kindling from above downward, "Fire break up too much—dog kill—man run away an' no get kill. *Nui*

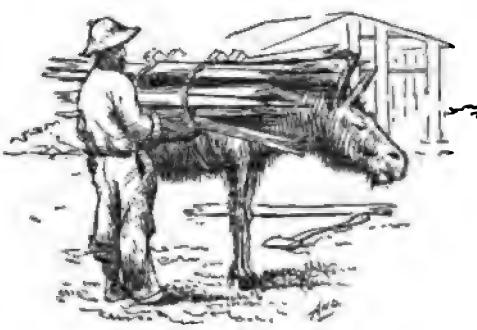
*pilikia.*" This is the first instance, I believe, of a man being able to get way from a streak of lightning, but it must be remembered that it was Hawaiian lightning.

When I came to the last deep gulch I found that a good road had been made up both sides of the *pali*. Cut in the clay wall of the eastern grade were the letters "C. H. D.;"

the initials of a man old enough to be grandfather, but still only a boy, a jolly, rollicking youth who has been up Haleakela, for the fun of it, thirty-eight times, over to Hana by our route twelve times, and everywhere else at least twice. If you call on him and suggest a trip, he will go with you gladly, to walk, ride, drive, sail, or go on a hop, skip, and a leap, around the island, or the archipelago, or any other island or archipelago, or continent, or any continental place, no matter where. He ought to have been made a Universal Santa Claus, and, I am sure, if he were, he would never disappoint a girl or a boy from Maine to Manila, or from Alaska to Arecibo. Let no one come here without meeting him. I may say that as a boy—a shorter boy than he is now—he sat on Lincoln's knee, and dined at President Grant's table, where he was called "Charlie." Find him if you can!

Pilikia got into Paia at dusk. I put up at the hotel, had dinner, telephoned to the other members of the Kauai Kodak Klub, then went to bed and fell asleep, dreaming about them and my wonderful zigzag journey to windward.

*(To be concluded.)*



"HAWAIIAN LIGHTNING"

## NATURE IN THE ALPS

By T. JOHNSTON EVANS

IT might be said with considerable truth that, like the pathless ocean, those spots where nature reigns in all its sublimity, are of no nationality, but rather the common property of the world. The beauties of Niagara seem to be quite as much the heritage of the visitor from Europe as they are of the nation on either shore, and it would seem as though no country could claim the absolute monopoly of the Alps. Year by year, these majestic mountains, more especially that portion of them which forms the middle and southern ranges of Switzerland, are becoming better known to Americans. Well nigh every visitor to Europe has ascended Mont Blanc: the crossing of the Weissthor, which was once considered a matter of no ordinary difficulty, is each season accomplished by an increasing number of transatlantic tourists: the Jungfrau is no longer liable to intimidate the uninitiated mountain climber of either sex; while the Matterjoch and the Monte Moro have become the Simplon and Splügen of the pedestrian. The degree of mental cultivation usually possessed by our traveling countrymen and countrywomen is such as to enable them to appreciate the more obvious beauties of Switzerland, but it must be acknowledged, visual education which can be alone attained by greater intimacy with mountain regions is as yet in its comparative infancy among Americans. Nature has secrets in her mountain palaces which she will not surrender to the untrained eye; nor will she yield them up to the careless intruder.

The Alps may be divided into four regions extending upward from the base of the hills which lean upon the central chains. The first of these stretches from the plain to a height of 2,500 feet, the second from 2,500 to 4,000 feet, the third

from 4,000 to 7,000 feet, and the fourth from 7,000 feet to the topmost peaks. Of the first little need be said in this brief sketch; its vegetables and its animals are those of the plains; when the limits of the second region are fairly entered upon we find ourselves in the mountain world.

This is the region of those beautiful valleys the fame of which is so widely spread. In no part of Switzerland are they so common as in the Grisons. This canton is furrowed by no less than 150 of them. Intricate heights and luxuriant vegetation combine with these to give this district a variety which almost makes up for the absence of those kingly peaks which are the glory of the Vallais and the Oberland. The scenery is half of the North, half of the South. To one spot a favorable aspect and a barrier of rocks, shutting out the wind, give an almost Italian richness; while another in its immediate vicinity suffers the rigor of well nigh an Arctic climate. In all parts of the country, the waterfalls form a remarkable feature of this interesting region—some, like the Staubbach, in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, descending in wreaths of spray down the mountains, rainbow-haunted in the morning, gray and ghostly in the night—others less striking in themselves, but lending to the landscape an indescribable charm as they leap from shelf to shelf among the dark firs to rest at last in the lake below.

The great forests are left behind in the lowlands and in the mountain offsets; but here we have still an abundance of wood. The pines, however, no longer grow in masses, but are scattered in patches of limited extent. Other trees occur but sparingly, exhibiting in stunted form and storm-tossed shape marks of their unceasing contentions with the wild elements.

This zone, although well known to the summer and autumn travelers, is not so often visited in spring as it should be, for undoubtedly the early spring is the time to observe to the best advantage the ever-changing aspects of nature on the Alps. First come mild breezes and unsettled weather, snow-storms frequently interrupting the stirrings of vegetable life;

then the sirocco, locally called Fön, rushing over the mountains, commences in good earnest the revolt against winter. In the valley of Grindelwald it has often been known in twelve hours to melt snow two and a half feet deep. Soon patches of green begin to besprinkle the slopes. The trickling and dashing of streams is heard, first for just an hour or two in the heat of the day, then by degrees in the afternoon, evening, night—at last, all day and all night long. The glaciers split, the avalanche rolls, the voice of birds is heard nearer at hand. The hazel is covered with tassels of gold, the bright yellow coltsfoot comes out on every bank, and eighteen days after vegetation has awakened, the cherry trees are in blossom in the sheltered valleys. This rapid change generally takes place about the 20th of April, and by the middle of May the spring has ascended to the height of 4,000 feet. Nature has favored this region in many ways. It has copious springs, gushing from the naked rock, rich pasturages, medicinal baths, and a sufficiency of timber; its position, however, exposes it not only to occasional avalanches, but to inundations—a far more common disaster—and to rare but widely desolating landslips.

The want of any defined boundary between this and the hilly region makes it somewhat difficult to give a very satisfactory description of the plants specially belonging to it. On the Italian side of the mountains the vine passes the altitude of 2,500 feet; it does not, however, do so on the Swiss side. The potato, even in the central parts of Switzerland, has not only extended itself into but has even passed across the lower mountain zone. On the Rigi it grows at an altitude of 5,500 feet. Wild plants which belong essentially to the plains and the hills, are not less intrusive; but the characteristic flora of this region consists, for the most part, of the papilionaceous, cruciferous, umbelliferous, bell-flower, and labiated tribes of ranunculi, gentions, grasses, and willows. To these may be added, among trees, the mountain ash and sycamore, and the red and silver firs. No one who, traveling in the Vallais, has chanced to pluck the strong-smelling *Juniperus Sabina*, will forget to assign to it a place

in the list of plants which are at home in this belt of vegetable life.

The second region comprises the middle zone of the Alps, properly so called, and the peaks which here and there occur among the offshoots which they push into the cantons of Freyburg, Berne, Lucerne, and Schwytz. The transverse valleys of this region are amongst its most remarkable features. Through these lie the more important passes, and in them are situated those far-famed hospices which Christianity has built on the sites of heathen temples, by races which have long since passed away.

The valleys of this zone are in most parts of the country insignificant in size. In the Grisons it is otherwise; here the whole surface of the land is elevated and furrowed with valleys of surpassing magnificence. We find, too, districts like the Engadine, full of towns and villages possessing all the essentials of higher civilization and prosperity, although the glaciers can be reached from them with very inconsiderable ascent. In this belt, as in the one below, the Fön is the great reawakener, the chief condition of summer and of life. "The good God and the golden sun can do nothing with the snow if the Fön does not come." So say the peasants with the usual rough wisdom of their class. This is the region of the catastrophes of the Alps. Here take place the falls of huge masses of glaciers; here the *Eismarren*, lumps of ice of small size, fall from great heights upon the passers-by with the force of a rifle bullet. Here rush the thundering floods of snow, the terrible *Lawine*, many of which, however, are by no means so dangerous, as is generally supposed, from their fixed paths and times of falling. The rivers of Switzerland have their sources in this zone. Three hundred and sixty glaciers discharge their waters into the Rhine, sixty-six into the Inn, twenty-five into the Po and Adige; but the peasantry prefer to point to living springs as the origin of streams and affect to despise the glacier waters. The lakes, or tarns, above the height of 4,000 feet, are generally destitute of fish, and around them only a scanty growth of willows and alders support a dreary existence.

This zone has in some districts treasures below ground which amply recompense its inhabitants for the want of a fertile soil. The Lower Engadine, more especially, has much mineral wealth. The spring of Tarasp is said in healing virtues to excel the Abana and Pharpar of Carlsbad itself. Many of the *Karren* or *Schratten fulds* (called in the Romansch dialect *Lapiez*, or *Lapiaz*) occur below 7,000 feet. They do not appear in the crystalline formations, but are common in all kinds of limestone, and occasionally they bear considerable resemblance to a glacier. These are unfavorable to animal and vegetable life, for the water escapes along the furrows to the nearest funnel in the rock; the result is, there is but little moisture; and the absence of moisture naturally brings the curse of barrenness.

We shall now enter upon the path which lies over the cold snow world, above the limit of 7,000 feet, that—to Americans—almost unknown land which lies between the peopled plains of Lombardy and Germany. Limited space prevents more than a passing reference to the remarkable phenomena of the Higher Alps—the glaciers, the snow-fields and *Firn*; the laws of sound which prevail in these grim solitudes; and the wonderful islands of flowers which diversify the icy waste. The marmot and the ibex represent the higher animals in this debatable land between life and death. The former of these is chiefly found in Uri, Glarus, and the Grisons. The name marmot is a corruption of *mure montana*, the name given to these interesting little creatures in the canton of Tessin. Their summer life is exceedingly short, and their winter is passed in a state of torpor, safe from the storm in the oval dormitory which terminates their subterranean abode. It is exceedingly interesting to watch those little creatures at early dawn as they issue from their holes, peep cautiously around, and if there is no cause for alarm proceed rapidly to crop the short grass. Then the young ones come out and play merrily together, and if danger appears, a shrill whistle warns the whole party and they once more vanish in the earth. It has been calculated that the marmot breathes only 71,000 times during his six months' lethargy, whereas when awake he breathes 72,000 times in two days. The ibex, or stein-

bock, is of the goat species. It was formerly quite common, not only in the Alps, but in the mountains of Germany and in the Ural. It has now become exceedingly rare, partly from its slow rate of increase, partly from the dangers peculiar to its savage habitation, and partly from the untiring pursuit of it by man. The ibex is far less agile than the chamois, and is killed by a wound which would not prevent the latter from running several miles. It is not unusual to see ibexes afar off, standing in the midst of the fiercest storm, like statues, motionless on a projecting point of rock.

What a transition do we make when we pass from the ibex on its mountain watch-tower to the glacier flea and red snow! Yet in doing so we only imitate nature. The glacier flea, *Desoria Glacialis*, is a small, wingless, six-footed insect which inhabits the fissures of the glacier and hops about its surface. The *Disceræa nivalis*, which gives its color to the so-called red snow, is rarely found on the glaciers, but generally on the undurated snow, or *Firn*. It is one of the infusorial tribe, with a round, or oval, cuticle, and has thread-like probosces, by which it moves.

There are many things which we would fain notice, illustrating Nature in the Alps, did space permit. One thing, however, cannot fail to strike the thoughtful observer, and that is the gradual dissolution of the Alps. Hour by hour the atmospheric influences do their disintegrating work. Slowly the valleys are exalted and the mighty hills and mountains made low. The vast and silent revolutions which

"Draw down Aeonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be,"

are measured by cycles, not by years. It may be that Switzerland will present to the eyes of our descendants, in the thousandth generation, the same general aspects which it does to us now; but yet, if the world lasts sufficiently long, and if the climate does not materially alter, the time will surely come when old men will relate with melancholy pleasure that they remember the days when all the summer through there still were patches of snow to be seen upon the sides of Mont Blanc.

# IN DISTRICT No. I

*(An Economic Novel)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

## CHAPTER XL—(*Continued*)

"INQUIRIES were, of course, instituted immediately after the capture of Havana. It was found that the lofty lighthouse on the point of land forming the outer extremity of the eastern side of the entering channel had been adopted by the Spaniards as their station for observation and mine-firing. The choice was a good one. Not only did the lantern gallery of the lighthouse afford a view of the whole sea-front, together with the channel and bay, but the lighthouse itself was sure to be respected by the enemy's fire. Accordingly, when, as I have told you, Admiral Hernandez appeared on the platform of the *Santa Ysabel*'s conning-tower and smiled as he looked aft, it was because he had just hoisted a signal directing the explosion of the outermost mine, and had seen a white flag waving from the lantern gallery on the side which faced the Castillo de la Cabana and was hidden from the sea—this being the signal previously agreed upon to indicate that a firing-order had been received and was understood. Great, then, was his wonderment as well as consternation, when the innermost, instead of the outermost, mine was exploded. In a minute or so, afterward, however, he saw smoke issuing from the lighthouse lantern and flames and smoke pouring forth from the base of the tower where a store of petroleum was kept—the old-fashioned beacon of the Morro point being composed of lamps burning mineral oil. It seemed that some stray shell, or, perhaps, some blazing fragment from the Castillo de la Punta, must have set fire

to the inflammable store. Such, indeed, was found to be the case, when an investigation was subsequently made. The stock of oil *had* been burned. The rooms in the basement and on the ground-floor of the lighthouse were devastated by the fire; and the electric cables communicating with the submarine mines were all fused together. This was thought to account for the catastrophe that had overtaken the eight Spanish battleships; especially as the two officers had disappeared who were in charge of the lantern-room, and who could have given an exact account of all that had taken place. The staircase and lantern-room were comparatively uninjured, some scorching and fouling by smoke being the only damage; but among the ruins that encumbered the cellar in the basement were found some uniform buttons and other relics which gave rise to a general opinion that the two officers and sentry had perished in the fire; and, finally, the whole matter was reported on as having been of an accidental character, providentially favorable to the American fleet.

"You are now, my friends, able to appreciate the importance of the statements I have yet to make. I am about to draw aside the veil that has, for two years, enshrouded the mystery of the battle of Havana. I am about to tell you the story of what really took place at the old lighthouse on the Morro point. I am about to show you that the reputed accident was but another exemplification of American shrewdness and pluck. I am about to make the heart of our noble chieftain beat still more proudly."

She paused a moment, and pointed, with a lofty, dramatic gesture, toward Admiral Spinks. A prolonged rustle and murmur of voices were heard from all parts of the hall—a sound which every one felt to be in the nature of applauding sympathy; but we were all in a condition of too much surprise and suspense to be willing to break the thread of the narrative by any serious interruption. Admiral Spinks himself was listening with painfully constrained attention. He had grown paler, and beads of perspiration stood on his brow.

"In the early morning of the Fourth," continued Lydia,

"a young American officer, followed by a Spanish seaman, landed from a small boat secreted among the rocks of the Morro point. They made their way to the summit and then ensconced themselves in a position near the entrance to the lighthouse, where they could see without being seen. At six o'clock the force on duty for the day arrived, consisting of two officers who were to be stationed in the lantern-chamber and a sentry who was to mount guard below. The night force, including the two light-tenders, then quitted the place, but before they left they stood for awhile chatting with the newcomers, within the hearing of the American officer, who was well acquainted with the Spanish language. He thus learned that the American fleet was off the port and had sent a challenge to Admiral Hernandez, who at seven o'clock would issue from Havana to chase the boasting Yankees into some place of refuge on their own coast. The officers of the day were congratulated upon their good luck in having the opportunity to watch the engagement at their ease, and it was taken for granted that no occasion would arise for vigilance or action at the lighthouse itself.

"Presently, when the night-force had departed and when the officers of the day had ascended to the lantern-chamber to watch for the triumphal egress of the Spanish fleet, the sentry issued from the lighthouse door and began to slowly pace around the building. He stopped several times, looking earnestly first out into the mist on the sea and then along the channel into the bay, being evidently intent on securing his share of the anticipated spectacle. The American officer noticed this and whispered a few words to his companion. Then, on the next occasion of the sentry stopping to gaze toward the bay, the two men sprang forward and gained the lighthouse door unobserved. They waited there until the sentry slowly paced by. In another moment the American's arm was around his neck and the attendant seaman had snatched away his rifle and bayonet. He was dragged into the ground-floor room and there bound and gagged.

"The two victors had only socks on their feet. They crept

cautiously and noiselessly up the winding stairs which led to the lantern-chamber. This was a large room occupying the whole section of the lighthouse, and having a pedestal in the center to support the huge lamps, around which were arranged the lenses that formed the upper portion of the chamber walls. The lower half was stoutly casemented and was provided with a door leading to the gallery that extended around the chamber on the outside. The staircase was terminated by an opening in the floor of the chamber. You may imagine with what feelings the young American officer crept to the top of the stairs and raised his head above the floor level. He was casting the die of his life.

"The Spanish ships in the bay were then just getting under way. It was a moment of happiness and exultation for the two Spanish officers, who were standing with their faces pressed close to the casement and with their backs to the staircase. A glance was exchanged between the American and his companion. They ascended into the room! A quiet step or two, and then a swift bound forward! Before another second had elapsed the two Spanish officers were lying on the floor, with the muzzle of a rifle at the head of one and a bayonet at the throat of the other!

"'Will you surrender to me, gentlemen?' asked the American. 'I am an officer of the United States Navy, and do not consider it my business to kill you if I can otherwise conquer.'

"There was no help for it. The Spaniards surrendered, one of them acknowledging the courtesy of the American and the other scowling and cursing. They were bound, but not gagged, and were left lying on the floor, while other matters were being attended to.

"First, the American officer made a thorough inspection of everything in the chamber. He found the switch-board connected with the mines, a bundle of signal flags, a plan of the mines showing their respective numbers, letters, and positions, and the switch-contacts corresponding to each. He found, also, a table of instructions and an order of the day, signed a few hours previously by Admiral Hernandez. In a

word, he was, thanks to his knowledge of Spanish, just as well posted as the hostile officers themselves.

"The other matter that required attention was to observe what was taking place in the world below. He had told his companion to watch this, while he studied the plans and instructions. From minute to minute the man called out the movements of the Spanish ships."

"'The Americans!' he suddenly cried.

"The young officer looked up. The sea mist was dispersing, as though by magic. To the right, to the left, in front, three groups of stately vessels were seen approaching at full speed; while, from between the terminal jetties of the channel below the lighthouse, three long, slender, black torpedo-boats were darting into the open sea, followed by big battleships moving slowly forward, one after the other, along the whole length of the channel. Ere, however, he could complete his rapid glance, there was thunder in the air. The terrible strife I have already described had begun. He watched, enthralled. His attention was not diverted even by the tremendous catastrophe of the *Castillo de la Punta*, which shook the lighthouse and shattered many of the casement windows. He was watching the mutual approach of the *Roosevelt* and the *Santa Ysabel*. He saw the Spanish ships stop and move astern. He saw the *Roosevelt* enter between the jetties. His ready hand was at the switchboard, and his still readier brain had thought out a plan of action that should throw the foe into confusion. His companion stood ready at the gallery door with a white flag.

"The signal was made on the *Santa Ysabel*.

"'Show the flag, Pedro!' cried the young officer; and the white answer fluttered from the gallery to cheer the heart of Admiral Hernandez in the hell far down.

"The finger touched one contact-piece, and then a second, and then others. It was, indeed, the finger of Fate!

"The battle was won! The day was ours, my friends! The finger of Fate was attached to the hand of an American officer in the air above, as on the waters below!"

A rapture of cheers interrupted the speaker, who was charming the souls within us. But Admiral Spinks still sat gripping the arms of his chair, and trying, as it were, to look into some cloudy vision before him.

"Just," proceeded Lydia, "as the American had touched the last of the contacts a loud detonation resounding behind him made him start and turn round. This movement saved his life; for a second detonation that was simultaneously heard proceeded from the rifle which one of the captive Spanish officers was firing at him. It seems that, while our hero and his comrade were watching the battle, the two Spaniards had contrived to roll near to each other and to commence freeing their respective bonds. Their hands were already loosened, when the seaman at the gallery door, who was armed with the bayonet, happened to turn and see what was taking place. He sprang forward just as the scowling Spanish officer was drawing a pistol, while the other had just reached out and got possession of the rifle. The pistol was discharged, and the bullet pierced his chest; but, as he fell forward, he was able to plunge his bayonet into his foeman's throat.

"Our hero was more fortunate. The rifle bullet glanced along the edge of his hand and then flew past his side, injuring one of his ribs. Neither wound was of a disabling character; and, before the Spanish officer could make another movement, the American was stooping over him with an uplifted hand, in which gleamed the bloody bayonet snatched from his comrade's corpse. The wings of Death were fanning the eyes of the prostrate Don.

"Will you give me your word of honor to make no further attempt at escape?" asked the American.

"Gran Dios!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "Do you mean that you are not going to kill me?"

"Why should I do so?" asked our hero.

*(To be continued.)*



## Editorial

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### How the Practical Now Dominates the Situation

THAT this is a time when practical results, rather than mere theoretical abstractions, mark the progress of events is evident, if one takes a glance at the general trend of current history. However powerful may be theory and principle, when it comes to putting things into actual operation, somehow, in one way or another, the result is now that theory is made to fit practice—the practical, things as they are—rather than practice to adjust itself to theory. The present is for the practical man, the practical politician, the practical preacher, more than for the man of visionary ideals. The practical man to-day is making hay while the sun shines; he is making the most of things as they are, whether they be as they ought to be or not.

In the political world, for example, there is China, whose internal dissensions so lately threatened to involve the civilized Christian nations of earth in a great and deadly conflict at arms. What has it come to? A simple matter of *monetary* indemnity. Great nations do not nowadays go to war with other great nations on slight provocation. Prudence says that the cost must be counted first—and the result is a conflict postponed. It is not that peace among the great powers of earth is theoretically the proper thing; it is that peace is practical. Therefore peace must prevail.

Look at Turkey—a veritable powder magazine for possibilities of stirring up international complications. Yet the

complications do not reach a crisis. If Turkey is too hard pressed, for settlement of over-due bills, for instance, what happens? She manages somehow to pay. She paid the United States only a very short while ago. Payment is practical. So payment, instead of repudiation, goes.

"Great nations do not nowadays go to war with other great nations," we said a moment ago. But great nations do sometimes go to war with smaller nations, or, what is even more often the case, little nations provoke larger nations to resort to extreme measures of punishment by way of retribution. The little nation is desperate; the bigger nation counts the cost—and decides it is worth while to fight. The cost to the big nation of fighting a weaker nation does not look so large as to operate as a preventive of war. Greece *vs.* Turkey, the United States *vs.* Spain, Great Britain *vs.* South Africa, the United States *vs.* the Filipinos—here are recent instances. Sometimes the cost looks in advance to be far less than it eventually turns out to be. The mathematicians make a mistake in their calculations. The trouble in South Africa has been very expensive for Great Britain, so expensive, perhaps, as to make some men—the *practical* men again—wonder if England is not, as Benjamin Franklin would put it, "paying too dear for her whistle." Still, in the beginning, at least, the war looked practical to England's statesmen. So it was decided upon. Many good people have sympathized all along with the Boers—but that will not save the South African farmers from defeat. Whether the Boers are right or wrong theoretically, they will be beaten. It isn't practical, the idea of the war eventuating otherwise.

Russia and England showed their teeth at each other not long ago in Manchuria. They snarled a little and looked dangerous. But the threatened Anglo-Russian war was not declared. It isn't practical just now.

France has not forgiven Great Britain for the Fashoda affair. But so far the French have borne to attack the British. War between the two countries at this time isn't practical.

In the United States the Supreme Court recently gave a very practical demonstration of how the continuation of the existing order of things must, so far at least as this country is concerned, be recognized as the only practical solution of Porto Rico-United States tariff difficulties. Not exactly "Whatever is right," but not very far from it. The position of the Administration has been made more secure. There were some murmurs, of course, and the Court came in for some sharp hostile criticism. But, whatever the abstract moral principles concerned, as in the Dred Scott case, the Court's opinion goes—because it is practical.

Cuba accepted the Platt Amendment after a great deal of palavering. Why? It was practical—necessary. And the Filipinos will also in good time follow Aguinaldo in accepting the domination of the United States. It is practical that they should.

Between England and the United States there are unsettled questions in dispute—the Isthmian Canal and Canadian matters, for instance. England is complaining that America is taking away her trade and generally beating her in industrial competition. During the Venezuela dispute a few years ago, the Anglo-American atmosphere took on a threatening aspect. But there was no war then, and there will be none, of course, now, on account of Canada, the Isthmian Canal, or any other immediately pressing question in sight. To disrupt the *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and the United States will take more than the efforts of the present generation of jingoes on both sides of the water. The fact is, it is practical that the two countries should be friends, in spite of small family jars to the contrary. And what is practical, for the present, at least, is bound to prevail.

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*Editorial Notes*

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AFTER having been Prime Minister and having his horse win the famous Derby—two honors supposed to be coveted by every Englishman, though denied to most—Lord Rosebery, it is rumored, is thinking now of becoming a Benedict. From this we may conclude that

however great pleasure there may be in securing honors above one's fellows, a man's happiness cannot be said to be fully complete until, after all, he has done what any one else may do. There is an attraction in the commonplace even to him who is not commonplace.

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It is reported that Andrew Carnegie not long ago said to T. P. O'Connor, "I would give you all my millions if you would give me youth and health." A blind merchant in New York who has acquired great wealth by years of industry, is said to have offered one million dollars to any one who will restore to him his sight. There is a moral worth considering in these two instances.

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THE town of Lincoln in New Jersey has been put up and sold at auction. This town was peculiar in that its first municipal council was composed entirely of women. Which goes to prove that whatever else women may run, they evidently cannot run a town—unless it be to run it down.

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CAPTAIN BURSLEM, an Englishman "with a cork leg" and the forename of Godolphin Finney, was recently arrested in New York for alleged stealing. When one considers "Godolphin," "Finney," and a "cork" leg, the whole thing sounds rather fishy, doesn't it?

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AUNTY-IMPERIALISTS will probably see awesome significance in the parting of company between the *Constitution* and *Independence* at Newport. It must be admitted there certainly was a great separation, that time, at least.

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MR. PAUL KRUEGER will visit the United States in the fall. Great then will be the rejoicing among the A. O. H. and affiliated (dis)orders. In fact, we may expect at that time to see things with them fairly bOom!

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IS THE crowning of England's King being postponed so long in order to give time to England's Poet Laureate to compose a poem for the occasion?

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WELL, *Shamrock II.* is not *Shamrock* second as far as *Shamrock I.* is concerned, anyhow.

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THE Penn. is not so mighty as it was.

## Personal and Incidental

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### CANADA'S POPULATION

ACCORDING to a newspaper dispatch, the official organs of the Canadian Government are preparing the country for the disappointment in store when the official census returns are made known. Instead of the confident predictions of 6,000,000 and over, the returns so far completed indicate less than 5,500,000. According to the estimates based on the statistics of the British Isles, Canada's total should be 5,425,000. Estimates based on the last census of Canada, ten years back, yielded a percentage a trifle higher, working out 5,430,000 souls.

The evidence points to the shortage between the expected results and the fact as due to the steadily diminishing percentage of births, which in Ontario is now too well established to be disputed, and the continued migration of Canadians to the United States. With increasing prosperity at home, increasing revenues, increasing expenditures, increasing trade, increasing development of all kinds in the Dominion, the exodus seems increasing also. The cost of living is going up faster than the rise in wages.

And remarks the *New York Times*, editorially, what gain there may be "is largely in the French population of the Province of Quebec, which resists assimilation more successfully than any other people except the Jews have ever succeeded in doing. Their priests are keeping them at home better than they were able to do a few years ago, and by encouraging early marriages are gaining for their people a formidable numerical strength, which cannot fail to result in more or less serious embarrassment to the English element in that and other provinces. Their desires and demands are so different from those of the Eng-

lish Canadians that any increase in their political strength is rather a disadvantage than a benefit to the country. Whether they are good citizens for a country which is ambitious of rapid industrial and commercial development depends a good deal upon the point of view.

"The principal cause for gratification which the Canadian statistics afford is found in the fact that immigration is increasing. Until quite recently there was little in Canada to attract the immigrant except land, and one experience of a typical Canadian winter sent a great many settlers across the border in search of homes under more favorable climatic conditions. The rapid development of its industries, however, has offered employment to the mechanic class, and skilled workmen, chiefly from England, have been attracted in considerable and increasing numbers. The Government is doing a great deal, not in every instance wisely, to develop the industries of the country, and the results are naturally reflected in a gain of population of a very good kind from immigration. Some of this has been drawn from the United States, but not enough to do us as much harm as it has done our neighbor good. Canadian prosperity is a source of satisfaction to all right-thinking 'Yankees.' The citizens of that country are our very good friends, and that they are our cordial admirers is shown by the fidelity with which they imitate even our economic mistakes."

It is interesting to note, however, that while the gain in population of the United States within the past decade has been twenty-one per cent., Canada's gain in population during the same period (from 4,883,323 to, say, 5,500,000) has been only about thirteen per cent.

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#### FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW SOUTH

Mr. Albert Greenwood, who removed some time ago from New England to the South on account of health and for change of climate, in a late letter to a friend in New York, gives some interesting descriptions of the New South. Among other things, he says :

**"BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA.**

"We hoped that amid new scenes and strange faces, and in the balmy, dreamy air of the Southland, we should receive inspiration, and perhaps dwell among a people who, forgetting the financial side of life, sometimes might more fully appreciate the beauties of song and story. In the population of this Alabama village are representatives of nearly every State in the Union. Ex-Union, Confederate, and British soldiers sit in the shade and fight the old battles over. Children from the Pine-Tree State are growing up with those from the Palmetto. This is historic ground ; here are the homes of the survivors of Shiloh, Franklin, and Murfreesboro, and of the men who, after parole at Vicksburg, without knowing that they were exchanged, were hurried into the carnage of Chickamauga. Here Sherman found the right wing of the army that fought the battle of Missionary Ridge, and prepared them for the famous 'march to the sea.' An old weather-beaten veteran pointed out to me a large oak under which Grant, Sherman, Thomas, McPherson, and Logan held a council of war. The hills for miles around were denuded of nearly all their timber to build campfires. The fortifications are in many places yet standing, and after a shower the children and the pickaninnies search the ground for bullets, belt-buckles, and other mementos of 'de wah.'

"Really, it would seem from what observations I have made that the 'color question' would be best solved by the people of the South. No fault can be found with the treatment of the blacks. I noticed the other day a well-dressed Southern gentleman leave the sidewalk to lift a pickanniny on his mule. It is no uncommon sight, that of a white and black man or woman driving together, children of all shades at play, white and black in earnest conversation. But in every community there are trained bloodhounds and 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' The people are charitable to the necessities, but not to the crimes, of the black. The whites claim that if the law was left to deal with the one crime, owing to the necessary delays and the notoriety given

the criminal, the danger to white women would be increased tenfold, the jails filled, and the State treasury depleted.

"The needs of the South appear to be: Northern men and money, cheaper transportation, and lower rates of interest. Given these, the land must blossom like the rose. When free homesteads are no more to be obtained in the West, when the knowledge of the treasures that are yet to be found in the forests, the mines, and the fertile valleys of this part of the country becomes generally diffused, and when the belief commonly held in the North that owing to the heat no white man can endure the climate, has been dispelled, then the inhabitants may mingle indiscriminately, the Southerner get his tonic in the North, and the Northerner shelter from ice and snow in the South.

"There remains, however, another great problem, the solution of which depends entirely upon the men and women of the North, and that is the industrial problem. The habits of generations during ante-bellum days, the devastation and decimation of the war, and the sleepy, dreamy atmosphere combined, have produced a lethargy in agriculture that will not be overcome unless by the importation of practical farmers from a part of the country where manual labor is the rule and not the exception. The Northern farmer will smile at the lugubrious tales of worn-out farms, when he looks at the broad smooth fields from which crops have been taken for nearly a hundred years, and upon which no wagon-loads of barnyard manure have ever been deposited. What condition would the now fertile farms of the North be in had they been subjected to such a merciless system of pillage? Then the corn and the cotton rows are so crooked that they cannot be properly cultivated, the land that should be plowed sixty days before planting is left to the last minute, often till weeks after the crops should have been in the ground. There is no one that has understanding to teach the darkies how to plow straight furrows, and plant straight rows, or the necessity of caring for the straw, yarding the cattle at night, and saving and using the fertilizer.

"Hundreds of so-called farmers own no stock but work land on shares, receiving one-third, the owner finding everything. The result is that in the fall the farmer has, as the fruit of his labor, his share of thirty or forty acres of corn and a few hogs that have made their own living all summer on the grass that grows upon unoccupied land, and later have gained considerably in flesh upon the acorns that are to be found beneath the trees on every hillock. The following spring, with an account against him at the village store, he repeats the experience of the previous season. And this in a land where there is no drainage to be provided for, no severe winters, no stones to interfere with his work, and where corn, wheat, and oats are higher than anywhere else in the United States !

"True, there are no such crops of grain grown here as in the North, but there is no such tillage of the soil, no fertilization, and no more system used in farming than there was one hundred years ago. The white population of the South are incapacitated for combatting this evil, therefore reform must come from the North, or the agricultural powers of the South lie dormant.

"Then there are the women, the beautiful, charming girls who made such havoc in the Union army during war time, who took prisoners by the thousand, never paroling a single captive, and apparently keeping them willingly at their feet, what have they not to learn ? And who are to teach them ? There are many tidy houses, many things of beauty about the Southern home, but they are the fruits, the toil of another race. The average Southern woman is like the lily of the field, and so long as help can be hired her house is the peer in comfort and elegance of that of any of her Northern cousins. But once let the hand of misfortune be laid upon her house. She is deep in the Lethean waters, and her house, though it still may be a habitation, is no longer a home in the American acceptation of the term. It is not by precept, it is not by books, she must be taught. One bright, industrious Northern woman can do more in a community by her example than all the cook-books and manuals of housekeeping can do in a generation.

The Northern man without the woman is of no more use here than a ship without a rudder, a hoe without a handle, or an engine without a boiler. The Southland may blossom as the rose, and the abandoned farms of New England may again be occupied by a thrifty, prosperous people, but in both cases the regenerators must come from the North."

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#### LORD MILNER AND THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

The return to England of the High Commissioner of South Africa, his reception by the King, his elevation to the peerage, and his statements regarding the present course and probable future of affairs in South Africa, have given a filip to the attention of Englishmen toward the problem England is now attempting to solve. Next to Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Milner has been the object of the most determined attacks on the part of those who deem the war in South Africa unjust. The announcement that he was to return home, ostensibly for a holiday, was eagerly construed by his opponents as an admission of the weakening of Government support and as indicating the Commissioner's final recall.

Since Lord Milner has been in England, however, it has become very evident that the Government is supporting his policy in South Africa, and there is no indication that there will be the slightest diminution of that support. As a matter of fact, Lord Milner's reception has been made the occasion of demonstrating the Government's confidence in, and support of, the High Commissioner, and it has been shrewdly calculated that these evidences of support will not be without their effect upon the enemy. Lord Milner's utterances since he has been in England may be taken to indicate the probable course of the Government in the South African affair, and while he is not able to affix a date for the ending of the war, he gives very cogent reasons for believing that the end cannot be very far off. It may be said that Lord Kitchener's dispatches bear out the High Commissioner's prediction, for the Commander-in-Chief reports the gradual wearing away of the Boer forces. This gradual attrition of the enemy's force will undoubtedly

bring the war to an end. It may be that, even after the end of organized resistance, some time will elapse before peace can be secured. However, at this writing, there are fresh rumors of peace negotiations, and while nothing authoritative can be seized upon, the fact that the air is full of rumors of peace is a hopeful sign that peace itself may not be far off.

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#### THE ANGLO-AMERICAN JOINT HIGH COMMISSION

The dispatch from London saying that Lord Rosebery had been asked to take the place of the late Lord Herschell upon the Anglo American Joint High Commission is another sign that a serious effort is to be made to resume the work of that body, suspended two years since. It confirms the intimation given by the Ministry of the Dominion of Canada recently. Lord Rosebery would be in many ways an extremely desirable representative of the British Government. The fact that he has been himself the Premier, the excellent service that he has rendered in connection with foreign affairs, the respect that he enjoys from all classes despite the anomalous position he has taken in home politics, his personal familiarity with the United States, and the many friendships he has formed here, make it certain that the suggestion of his name by the Government is intended as an expression of a desire on their part to bring the negotiations to a successful close. There is reason to suppose that a like disposition exists in the Dominion Government, and it is to be hoped that it will be met cordially on our side.

The point as to which differences arose at the former sessions of the Commission that resulted in the suspension of its labors is understood to have been the Alaska boundary, although there were also some difficulties in connection with the Behring Sea sealing matter and the question of the Atlantic and Pacific Coast fisheries and the waters of the common frontier. There has been given no definite intimation as to the views of the respective governments which encourage the expectation of agreement as to the

Alaska boundary, but it is safe to infer that the Commission will not be called together again unless there is some reasonable prospect of a conclusion of some sort on this matter. Another failure would be no better, to say the least, than the continuance of the present situation. The differences that developed two years ago were on the face of them somewhat radical, and they were undoubtedly aggravated by partisan efforts here and in Canada to arouse the feeling on the respective sides that there was to be a "surrender" of territory. As there is a considerable strip of land between the two lines claimed by the one country and the other, it is not easy to see how any agreement could be reached that would not be open to this charge for one of the parties or for both. It is to be remembered, however, that the question turns on ancient and somewhat confused data as to a region not very clearly known or thoroughly explored at the time of the old treaties, which has since acquired much value and importance. Naturally, the question can be settled only by the exercise of a temperate and mutually respectful disposition. The essential interest of either country in the removal of a source of difference and possible irritation is far greater than its interest in the particular territory in dispute.

Of the dozen propositions which formed the subject of the discussions of the Commission, in our judgment the most important is really the sixth, which is: "The readjustment of customs duties applicable in each country to the products of the soil or industry of the other upon the basis of reciprocal equivalents." Practically this involves the arrangement of the greatest feasible freedom of commercial intercourse between the United States and Canada. There is no doubt in our mind that the nearer we can approach to entirely untrammelled exchange with our neighbors on the north the better it will be for the people on each side of the border. Certainly on our side the time has long since passed when we had the slightest reason to fear the competition that could come from that source, while the steady growth of its population and the development of its re-

sources tend to make of Canada a better and better market for both selling and buying. That the Legislature of either country can with any approach to wisdom decide that trade in certain commodities shall be impeded is a proposition the error of which has been taught by long and costly experience. In Canada the political party in power is inclined toward the removal of artificial trade barriers. In the United States the most intelligent of the party leaders are convinced that the time has come to apply to trade barriers the gentle solvent of reciprocity. Could reciprocity with Canada be secured, there is no doubt that it would at once promote the prosperity of both peoples and tend strongly to the formation of ties of firm and lasting friendship.—*New York Times*.

#### THE GOOD TRADE SHOWING OF CANADA

There have been statements recently published of the aggregate foreign trade, both of the United States and Canada, from which it would appear that the foreign trade of Canada is far larger in proportion to the population than that of the United States, says the *Monetary Times*, of Toronto. Our latest trade returns from Ottawa show that the total of our imports and exports for the preceding twelve months amounted to \$378,000,000, which shows the enormous increase of about sixty per cent. over the figures of five years ago. An estimate of the total imports and exports of the United States for the year 1900 shows a total of \$2,295,000,000, but as Canada has only about one-eleventh of the population, the figures for the United States, if in the same proportion, would be \$4,150,000,000. Of course the internal trade of the United States is likely to be on a larger scale proportionately than its foreign trade, that is, as compared with Canada. But until we have reliable statistics of the internal trade of both countries, it is impossible to speak with any accuracy. One thing, however, is certain, that the trade of Canada has increased during the last five years with an immensely greater ratio of rapidity than its population; an increase of more than sixty per cent. in foreign trade in the course of five years is really

unprecedented, and the expansion has not been in consequence of any unhealthy boom or money expended on immense railway works, as was the case when our leading lines of railway were being constructed. For the exports have kept expanding as well as the imports, and the increase has been well distributed over all lines of business and manufacture.

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#### "DEFENSELESS CANADA"

The Halifax *Chronicle* expresses alarm at what it terms "Defenseless Canada." In a recent issue it said: "What we need in the Dominion is a population taught to shoot, to ride, and to march, and instructed in the rudiments of military drill and manœuvring. We have a few volunteer battalions upon whose uniforms we expend most of our money, who can keep step with one another more or less indifferently and go through a few evolutions such as were useful at Waterloo, but not a battalion which, in its present form, is fit for service of any effective sort. The South African war has made it clear that with sufficient arms and rudimentary training, Canada, under modern conditions, might almost defend itself against the world.

"The time to prepare for war is during peace. The way to secure peace is to be prepared for war. God forbid that the sword should ever be drawn between us and our brethren of the United States, but while it is possible that it may, we should make ready. Let us set ourselves seriously to the task of preparing to defend ourselves and of lightening the burdens and dangers of the empire in the event of war."

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#### THE MILLENNARY OF KING ALFRED

In September, at Winchester, England, which is the burial place of King Alfred the Great, the millenary of that monarch will be celebrated by the unveiling of a colossal statue. Twelve educational institutions deemed representative of the United States have been invited to send representatives to act as delegates at the meeting of universities and learned societies, which will be held in connection with the ceremonies.

## Book Notes

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Two new books about Australia have been published in England—"Australasia, Old and New," by J. Grattan Grey, published by *Hodder & Stoughton*, and "Travels in Western Australia," by May Vivienne, published by *W. Heinemann*. Mr. Grey, who is an enthusiast on Australia and knows his subject thoroughly, deals in cyclopædic fashion with the past, present, and future of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Mr. Grey is "convinced that, long before this century draws to an end, politically, and in all other respects Australia will be an independent nation." Miss Vivienne's book deals with the cities, towns, gold fields, and agricultural districts of Western Australia, and is furnished with some valuable statistics which the author frankly hopes will induce people to settle there.

New books published by *Charles Scribner's Sons* include "China and the Allies," by A. Henry Savage Landor—an elaborate work in two volumes, illustrated in colors and black and white, 200 text illustrations; "The Abandoned Farmer," by Sydney Herbert Preston; "On Peters Island," by Arthur R. Ropes; "Without a Warrant," by Hildegard Brooks; "God's Puppets," by Imogen Clark—a story calculated to charm the senses, as it abounds in rare touches of human nature, which will appeal strongly to the reader; "The White Cottage," by "Zack"—another of Miss Keats' delightful books, which has received the highest praise from both press and public.

"Italy To-Day," by Bolton King and Thomas Okey (London, *James Nisbet & Co.*). The authors of this interesting work have striven to give a fair account of political and social questions in Italy at the present day. They do not attempt to describe the inner life and thought of the Italian people, but throughout the book is colored by the knowledge they possess of this inner life and thought. The book will prove extremely valuable to the student of Italian affairs.

"Valencia's Garden" is by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, whose "The Archbishop and the Lady" has recently been published in England by *Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.*, and who is a writer of un-

common brilliancy. The new book, "Valencia's Garden," will be widely read, as its plot, dealing with types of the French, English, and American characters, is exceedingly entertaining. Both of these books are published by *McClure, Phillips & Co.*

*Longmans, Green & Co.*'s new fiction embraces "Lysbeth, a Tale of the Dutch," by H. Rider Haggard—a very entertaining historical romance; "Anne Mainwaring," by Alice Ridley—a charming, well-written story; "The Duke," by J. Storer Clouston, author of "The Lunatic at Large"—an odd and exceedingly interesting book.

"The Music Lovers' Library" contains five recently published works of great interest to all lovers of music. The authors are Henry T. Fink, Wm. F. Apthorp, Arthur Mees, Wm. J. Henderson, and H. E. Krehbiel, who have long ranked as authorities in the world of musical literature.

"Crucial Instances," by Edith Wharton, is another new book which does honor to its author. "The Islander," by Harrison Robertson, and "Under Top-Sails and Tents," by Cyrus T. Brady, will be widely read and enjoyed.

The literary interest of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, London, in which Oliver Cromwell was married in 1620, and where John Milton was buried, will be enhanced by the bust of Defoe which is about to be placed in the church.

Messrs. *Dent & Co.* have in preparation a reissue of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," which will have a topographical introduction from the pen of Mr. Austin Dobson, who has helped in the choice of illustrations.

A new biography of the late James Chalmers, the famous missionary of New Guinea, will shortly be published in England.

# SPECIAL QUEBEC ISSUE

INDEXED

The

# Anglo-American Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST  
OF ALL WHOSE LANGUAGE IS ENGLISH

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## The Anglo-American Pub. Co.

NEW YORK

60 Wall Street  
25 Cents

Montreal:  
Windsor Hotel

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50  
FOREIGN, \$3.00

LONDON

59 Chancery Lane  
1 Shilling

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THE  
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September, 1901

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ETHICS AND RELIGION

By ARTHUR ERNEST DAVIES, PH. D.

THE strong ethical sentiment of the age may be shown in several ways. Let us take, for an example, the increasing number of novel readers and the multiplied output in this class of book. There is much that is regrettable in this feature of modern life, the unfitness for life which is the result, in a great many cases, from a course of novel reading, being connected with a one-sided approach to reality and the substitution of the conclusions of another for personal experience. The realistic novel, for instance, reveals a section of life with which we only need to have a passing acquaintance, and to make it the main interest is to distort, most unrealistically, the proportion preserved in life. If we turn to the novel with a purpose, it is apt to become sentimental and, not infrequently, mawkish. It would not be far from the truth to say that the best in contemporaneous novels might be read without lessening the time the average person has to devote to improving studies. But when all is said for and against the novel-reading habit, we have missed the essential feature

if we do not see that it is the outcome of the stronger interest men have in the life of their fellows. The novel is a factor in our social life which cannot be overlooked by any one who seeks to understand his own times. The feeling of social solidarity, of which it is the outcome, is at once the source and result of the supreme regard that is had for ethical considerations in our day.

In large measure, again, the revival of learning, the modern Renaissance, is a sign of the keener social consciousness of the age. The fact that historical inquiry, especially in the realm of religious literature, has been to a great extent negative in its results has obscured, for the majority, its chief significance. Just as the classical Renaissance in the Middle Ages was a great humanitarian movement, the historical Renaissance of our day is the outcome of a larger fellow-feeling which could be satisfied with nothing less than the rediscovery of the sources of the moral and religious inspirations of the past. If, in the one case, the literatures of Greece and Rome, much of it pagan, no little of it chaste and æsthetically, if not religiously, satisfying, introduced new motives and ideals into contemporaneous life, and provided truer insight into the meaning of the Church Fathers, what may we not expect for the practical and religious interests of to-day from the rejuvenescence of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures? I lay emphasis upon this point because, it seems to me, the vigor and earnestness with which these inquiries are being carried on distinctly refute the supposition that they are the last resort of men who have lost heart in their own times. Rather is it the stronger social feeling, which has shed its provincialism, that has impelled scholars to reconstruct the past in order that the lessons of the past may be a guide to the expanding life of the present.

The story is not very different if we think about the relation that Ethics and the speculative efforts of the race sustain in the history of man's intellectual advance. Whenever, for example, thought has been carried as far as possible, even to the point of self-distrust, the mind of man has returned to the cultivation of the sphere of Ethics and has found rest

and assurance in the good life that Ethics describes. Thus we know that when Kant, in a masterly way, had shown the fruitlessness of the attempts of Pure Reason to reach a knowledge of the transcendent, he took refuge in the Practical Reason to assure him of God, Freedom, and Immortality. Denied to the speculative reason, which is limited to phenomena, these supreme objects reveal themselves to the practical reason, which is the organ of the moral life in men. Nor is this the only example, if, for the modern point of view, it is the most illustrious. The same hopelessness with regard to speculative pursuits and abiding conviction of the worthfulness of the moral life characterized the beginning of the Christian era. In our own day, too, there is a similar attitude; from the assaults of agnosticism we take refuge in the good of Ethics. Those even who have the greatest mistrust of reason to establish knowledge upon a permanent foundation, fulfill their mission to the world in the endeavor to enrich the moral life of the world. Ethics thus seems to be the impregnable rock, the place of refuge and safety, the sphere of reality for all who wish to get at the truth of things.

When we bring these facts to bear upon the subject of Religion, it is not surprising, in view of the disintegration of religious beliefs and practices, that Ethics has so largely usurped the place of faith, and that the supernatural has been felt by so many a burden or a hindrance to their fullest development. We are in presence of a paradox, that an age of no faith or little faith is not conspicuously an immoral age; on the contrary, it is an age of sensitive ethical convictions. Hence the problem of this essay is: Do the facts of the case warrant us in holding that Religion is passing away because the time of its usefulness is gone, or can we show that the ethical life is necessarily incomplete unless reënforced by religious conviction?

## I.

We shall see more clearly the exact bearings and the probable answer to be given our question, if we consider the sources

of our ethical and religious convictions. We are not now asking what Ethics and Religion are. We are concerned to know what are the concrete experiences in which the human subject feels impelled to recognize himself as an ethical and religious being. With regard to the moral life, its psychological foundation quite commonly has been laid in a doctrine of the will, and not infrequently it has been argued as if it were in danger unless rescued from the sphere of necessitated happenings and established on a basis of undetermined freedom. However important considerations of this kind are for systematic Ethics, they do not emerge at this stage of our inquiry. As a postulate of the moral life, freedom takes its place in the very first rank among ethical principles, but as a primary and indispensable impulse toward right conduct consciousness of freedom would lead to the emphasis rather of the anti-social instincts of human nature. It would hence be subversive of morality. If its purpose is not primarily originative, the will may be looked upon as an instrument for the maintenance of the moral life. Its relation to the individual is executive in getting him to bring his life under an already existing, ideally determined social purpose. Freedom therefore presupposes morality, not morality freedom.

We must turn to another branch of the general study of man, if we would understand that the moral life springs out of the practical needs which can be satisfied only by other human beings. Anthropology, as a division of Biology, has traced the beginnings of human society. Its story has distinctively ethical significance, for, as we have said, the ethical progress of man has proceeded step by step with his social advancement. When the organizing instinct which man shares with the lower animals developed sufficiently to modify the original relations between the tribe and the individual member, a long step was taken in the upward march of the race, and a great gulf was fixed between man and beast in the scale of life. The missing link in the chain of evolution has never been found because it is not of the physical but of the moral order. Looked at from the side of the whole, a new product is seen: sympathy

becomes a factor in the education of man. Survival, individual and collective, is still dependent on fitness; but fitness has now a moral as well as physical connotation. Alongside of the "struggle for life" as the great principle of evolution, with Drummond we place the "struggle for the life of others." The social needs, as much for the many as for the one, must be satisfied; the sympathies which answer to the needs of men blossom out into all the ethical virtues.

The sources of the religious life, on the other hand, are to be found in the primitive instincts of awe and wonder with which man looks out upon the impressive phases of nature.\* We say advisedly "impressive phases of nature;" not, however, in order to deny the religious value of her quieter moods, but to record the fact that the home of primitive man was rougher and more wild than the tutored imagination of the modern can well imagine. It is altogether probable when every elemental force had the whole round of creation for its exercise, the clash of arms was much more severe and spread over wider areas. Under such conditions, the repose of nature would, by contrast, have its own impressive features, like a sleeping giant or the tactual silence before the impetuous rush of a cyclone. It has, I know, been customary to look upon man's relationship to nature from a utilitarian point of view, and so as being a prominent factor in his ethical development. This is true, but it is not the primary truth. If, as it is said, we revive the primitive sensations of the race in the impulsive instincts which, unbidden and in spite of our training, well up when, for example, we are caught within the grip of some sudden storm, or look upon the rugged face of our common mother amid the eternal silence of a mountain gorge or cañon, we cannot fail to sympathize with our far-away ancestors in their feeling of helplessness. There is a fundamental fear in the heart of all men which is one of their most ennobling qualities.† But it is not a fear for life or of harm; it is the inarticulate speech of the human soul by which it gives meaning

\* Paulsen, a System of Ethics, page 431.

† Paulsen (op. cit. p. 419) calls religion "the absolute fear." Op. p. 417, where he connects it with a "feeling of the insufficiency of the empirical world."

to what it cannot understand. Thus when man learned to fear, he began to realize his dependence upon the higher powers which held him within their protective arms. He became a living soul. Religion was then born into the world.

If at this point we were to compare Ethics and Religion, we should have little difficulty in deciding whether or not the claim that is made on behalf of the former can be successfully maintained. Impelled to the moral life by the increasing complexity of the social relations by which the individual is held in touch with his fellows, becoming religious when the vague consciousness of higher orders of being makes him fear, we do not hesitate to say the one set of experiences cannot be merged in the other, that they are *sui generis*. But we are not allowed to make so simple a disposition of the case. For if from the side of Ethics no serious objection is heard, we have to meet the spirit of the times as it has taken shape in modern Science. Now with Science become polemical we shall have nothing to do, because partisanship in science is the refusal to remain scientific. But there is one aspect of the question we cannot fail to notice, namely, the claim of Science to study that very class of phenomena in connection with which Religion has been said, psychologically, to arise. This fact is sufficient, in view of the aims of Science, to cast a doubt upon our account of the origin of Religion, or on Religion itself. At least, it constitutes a difficulty that needs to be cleared up.

The purpose of Science is directed toward giving a connected account of the occurrences of nature; its aim is to discover the order of its apparent chaos. Its method is determined by its purpose; it is limited in general to observation and experiment. The demands of explanation are met when the temporal and spatial character of the events it studies has been described and the law of becoming announced. How do these things happen? is the one question which the body of the natural sciences seeks to answer. Now the critical spirit in which Science carries on its work, and the stability of its results, have led the scientist, perhaps in his playful moods,

to make fun of primitive man when he approached these same phenomena and turned them into a manufactory of the gods. Like a magician, the scientist has relieved us of many bugaboos of ignorance, and in showing the emptiness of not a few superstitions has taught us to say about almost everything, "There's nothing in it." That we fall into this flippant mood so easily is perhaps the more pathetic feature of our age. It will thus be seen that our primitive man and the modern scientist are two very different persons looked at under similar circumstances. Yet to speak the truth, the one is father to the other. Yet it is still supposed the sons have built the sepulchre of the fathers' religion.

But before we can acquiesce in the result, we shall have to carry the discussion a little farther. Thus we note a difference in the fundamental attitude toward nature assumed by the scientific and religious man. We have already said that the spirit of Religion is expressed in a feeling of awe in the presence of nature. We have now to add that the spirit of Science is an active curiosity about the mechanism of nature. The one waits to hear what is spoken from the deeps; the other pushes eagerly onward to see the machine in operation. The one is purposely impressive; the other is expressive. The one is a worshipper; the other a discoverer. Nor are these the only contrasts: connected with them is the sphere in which the two move. Science is content to study the phenomena as they are perceptible to the senses; the religious man passes beyond, warrantably or not is not the question, into the imperceptible, and hears and sees things it is not lawful for man to utter. Then, again, the form of their conclusion is not the same. Science is a series of judgments of fact more or less logically connected with the grounds upon which they are thought to be warranted. Religion, on the other hand, records experiences, describes impressions, without any attempt to justify what it regards as ultimate truths. In these several particulars we get a sufficiently clear view of the differences of Science and Religion to make it apparent that if both arise in connection with the phenomena of nature,

the conclusions of the one do not necessarily antagonize those of the other. There may be no such beings as religious postulates, worship may be directed toward an empty void, and yet any such position can be discussed only when we have passed beyond the scientific sphere. The objection of Science to Religion is either the result of ill-temper, an unchastened jealousy of its own prestige, and hence a quite negligible quantity, or it is due to a primitive metaphysical faith on the part of Science as to what are the ultimate facts in the case and hence is not a scientific objection at all and must be considered on other grounds. On either supposition the position we have taken up is not affected, and may be left, *pro tanto*, to stand.

## II.

We may approach the question, again, with a more significant result, from another point of view. That Religion and Ethics cannot ultimately be reduced to a common form, or that the place of religion in the life of man is not hazarded by the cultivation of individual and social morality, may be shown from the place each has held in the concrete experiences of the race. The chief importance of the inquiry will be the clearness with which we are enabled to delimit the areas covered by each; or, in other words, the validity of the definitions to which we are led.

If we make appeal for guidance to those who, from the earliest times, have made a special study of the moral life, we shall find that two tendencies have been marked in the pursuit of ethical inquiries. There is first of all that class of writers who look upon Ethics as an empirical science: the investigation of the relationships by which man is bound to man in the social life they share in common and by which their morality is determined. When, for example, Leslie Stephen\* limits his purpose to ascertaining "the meaning to be attached to morality so long as we remain in the world of experience," he is only emphasizing, from the more strictly modern point

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\* *Science of Ethics*, page 446.

of view, what in the history of opinion has had many champions from the time of Aristotle onward. This is an aspect of Ethics we cannot afford to overlook. Its importance is seen in the concessions those who take other points of view feel obliged to make when the moral life is under review. Thus the invasion of the ethical sphere by the scientific spirit and method has created no such feeling as, at an earlier day, was aroused when the subject-matter of religion was in debate. Nor is the reason that our ethical convictions are less dearly cherished, or behind in sensitiveness to unsympathetic handling; scientific views on the nature of conduct have earned respectful consideration because they have been gained as the result of an independent investigation into the facts of the moral life, and not foisted upon it *ab extra*. Apart from the mistaken carrying over into the moral sphere of conceptions which have done service in the physical, such, for example, as "organisms," "causation," the science of Ethics has been patiently and profitably cultivated. Much of our moral life is amenable to scientific treatment. This statement might be extended if we had an exclusive regard for accurate description. If, on the other hand, the science of Ethics does not, and as some hold in the nature of the case cannot, provide a satisfactory explanation, it does assist us to realize the main factors of the problem. When, therefore, we seek to embody in a single statement what, if it were successfully carried out, is the inclusive purpose of those who aim to bring the moral life under scientific treatment, we have to add that, with them Ethics is that science which is descriptive and explanatory of the life of man in his individual and social relations.

We have already said there are those who do not regard this as the final word on the matter. This tendency shows itself, negatively, in the demand for a more precise definition of the term "science" in its present application. It might be said, for example, that the phrase "science of Ethics" receives a fictitious meaning because, often unconsciously, it is supposed to carry the same signification, *mutatis mutandis*, as the "science of nature." But if we change the phrasing

a little, and speak of "natural science" and "ethical science," the real contrast comes more clearly into view. The most explicit statement of this view with which I am acquainted has been given by Mr. A. J. Balfour. "The general propositions which really lie at the root of any ethical system," he says, "must themselves be ethical, and can never be either scientific or metaphysical. In other words, if a proposition announcing obligation requires proof at all, one term of that proof must always be a proposition announcing obligation, which itself requires no proof. . . . There is no artifice by which an ethical statement can be evolved from a scientific or metaphysical proposition, or from any combination of such; and whenever the reverse appears to be the fact, it will always be found that the assertion which seems to be the basis of the ethical superstructure is in reality the 'minor' of a syllogism, of which the 'major' is the desired ethical principle." Now, whether or not Ethics is capable of a metaphysical derivation is not in discussion; the position of Mr. Balfour is instructive in the frankness of its reaction against the claims of natural science to adequately cover the ground. There is, however, little doubt that either we shall have to deny that Ethics is a science within the meaning imparted by the term "natural," or that in its explanation of the moral life it includes factors which can be adequately investigated only by the method peculiar to philosophy.

A similar effort has been made by those who, while retaining the word *Science*, as descriptive of the content of Ethics, seek to mark off the moral from the physical sphere by the use of the term "normative" as a contrast to "natural." Ethics, then, is said to be a normative science. As such, it is allied with Logic and *Æsthetics*. According to this view, Logic, *Æsthetics* and Ethics together form a science of human ideals—of the true, the beautiful, and the good. However plausible such a division may at first sight appear, it is not at all clear what is meant by it. For in the first place, if it is claimed that Ethics is separated from the other sciences by the character of its subject-matter, it is not obvious at the

start whether there is a norm of human conduct, or, if the abstract possibility of such be admitted, whether it is of such a kind as to submit to scientific treatment. The fascination of the term Science consists in its freedom from metaphysical implications; and its attractiveness in the present instance is due to the supposed ability to treat conduct without reference to ideals. But that any such expectation is futile we may see, for example, in the work of Professor James Seth who, while making the distinction under discussion, goes on to maintain the necessity of a metaphysical derivation of Ethics.\* Thus we are brought round to another possible interpretation of this view, namely, that it is the method of study that is had in mind and not its content. But this obliterates the distinction the words were intended to mark. The method of science is the same whatever the department of knowledge to which it may be applied. Thus we note either the denial of Ethics as a science and then the term should not be used; or the affirmation of the scientific method in its application to conduct, and then it is confusing to call it normative. But we can, I think, avoid these confusions and at the same time leave our results unprejudiced by preconceptions, by regarding Ethics as being "concerned primarily with the laws that regulate our judgments of right and wrong."† Thus we have the whole subject of scientific Ethics brought bodily within the sphere, as a special department, of psychological science. This has the added advantage of having the norms of Ethics, their validity and use to philosophy, to substantiate. Thus, we may say, Ethics "is a branch of psychology,—a psychological science, in the truest meaning of the words."‡ Its facts are facts of a psychical order, and must be investigated as such.

The explanation which the science of Ethics affords of the individual and social life of man contains presuppositions and principles of the moral life which moral philosophy critically investigates and values. This is the second tendency in the

\* *Ethical Principles*, p. 24 and Part III, on Metaphysical Implications on Morality.

† Muirhead.

‡ Ladd, *Introduction to Philosophy*, p. 293.

history of opinion mentioned above. It aims to establish a philosophy of Ethics. In the case of some who are vigorous in their pursuit of Ethics as a science, the denial is made, at least of the utility of this effort. Thus Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the passage quoted before, adds, "if, in the transcendental world you can find a deeper foundation for morality, that does not concern me. I am content to build upon the solid earth. You may, if you please, go down to the elephant or tortoise." This is a very plausible statement, but if we get rid of the ambiguity of the word "deeper," which is justified from a literary standpoint, and substitute "securer," its moral equivalent, we may convince the author of moral indifference; and we shall all feel the justice of the retort, I think, "You ought to be concerned under your own chosen conditions." For we cannot leave the moral life even upon the "solid earth," if it is possible to ground it in some more fundamental, if trandescendental, world. Now, it is just this that the philosophy of morals, especially in the form of a metaphysic of morals, aims to do. It seeks to validate the ethical ideals and principles implicate in the moral life, and to connect these principles and ideals in a rational system of ultimate truths.

Religion is neither a philosophy nor a science: it is the conscious recognition of a higher ideal which has transcendental reality, and which assumes concrete actuality in the religious community. On a question like this, the religious, though uninstructed, man is a safer witness than the non-religious, though learned, student of religion. The reason is that the one has for his object the content of the religious experience, and the other the forms in which the religious spirit has become embodied in various historic cults. If, however, we take the point of view of the investigator, we shall be met with innumerable differences in the forms successively taken by the religious spirit, each of which, from the point of view of the faithful, has the divine sanction giving it authority among men. It seems a mistaken apologetic which, either by denials or by appeal to evolution, seeks to do away with such oppositions between the ideals and requirements of the differ-

ent systems of religion. You cannot, for example, harmonize either the ideals or the forms of the Mohammedan and Buddhistic faiths. And there is no obligation resting upon the Christian to approximate his manner of life to that of the other universalistic religions. It may or may not be a fact that, as Bishop Boyd-Carpenter\* points out, Christianity includes all the unique elements supplied by Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and adds one of its own to the general stock of religious ideas; the essential fact is that the most incomplete as well as the most fully developed cults conceive Religion not as a system of duties primarily, but as a personal relationship between the believer and the One or Many in whom he believes, and that the exercises of Religion to which that belief conducts get enforcement only when they are expressed in conformity with the divine character. However diverse these requirements may be as between religion and religion, they are always traced to their Source in the divine will; they are then religious duties. There is danger in looking at the question of Religion from the formal side; a danger which the priestly invention theory of religion most clearly emphasizes. In brief it is this: that the priest gets his way with the devotee by attaching religious sanctions to his prescriptive requirements. Whatever the truth in particular instances of this objection, it does not constitute a standing difficulty in the way of Religion as such. For what it fails to see is that the priest is a subordinate consideration in any question of Religion, and that his inventions could never gain currency in the absence of a large faith in those on whom he would foist them. The priest, that is, presupposes Religion; not Religion the priest. But while this is true, he has played a prominent part in the growth of religious ceremony; he has shown remarkable fertility in adapting, through the use of material at hand, transcendent conceptions of Deity to the popular understanding. The outstanding truth which we do not miss even here, is that Religion always consists in the apprehension of a super-sensible Being or Beings whose will may be known; and the

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\* Permanent Elements of Religion.

problem of Religion is how to realize, in the concrete circumstances that surround our life, that good which obedience brings. These two aspects, the material and the formal, must be kept in proper relation; and we are now insisting that the former has logical priority. Moreover, it is in conformity with what was said in the first section to add that the significant feature is not the concrete, social realization, but the metaphysical character of the religious Ideal.

If, further, the nature of Religion is sought from an interpretation of the common religious consciousness, the same truth will emerge. To the religious soul, pagan or Christian, Religion means infinitely more than any restrictive definition can make appear. It shines in its own light; the truth of it is self-evident. Hence, it has always come as a redemption, and been mediated by revelation. We doubt whether any truly religious mind altogether escapes that tinge of mysticism which makes evidences of proofs superfluous. He is always conscious of a face to face communion. The tides of emotion in Religion are too profound to be finally overcome by rationalism or practical considerations. Goethe expresses it thus:

Wer Gott nicht fühlt in allen Lebenskreisen,  
Dem werdet Ihr Ihn nicht beweisen mit Beweisen.

This is not a poetical fancy: it is fact supported by every religious experience. God makes his presence felt; He is not the conclusion of an argument which, while you admit its correctness, has not power to hold you in allegiance. The religious man believes himself to have a superior vision which gives him insight into the realm of the Ideas, into those things which are spiritual and eternal and which pass not away.

### III.

It may serve to put this whole discussion in clearer light if we glance at the subject from two other points of view. In the first place, Religion, sometimes, has been thought of as a system of transcendental truths, for the promulgation of which the religious community is supposed to exist. Thus the

great intellectual movements of the Church were largely the outcome of this conception. Forced into defending the Christian position from misconception and open opposition, the Christian consciousness became a problem to the Christian mind, and in describing its content the Church Fathers developed the apologetic mood. It was not long before "Apolo-gia" gave way to "Theologia"—the translation of the religious experience into its intellectual equivalents. From this, in some quarters, we have hardly got away at the present day. True of the Roman Catholic Church, where dogma is the criterion of orthodoxy and heresy places one outside the pale of saving grace, it is to be seen also in some forms of the Protestant faith. The drift is particularly strong among Presbyterians, with whom logical consistency finds no reconciling ground between the old faith and the new, the Westminster Confession and the Higher Criticism. There is one feature of this tendency which ought to be noticed. It may best be described as traditionalism in religion. Because it inherits its system of beliefs, Religion may be passed on from one generation to another. The danger is that it will become an heirloom. This stage is reached when the standard of the faith is cherished for its associations. When the creative spirit by which the fathers were led to win for themselves a rational statement of religious experience has ceased to operate, the sons become caretakers, not legatees, of the paternal estate. We thus are brought up against the law of final completeness in Religion. This is always the end when men turn their backs upon the future. Finality is a serious word to utter; the responsibilities are no less great than in the case of those who will not "let be that we might know God."\* We miss the good of the present as surely when we sigh for the past as when we make haste to grasp a future which always eludes us.

There is, however, one aspect of the view we are considering which is suggestive and brings it in line with the general thought of this paper. Because religion has been intellectually conceived, the limits of its development are none

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\* Psalm xlii, 10.

other than the limits of the medium through which it comes. Thus, if any one has looked into the historic manifestations of human thought, he has noticed that the productive periods are like islands—surrounded by a sea of ignorance. We have our eras of achievement, after which the human mind sinks back again into ineffective exhaustion. Or, again, the great interests of the race have come into prominence and received attention at separate times. Just as Geology has traced the history of creation through a series of successive periods, History has emphasized the religious, the literary, the scientific ages through which the mind of man has come to its present position. Both these illustrations are suggestive: they show the relation between work and rest, production and assimilation; they remind us of the finite capacity of human understanding. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the elaboration of theological system, in the definition and exposition of Religion, the mind has not shown itself capable of unrelieved effort, especially if we remember the extreme difficulty of the task and the peculiarly baffling character of the problems involved. But apart from the question whether the productive religious era is already past, the theological view which we have under discussion allies it with the attempt of Ethics to rationalize the ideals which guide the moral life. For what have we in Religion, theologically defined, but the concatenation of supersensible truths, ideals of a spiritual order, which claim the adherence of men's belief? It is right here that the peculiarity of the modern position comes into view. For while there is a reaction against a theological Religion, it is not the fact, but the reason given for the fact that is characteristic. In other words, it is not merely the barrenness of a good deal of modern theology which has led to reaction; on the positive side, we have to notice the feeling after a wider unity which is seen in the growing confidence in speculative reason to harmonize ideals of various sorts in a satisfactory Philosophy of the Ideal. That is to say, Ethics, as a philosophy of morals, is leading the way for Theology; for when the presuppositions and beliefs of Religion are handed over for critical valuation to Pure Reason the result is a philosophy of religion rather than a

theology. Hence, the activity that in former days was directed toward system-building is not lost, but turned into other paths. We are beginning to understand that Religion is more than a creed; in it lie hidden the sources of some of our most cherished convictions with regard to man and God. Or, if we pursue our inquiries into the Ideal of Ethics far enough, we find that the borders between the moral and religious life overlap and intertwine so that the good the one recommends becomes the Good Person the other reveals. Ethics and Religion, as parts of the Philosophy of the Ideal, come into close relationship; but they both emphasize the importance of experience for the success of their constructive efforts.

Secondly, Religion, sometimes, has been thought of as a system of duties for the execution and enforcement of which the religious community is supposed to exist. If the former view may be said to exalt the intellectual side of Religion, this emphasizes the volitional aspect of Religion. There are two directions in which it may seek satisfaction. If it is not forgotten that, like all religions, it begins with a transcendental experience, the duties which are likely to be defined will be those which man is thought of as owing to God. In large measure these will be, at first, in the nature of levies upon the time of the individual, and a denial of his right to determine what he shall do during that interval. Thus all ceremonial is primarily a votive offering; its value and significance consist in regarding it from a point of view internal to the subject. It is, as it were, the point of contact between God and man's life. But we should lose sight of its chief importance if we did not see that so far as ceremonial has any value it must be looked for not merely in what is enjoined, but also in what is made impossible. Hence it is not merely a performance, but a performance which depends for its fruitfulness upon the devotion of the heart and purpose of the worshiper. When it becomes separated from its motive, it loses its religious character and degenerates into a formality. Whatever the extremes to which Religion may have gone in this direction, we can understand it only as we get back to the original point

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\* Martineau, *A Study of Religion*, p. 25.

of view. It is not altogether without its lessons for the present, especially in laying firmly the foundations for, and in broadening out our conception of, the consecrated life.

A second line of direction is followed under this general view of Religion when the duties which get enforced are those that mark the relations by which man and man are bound together in a common life. Speaking under this conception, Sir J. R. Seeley declared that "Christianity is the original Ethical Society."\* There is a great deal to be said in support of this opinion; man, however, is concerned with it here only as it helps to enforce the need that we have contended for all along, namely, the originality of the religious experience as the sufficient motive of the vigorous moral life. The fact that Christianity has produced wherever it has gone a strong ethical sense and a revived moral life, in whatever else it may have failed, is proof that it has that within it which reenforces all bare moral appeals, and without which ethical instruction fails of fruition. Thus even when Religion becomes ethical almost exclusively, and sets in operation a network of ameliorative agencies, their force and productiveness depend directly upon the priority of the transcendental experience which is preeminently the religious experience. So that, however practical a Church may become, and however vigorous its preaching of man's duty to man, it still remains dependent upon the vision of the eternal, and must draw from the everlasting hills the water of life for the thirst of the world. The social life and force of Religion depend not upon constructing humanity into an object of worship, for the object of Religion never is that to which duties are owed, but upon a vision of the eternal, for the object of Religion ministers in perpetual helpfulness to the needs of men. This is the religious motive of social duty: the self-commitment of the eternal for the enrichment of the daily life of the world. Thus it seems to us that Felix Adler inverts the true order of the dependence of Ethics and Religion when he writes: "The Ethical Society is friendly to genuine religion anywhere and everywhere because it vitalizes doctrines by pouring into them the contents

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\* *Ethics and Religion*, 1.

of spiritual meaning."\* If organized Christianity is on the one side the type of the Ethical Society anywhere and everywhere, and if the historical justification for its existence, as for its original formation by the Apostles, is found in the fact of Christ's presence in the hearts and lives of the brotherhood,—and these are matters of historical record,—it would certainly seem that rightly to interpret the practical work of the Church, to understand its ethical force, we must go to the inner motive, the vitalizing faith, the spiritual perception. The principle involved in this criticism is so true that it amounts to a truism; and we do not anticipate serious objection from any quarter. But we must avail ourselves, in passing, of a suggestion the quotation offers, namely, that doctrines which do not in some definite manner get application to life and to the common, organized life of the times, are in danger of becoming "forms through which the spirit breathes no more." It is rather an extreme and novel position to take that the Ethical Society exists for the purpose of giving a "content of spiritual meaning" to the doctrines of the Church; and I do not yet think we are ready, inefficient as the training of our theological seminaries may be, to substitute for it membership in and graduation from an Ethical Society. While, therefore, one implication of Felix Adler's contention I repudiate, its point of view is suggestive as enforcing the close connection between the ethical and spiritual life of man. A separation between them amounts to a divorce of what have been joined together in very intimate and tender ties in the whole history of the race. We are coming back to the rightful way of looking at these fundamental questions, and nothing is more significant or hopeful for the new century than the human interest that the young in our churches and institutions of learning are manifesting in questions of conduct, and the grounds upon which the forms of behavior may be defended. Ethics and Religion are the twin-wings by which the Mother-Spirit of the Universe broods Her Children, at the same time training them for the manly and womanly life of noble achievement and nobler aspiration.

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\* The Freedom of Ethical Fellowship in Ethics and Religion.

## THE EMPLOYMENT OF NEGROES IN THE PHILIPPINES

By A. R. ABBOTT, M. D.

THE suggestion made by Prof. Scarborough in the *Forum* in regard to the employment of Afro-Americans in the Philippines, presents an aspect of the negro question well worthy of consideration. Perhaps no scheme looking to the segregation of the colored people can be regarded as a complete solution of a problem so complex in its relations to the political, social, and industrial life of the nation, but any feasible plan that can in any way mitigate an evil which has plagued the nation for too long a period in the past, and which promises to become more formidable in the future, is worthy of careful and impartial study.

The proposition to utilize the services of the more advanced and progressive element of the colored population in the Philippines presents many advantages over any other idea of emigration hitherto proposed, inasmuch as it does not involve involuntary exile, expatriation, penal settlement, or any of those opprobrious reflections upon the character of the people who emigrate, which would render them *persona non grata* to those among whom they might settle. There is nothing dis-honorable about voluntary emigration; it is a conspicuous trait in the character of races that have conquered the earth and made its resources contribute to the happiness and welfare of mankind. It has been resorted to in times past as a short-cut to the solution of many social, racial, and religious problems. The migration of the Huguenots from France, the Puritans from England, the Irish from Ireland, and, quite recently, the Dukhobors from Russia, are all familiar instances of the transference

to a more congenial atmosphere of classes that have been oppressed.

It has been a matter of surprise that the negro has manifested so little desire to adopt some such method of escape from the evils by which he is beset. Beyond a few sporadic attempts to shift from one part of the United States to another, no organized or systematic plan of emigration has ever been successfully carried out.

The cause of this apathy in regard to a matter of such vital interest to his future may be attributed, in a large measure, to his temperament. In the first place he does not belong to a nomadic race, and, besides, the circumstances and conditions surrounding him are radically different from those experienced by the races above cited. They are the products (or residuum, if I may be allowed the expression) of centuries of civilization. The negro rarely shows any inclination to change his place of abode. The old Southern home around which cluster his earliest memories, notwithstanding many painful experiences, he still regards as the dearest spot on earth, and only under the severest pressure can he be induced to abandon it.

Individuals, in the early days of slavery, who had the temerity to leave their homes in the South and escape to Canada over the "Underground Railroad," bettered their condition and prospects. Their history is a record of which their descendants have just reason to be proud. Under British laws, with protection to life and property, they have enjoyed freedom and prosperity, and the hearts of their descendants overflow with gratitude and loyalty to the British nation for affording their forebears a refuge in those troublous times. But while these heroic exiles dared to be free, the fact remains that the normal negro accepts as a truism that it is better "To bear the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of."

Any one who has carefully studied the history of the negro race in America, its antecedents, its providential transference to this country, and its remarkable preservation and progress since emancipation, cannot but discern the unfolding of a divine purpose. That the great bulk of the negro race is in the South to

stay, is a fact that has outgrown the limits of profitable discussion. Any speculations in regard to the negro's future that do not recognize this fact are bound to lead us into a Serbonian bog of mixed opinions.

Charles H. Pearson, in his work "Decay of the Aryan Races," states that "Europeans cannot flourish under the tropics, and will not work with the hand, where an inferior race works." Speaking of the Indians of Mexico and Peru, he says: "Had it not been for their adaptation to civilization, the white man could never have existed side by side with them. He must either have exterminated them or have been driven out."

The movement of the colored population since the Civil War shows that the trend of population is to the cotton States of the South. Francis A. Walker, speaking of the census of 1870 in regard to the geographical distribution of the negro population, says: "Now that he can move freely from place to place, in those parts of the country where he is not an economic necessity the black population will become more and more reduced. Industrial considerations will draw him to his natural habitat at the Gulf States, where the white man cannot take his place." In 1870, the percentage of negroes in Mississippi was 1.04; in 1880, it had increased to 47.; Alabama from 8. to 26.; South Carolina from 1 per cent. less to 45. per cent. gain; North Carolina from 4. to 33.; Georgia, 17. to 32.

In view of the statement of these capable observers of the trend of affairs in the Southern States, it must be patent to every student of passing events that the dark races are destined to occupy the tropical and semi-tropical regions of this continent.

It also appears manifest that the white man has about reached the limit of his conquests in the temperate zone. He needs an ally to extend his civilization. This is fortunate for the negro because his hope lies in his association with the white man. The two races cannot go beyond the reach of each other, neither can transcend the bounds of the other. The labor of the one is indispensable to the civilization of the other, especially in the tropics.

The finger of destiny points to the occupation of the South by the two races as joint inheritors of a patrimony that they have enriched by their common labor and enterprise. It would seem to be, therefore, a wise policy on the part of the white people of the South to cultivate in their intercourse with the dark race a feeling of mutual interest and respect, and make them know that coöperation in the arts and industries of peace is equally good for both. Time which brings its revenge bears with it also its amenities, and reconciliations will give surcease to racial strife.

While the sequestration of any considerable portion of the race in the South would be impracticable and inexpedient in its present stage of development—for it will need, for some time to come, all the intellectual resources at its command to combat the ignorance and vice of the masses—there are a large number of young colored men and women of character and ability in the North, graduates of colleges, universities, and technical schools, to whom Prof. Scarborough's proposal will commend itself with considerable force. Many of these bright, intelligent youths, notwithstanding their capabilities, are now forced by reason of color proscription to engage in the most servile and least remunerative employments in order to make a living. Any one who has conversed with them and listened to the story of the hopeless struggle they have made to "get on" in the world, cannot but have his sympathies aroused when he realizes that among the great army of insistent applicants for "genteel employment" these are hopelessly handicapped by the ineffaceable stigma of color. They are restricted to a few occupations such as those of barbering, waiting on table, lavatory attendance, and even these are rapidly slipping from them.

This displacement would not be a serious cause for regret if equal chances were given them to enter the higher grades of labor. Unfortunately, they are often ruthlessly boycotted by trades unions and other labor organizations; and the doors of workshops, stores, factories, and other mercantile establishments, as a general thing, are shut against them, and nothing is left for them but the daily round of servile labor.

It recks little, that one of their race was among the first to fall in the initial struggle of this nation to gain independence; that in every war for the preservation of national integrity and expansion the despised race has borne its share of the burdens and sacrifice. It avails nothing to urge in their behalf that their ancestors have been the iron-horse of civilization in America, and by their unrequited labor, of nearly three centuries, have enriched this nation beyond the dreams of avarice. These historical facts are systematically shunted out of the sight and hearing of the present generation, and all this credit has been swept away by the tidal wave of selfishness and cupidity which characterize the mercenary spirit of the times.

It is a waste of time, however, to discuss the color question. The educated negro of the North recognizes the fact that he is confronted with a condition that he can neither avert nor control. He is intelligent enough to understand that this is an intensely utilitarian age which makes it imperative to forego all ethical considerations in the mad rush for commercial opportunity. He would, therefore, be glad to avail himself of any feasible plan of emigration to some of the new possessions of the United States where he would have freer scope for the exercise of his faculties.

There are now over 2,000 colored graduates of Northern institutions. How are they employed? Some have successfully struggled to enter the learned professions; some are recognized as teachers in the South. But it is obvious that these vocations are overcrowded. Some of the graduates are employed as domestic servants, bootblacks, messengers, hostlers, coachmen, porters, and waiters, at wages barely sufficient to maintain themselves, to say nothing of their families, while the vast majority find their education of no wage-earning value to them.

Is the felon's cell then the only goal to which the ambitious negro may aspire? It seems to be the only path blazed out for him in the North. This statement is not intended as a reflection upon the multitude of honest and sincere friends of the negro in the North who wish him well. But their influence upon public sentiment is not sufficient to obliterate the color

line which debars him from profitable employment and which is sapping the very tap-root of his existence. The more thoughtful of the race keenly feel this humiliation and reproach cast upon them in the house of their fathers, and are anxiously seeking some way out of this wretched *impasse*.

Now that the war is practically ended, the Philippines and other dependencies present inviting fields for negro exploitation, in which they can develop their possibilities without always running up against a dead wall of color discrimination. Already a large number of the colored volunteers who belonged to the regiments recently disbanded in the Philippines have married native wives and decided to remain in the country.

If it is the intention of the Government to Americanize its new possessions, no class of citizens can serve it to better advantage than college-trained Afro-Americans. Climate, temperament, racial affinity are all in their favor. They have assimilated our language, politics, religion, education, social and business habits, and are as capable as the average citizen of shedding luster on American institutions. Mechanics, engineers, surveyors, architects, contractors, teachers, agriculturists will be needed in the development of the resources of these new accessions to the territory of the United States. Why not preferably employ local colored men to do government work in these islands? There may not be a large number prepared immediately to embrace such an opportunity; but if the Government would establish a civil service examination, with a special view to their employment in the Philippines, the writer feels warranted in predicting that in a few years there would be no lack of most eligible material at government disposal. This is a duty the nation owes to the loyal colored men and women in the North. Since it cannot secure them industrial opportunity at home, the least it can do is to send them abroad with its imprimatur to that part of the national domain where their color will not be a bar-sinister to their advancement; and this is a very different thing from shipping them abroad as a discredited element of population.

## A PROTEST AGAINST SENSATIONALISM IN THE PULPIT

By EDWIN RIDLEY

"Here's a stag  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed!  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!"

—KING JOHN.

IT is fitting, by way of corollary to previous papers of mine in THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE, to speak now, briefly, in regard to our pestilent brood of sensational preachers—a brood and tribe of such ill odor that it is with but scant patience we can bring ourselves to discuss their evil propensities and fell mischief-workings. Nevertheless, we must attempt so much; for so prevalent is this clerical scandal and infliction, and so dire are the evils wrought by our sensational pastors and elders, that it is a duty, incumbent upon every thoughtful and patriotic American, to protest against, and to denounce, their practices and abuses. Chief among them is the sensational abuse, as may be opined. But at this juncture, likewise, we must be permitted to indulge in a slight prelude, in order the better to prepare our readers for a readier and juster apprehension of that we have to say in such regard, and to justify ourselves in advance, in so far as motive and desire, on our part, are to be consistently entertained and estimated. First, then, we would be clearly understood, so far from being either infidel or Laodicean, as an Episcopalian, both by baptism and heritage, and fervent, withal, though not always *consistent*. The Church is dear to us, in effect; and God's ordained ministers and stewards must always be held in respect, and with a suitable degree of awe, by us. But the sincere layman has a mission to perform, as well as has the clergyman; and it is strictly within his rights,

and is his province, in effect, to protest against the false practices and abuses even of reputed ministers and pastors, who are so far forgetful of their religious obligations as to resort to methods and devices which are directly violative of church canons and of the Divine Purpose.

And it is the duty of every sober-minded and consistent layman to make emphatic protest against the sensational resorts and practices which at this time so commonly prevail among the pastors and elders of so many of our churches.

How much of the guilt that attaches to the clergy in this connection is to be rightly shifted on the shoulders of the community, is another question! We all know that the voluntary system, upon which our ministers have to depend for their subsistence, and for the support and growth of their churches and the development of their sphere of Christian usefulness and service, renders it obligatory, to a great extent, that they should keep in close touch and sympathy, or harmony, with their church members, and that equally prudential considerations render it highly expedient that they should sedulously seek to get along as nicely as possible, consistently with Christian principles, with the richer members of their respective churches. But the minister, if true to his chosen vocation, must be first and always true to his Master—otherwise, he is a false priest, and his “ministry” mere lip-service and imposture. If the members of his church are so worldly, and so wanting in all actual Christian relationship as to demand of their minister or priest mean and shuffling conformity with their behests and caprices, and he should be expected to be all things to all men, and to “build up” his church by shameful and sensational practices and abuses which are revolting to all Christian principles and precepts, and he consents, *he* is no true “minister of the gospel,” but a shameless and faithless steward and time-server; while they are no better than impostors and children of Belial—whose “Christianity” is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, and whose church should be forever shut and padlocked, or else turned into a house of barter and exchange. The true shepherd of his

flock, or priest, or pastor, will never consent to the unworthy promptings of a capricious and worldly congregation, or to those of mere temporal advantage, and regard for creature-comforts; it is the "hireling" only who flees in the hour of danger or adversity, and "because he is a hireling!" The true priest will be always true to his vocation, we repeat; and his duty must always consist in the faithful discharge of his solemn obligations. His it must be to mold and to direct the wills, and to appeal to the hearts and consciences of his congregation; and, if he cannot do this, or cannot preach the Faith and practice the Divine teachings in integrity of purpose, and be supported suitably by his congregation, he will die rather than submit to requirements which conflict with these. As it is, however, how common has it become for ministers of all denominations to resort to the most questionable and disgraceful sensational contrivances and practices in order to attract large congregations and to inflate their church's, and their own, coffers and emoluments! It is not only because such deviations and truly damnable practices are abominable in God's sight, and stench to the nostrils of all true churchmen, but because they redound, both directly and indirectly, to the incalculable perils and disasters of the community and nation, that we are stirred to make this strong protest and denunciation. For second to none are the forces and factors which work to the exaltation or degradation, as the case may be, of the masses, exercised and promoted by the clergy—by their practices and examples! If the Church is corrupt, and the priests are mere shufflers and time-servers, then will the general public tone become debased, and the general moral atmosphere contaminated.

In conclusion, it would be well for all of us to pause and to "take stock" of the present alarming conditions of the time and of the situation which confronts us. We have seen\* what perils and disasters the innovations and sharp-practices of charlatans and impostors, in the world of letters, have wrought, or are likely to effect, upon the minds and under-

\*See August and May, 1901, THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

standings of a superficially educated, yet ambitious and highly pretentious public; we have observed the possible and probable evils which are likely to result from the over-doing, or undue, thrusting of free-circulating library "privileges" upon an already overwrought and inordinately stimulated novel-reading community; we have called attention to certain educational defects in our public-school system, which will, we think, be recognized and admitted by our readers; and, lastly, we have commented, in perhaps stronger terms than some may approve, upon the abuses and malpractices of many of our clergy, of a most baneful and pernicious nature and tendency; and it remains now only to emphasize the enormity of such abuses and innovations, and to sound a final note of warning against such demoralizing inroads and depredations. For the corruptions and inversions, or innovations and subverting influences, complained of and objurgated, are not only immediately productive of and conducive to the abuse and degradation of English literature and of the English language, but as necessarily degrade and pollute the public manners and public morals. Grievous as have been the ravages wrought and perpetrated by what philologists term the "phonetic corruptions" of the original Aryan language, throughout the ages; and dire and wanton as have been, and are, the constant encroachments and devastations of empirics and pretenders, by reason of their abuses and corruptions, in the world of Art and Letters, there was never a time before, perhaps, when the traditions and destinies of a great nation, and of a mighty race, were so ominously menaced and imperilled, by the ignorant, infatuate, and presumptuous inroads of that common and mischievous tribe and brood of scribblers and vandals, whose perversions and demoniac pretensions threaten to sap and undermine the last strongholds of republican virtue and simplicity, and to entirely subvert the last remnants of the public understanding. Hence, the first importance of a speedy reform of our ways and mode of thinking and doing, and of the stern suppression, immediately, of this pestiferous herd of innovators and mischief-workers!

## BOOKER WASHINGTON AND THE RACE PROBLEM

By S. J. MacKnight

ONE would have expected that so prominent a representative of negro progress as Booker Washington would have arisen under some circumstances of special advantage, would have sprung, perhaps, from the North, where the negro has possessed freedom longer, or, if a Southern negro, would have had some special helping influences; but this is not the case. His interesting and frank autobiography shows us the rise of his striking personality from an environment which had nothing of encouragement or of inspiration; from what would seem a low level even of slavery. The picture presented is that of a poor boy, chafing in a coarse flax shirt, sleeping on a bed of rags, conducting a load which ever falls off the mule and carries the young rider with it, returning at night, full of alarms, through the ghostly woods, and expecting the scolding or the thrashing as a close to the day's events, knowing little of his parentage or origin—in short, a waif. Then at his second and post-emancipation home in West Virginia we have him toiling in the salt works and in the gloomy recesses of the coal mine, longing more than others for the benefits of an education, and managing to get only a little of those benefits by dint of heroic self-sacrifice. Then he learns method and tidiness from the severe but just mistress whose domestic servant he became. It is true that there are helping hands who share in the formation of his character—his mother, his mistress, General Armstrong, and his other teachers at Hampton. His long journey on foot to Hampton, his sleeping under the board sidewalk at Richmond, his early difficulties and poverty at the institution, his ignorance of the magnitude of what he

was undertaking, are all naïvely and graphically sketched. After his course at Hampton was completed, his success in preparing other West Virginian pupils for the Hampton Institute led to his receiving an appointment as teacher in that institution. Thence he went to found the new institution at Tuskegee, Alabama.

These early events of Mr. Washington's life are really the instructive and vital points with regard to his career. We see here the irrepressible energy, the hopefulness, the docility which have made his career a success. He seems to have had the faculty of imbibing and appropriating to himself sound and great principles, and of carrying them out in his actual experience with the most perfect faith and courage. He would appear to have been the most teachable of men, in the best sense of that expression—a very good quality in one who had good teachers, and who represents the upward movement of a people who had to start from a low level. Few biographies are more destitute of mere attitude, of pleasant trifling, of musing reminiscence than this. The subject from beginning to end is work, nothing but work, nothing but devotion, self-sacrifice, manliness, courage.

The life of this remarkable educator shows us the black character on its best and most hopeful side. Mr. Washington has received much encouragement and recognition; therefore, he reveals to us the black character also in its most successful side. His earnest and intensely practical nature is, as an example to his fellows, also peculiarly wise in view of the peculiar circumstances of the negro race. A tendency to simulate the ornamental phases of civilization is a snag on which they are very apt to shipwreck themselves. Especially, strict attention to the solid elements of well-being seems called for as laying a foundation for anything in the shape of improvement.

The grand principle of the Tuskegee Institute, as of the older institution at Hampton, is the combination of industrial with intellectual education, the more special insistence being placed on the former. Against this the disposition of the negro race at first rebelled. It was precisely in contradiction to their

first crude feelings in the hour of emancipation and of liberty. Very amusing is the description of the expensive clock, the little-used sewing-machine, the organ unplayed-on, while one fork had to do duty at the table for the whole household. There was a shooting beyond the mark, a striving after appearances and empty symbols. The ideal was a life of idleness and leisure to be attained by the mysterious means of an "education." We are told by Mr. Washington that there was a special effort on the part of some in the direction of Latin and Greek, and similar advanced subjects, a smattering of these being held to possess some mysterious social influence.

In the days of slavery there were a certain proportion of the slaves who possessed, and were required to possess, a certain amount of skill in various trades. Since the advent of emancipation it seems to be agreed that the negro race has shown little tendency to retain and conserve or perpetuate this technical acquirement. It is only by such special efforts as those of the Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes that a movement has been set on foot to make the negro a skilled laborer and to keep him at least on as high a level as that of the average skilled laborer. It may be that more manual and technical education would be advantageous even in the case of whites; but the plan of making manual and technical education an essential part of the educational influence intended to raise and improve the condition of the young blacks of the South, was profoundly wise; and if it was not an original conception with Mr. Washington, he nevertheless deserves great credit for the determination and persistency with which he held to it in spite of its unpopularity with some of his own people.

The value of technical education has been very much insisted on by some of our leading economists, such as Mr. Edward Atkinson. The modern world requires knowledge—that is, technical knowledge—knowledge of recent methods and improvements—requires this knowledge even of the common working man if he is to succeed in life and maintain his position in the face of competition. Manual acquirement also constitutes a wholesome element in general education, from the

better balance which it tends to give to the faculties and to the character. Technical acquirement must also necessarily be thoroughly practical in its nature, whereas much of our book-learning is unpractical in its nature, and cannot really be assimilated except by minds of unusual aptitude.

The present writer does not believe that the negro intellect is in any considerable degree inferior to that of the white race. What it lacks is proper direction. But this proper direction cannot be given until a considerable section of the race has achieved a proper social and economic position. Hence the insistence of Mr. Washington on faithful and intelligent manual work, on attention to business, and on acquirement of property. The habits of civilized life must become a second nature, a part of the being, before the mind can acquire that point of view to start with, which is essential to intellectual progress. Hence Mr. Washington's great insistence on cleanliness, on the bath, the tooth-brush, table manners, and sleeping arrangements. The foundation being laid, other things will follow.

It may be, indeed, that the mental backwardness of the negro, even in the North and at this late period of time, is in some degree the direct result of slavery. It has been often remarked that slavery is not favorable to the highest kind of civilization even in the slave-holder. The habits of mind formed under the system of slavery are false habits, the bias given is a false bias. Mr. Washington testifies that in his young days, and in his personal environment, the surroundings even of the slave-owner were not exactly comfortable. "Fences were out of repair, gates were hanging half off the hinges, doors creaked, window panes were out, plastering had fallen but was not replaced, weeds grew in the yard." This was a part of the system of slavery, and the same comment has been made a thousand times before.

The expenses of the great institution at Tuskegee require its head, we are told, to devote nearly half his time to begging expeditions throughout the Union. Half the applicants for admission cannot be accommodated, and half the positions of-

ferred to graduates cannot be filled. What a strong ray of hope this institution and others like it cast on the depressing landscape of the race question! Mr. Washington has profound faith in the future of his race, and I believe he is right. These very outbursts of violence and of race-antipathy which we have seen in the last year or two, seem to have been engendered in some way or other by the Spanish-American War and by the crude feeling among the blacks possibly caused by the honorable part which their soldiers took in the war. Such special outbursts may be temporary and evanescent in their nature. It is impossible to exterminate the negroes of the Southern States; therefore, it would seem that the whites must contrive some way of living with them in peace.

Mr. Washington has received much honor and recognition from the white race, both of the North and of the South. He has received enough honor to turn the head of a weaker and less consecrated man. His public addresses are very eloquent and make interesting reading. A good example is his address at the Atlanta Exposition: "Here, bending, as it were, over the altar that represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate problem which God has laid at the doors of the South, you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race. . . . Far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good, that, let us pray God, will come, in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions. . . . This, this, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth."

## PAN-AMERICANISM

BY DRAPER E. FRALICK

PAN-AMERICANISM is again to the fore: A Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo is mildly stimulating interest in the material possibilities of Mexico and the Central and South American States; a Pan-American Congress is to be held in the City of Mexico in October; European journals are discussing South American affairs with an eye fixed upon anticipated aggression on the part of the United States, and, lastly, the political troubles of several of the South American States have almost reached the point where the interference of the United States becomes necessary.

Interest in Pan-Americanism waxes and wanes, for Pan-Americanism has never reached the dignity of being a political issue. It is at present in the dreamland stage, unformed, visionary, perhaps a matter for speculation. How soon it may become living and forceful, no one can tell. European aggression in South America would vivify it, but such aggression appears remote. It might become a living issue with the United States if there were a political upheaval in South America that would result in the consolidation of several small States and the formation of a confederation strong enough to compel the attention of the great powers. This, too, is practically impossible. So the Pan-American idea gathers strength slowly, makes a feeble flutter now and again, to subside into insignificance in the presence of more vital issues in the world's development. It is fluttering its wings just now.

In both its political and commercial aspects it is and must be interesting to Europeans, at present more so to them than to the citizens of the United States. Europe sees in South America a field for commercial activities; in fact, Germany and

England have the South American field largely to themselves, but the American invasion of Europe naturally causes them to question when Americans will organize for the commercial exploitation of Central and South America. They see American capital developing the vast resources of Mexico, they believe the United States ready to take advantage of the first opportunity to exercise greater influence in South American affairs. So the European journals look askance at every movement bringing Pan-Americanism into greater prominence, distrustful of the Central and South American States, and still more suspicious of the United States. It may be well here to make an exception of England. There is no reason to believe that England objects in the slightest to the paramount influence of the United States in South and Central American affairs. She desires no further South American territory; she wishes only a fair field for trade. Stable government in the South American States and the development of South American resources would gratify her, for she is a large creditor. So active Pan-Americanism would be to her advantage. And Pan-Americanism may come to further cement the close relations between her and the United States.

The factors bringing Pan-Americanism into prominence at the present time do not call for much comment, for they add but little to the leaven of the lump.

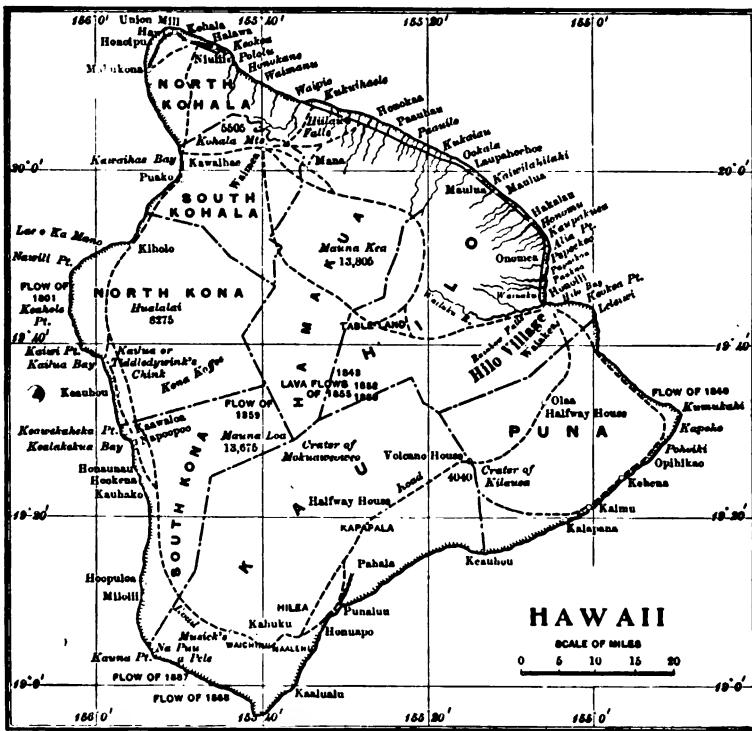
The Exhibition at Buffalo, beautiful as it is in many respects, can scarcely be claimed to fulfill its promises. The visitor interested in the development of Central and South America will learn scarcely more there than from the Bulletins of the Bureau of American Republics. Perhaps not so much. Chile and Mexico are the two Latin-American countries that make anything like an adequate representation. All the rest make exhibits scarcely worthy of notice. It may be argued that the South American countries are too poor and in too backward a state of development to make great exhibits of their resources, and the argument is just, but, on the other hand, if the Pan-American idea were of national interest the Government of the United States would have taken steps

to have all the Central and South American countries represented in a way that would carry conviction to capitalists that they are good fields for investment and development. Instead of intensifying the Pan-American idea by an exposition of South American commercial possibilities, this Pan-American Exhibition combines a great electrical display with the leading features of a New York State Fair and the sideshows of a circus. It does not live up to its name.

There is already friction over the proposed Pan-American Congress to be held in the City of Mexico. Jealousy is doing its work, and at this writing it appears probable that the Congress will be no more than a meeting for an interchange of courteous speeches.

Political affairs in South America are demanding some little attention on the part of the United States, but that there will be any active intervention by this country is doubtful.

The Pan-American idea is growing slowly, but still it is developing. Some unforeseen event may crystallize the theory into an active issue, and then we shall know just how much the theory translated into effect is worth. In the meantime the commercial progress of the United States in South America is slow. More profitable fields are found in Europe and the Far East, and the South American field is left to the Germans and the English. It may be argued that if the United States can extend her commerce in Germany and England, she can easily displace these two countries in South America when she chooses. The European press is fearful that the argument is true. If so, the United States can afford to wait, for the political side of the Pan-American theory will be overshadowed by the commercial.



## HAWAII FIRST

### BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUAI KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

By E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the Valley," Etc.

### XVII

#### HAWAII LAST, BUT NOT LEAST

We came near going thither last spring, but my household gods, or, rather, goddesses, decreed otherwise.—*S. Weir Mitchell.*

I regret I shall not be able to see the sights which you could undoubtedly show me if I could visit Hawaii.—*T. B. Reed.*

WHEN I went to my berth in stateroom number two on the *Kinau*, after waiting at Maalaea until 8 p. m., I found Mr. Cluff in possession of the whole apartment, and not inclined to give it up.

"My ticket calls for the entire room," he said to the purser, who was a half-white, with many years of inter-island marine service upon his shoulders, "and I prefer to be alone."

"How much did you pay for your ticket?" asked the purser.

"That isn't necessary to say," replied Mr. Cluff; "I had one room coming from Maalaea Bay, and this is the same ticket."

"I am the purser," continued the officer, "and have been working for this company for forty years, and I have a right to ask you how much you paid."

"I don't know how much," retorted the fortunate holder of nine points of the law; "a friend gave me the ticket and told me what it called for."

"Well, sir," finished the purser, "in this life we never get a great many things we call for, especially on a full boat. If you want the exclusive use of this room, you can have it by paying for it right now."

And with that I scrambled into the upper berth. Mr. Cluff subsided. I had already declared my innocence of any design upon his privacy, and quickly began to accommodate myself to my narrow bed.

When I went out and paid the purser, he said disgustedly, "Oh, that man, he's a Mormon." But he was a good Mormon, as I found out, and we got along very well indeed. Had I blusteringly demanded my rights, I should have had one friend less, and perhaps not secured my rights. Mr. Cluff said that he disliked to be sick before anybody; it was a weakness of his, for he wasn't married, and when he came aboard he liked to be alone. He felt that sea-sickness and the proper sense of dignity could not go together.

"A Mormon," said I, "and not married—aren't you anomalous?"

"Oh, no," he answered; "we have privileges, too."

Mr. Cluff, as I found out, had come to Hawaii after some seventeen years' absence, as a committee of one, sent out by Senator Cannon—a sort of Cannon ball. His work was to go among the natives, whose language he spoke freely, and find out their real wishes in the matter of annexation. He had been a Mormon elder at Laie, on Oahu, and knew many natives. I saw a great deal of him after leaving the *Kinau*, as we stayed at the same hotel in Hilo. He told me that many of the natives he met, particularly the more intelligent ones, favored annexation; those who opposed it did so on sentimental and frivolous grounds. They had no strong feeling in the matter and what they exhibited was chiefly worked up by agitators. He said he thought that the present government deserved the greatest credit for the way it was conducting the affairs of the country, especially in regard to the natives.

Mr. Cluff had no occasion (on this trip) to compromise his dignity. Part of the time we sat and talked to Capt. Clark, a sun-burnt man of the sea, who told of his various experiences in running all sorts of boats between these islands. He thought that the passengers ought to be thankful to travel as they could now, in a well-equipped boat of 975 tons like

MOONLIGHT ON HILLO BAY



the *Kinau*. Thirty years ago travel in Hawaii was attended not only with discomfort but with danger. I am told that Capt. Clark is one of the most careful of ship officers in the islands, that he knows latitude and longitude off by heart, and can lay his finger on, and keep his boat off, the smallest rock in the archipelago.

We reached Kawaihae Bay, a place on the northwest coast of Hawaii, seventy miles from Maalaea, early in the morning. Being to leeward, the water became quiet, and we stopped rolling at once. Kawaihae is a small collection of houses near the shore, and was once a port for whalers. The ruins of a large temple built by Kamehameha I. are seen from the ship's side. The coast is dreary, being covered with lava waste barely hidden by grass. We discharged freight here, notified Hilo of our coming, and got a good view of Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Hualalai in the morning light.

Steaming north, we came to Mahukona, the terminus of a twenty-mile railroad that runs through Kohala to Pololu, along the coast. It crosses seventeen bridges, one of them eighty-four feet high, and carried one year 20,000 tons of freight and 6,000 passengers. While we were there the train came in with quite a continental splutter. The Kohala Mountains, 5,000 feet high, are seen from here, and part of the road that goes to Hilo, seventy miles away, between telephone poles. One may go to Hilo overland, if desired. From here on, the coast is rockier at the sea, breaking away toward the mountain in a gradual slope covered with sugar cane, and dotted here and there with pretty villages, the most conspicuous feature of which is the mill. North Kohala has five sugar mills, and cultivates about 13,000 acres of land. It was good old Father Bond's district; here he worked, and started as a humanitarian enterprise the first sugar plantation in the field.

On the grounds of the Ainakea school, near by, is a statue of the first Kamehameha. It was ordered by and made for the Government House in Honolulu, intended to occupy a place in front of the Judiciary Building, so admirably filled by the present bronze statue, but the vessel carrying it burned and

LAVA FLOW OF 1881



sank off the Falkland Isles. After a *replica* had been placed in position, some captain hauled up the original statue (with one hand gone) from its chilly depths and brought it to Honolulu. The Government purchased the statue the second time, and sent for an extra hand that was fastened in the right place; then the monument was taken to Kohala to grace the birthplace of Hawaii's favorite king.

Here, too, is a temple at Punepu, now partly broken down, 300 feet in length, 50 feet across, with wall 14 feet high and 30 feet thick at the base. It is said that the stones were passed from man to man, along a line reaching to Pololu, twelve miles away. South of this are the salubrious plains of Waimea, reaching as high as 4,000 feet.

At South Kohala there is quite an English colony. During court time it is very lively. A friend of ours stayed there some days with a bachelor host. The evening after his arrival, his reverend entertainer said very off-handedly, "I take my mohning bah-th at hah-f pah-st six; when would you like to take you-ahs?" Catching his breath in anticipation of the cold plunge, my friend, who is a very accommodating person, replied as naturally as he could, "Seven o'clock;" thinking that perhaps the water would be warmer by that time. But it wasn't; it came down almost as cold as ice, and turned the bather's lips the color of the prints he had been making. Determined not to punish himself any more, but unwilling to gain the contempt of his cleanly friend, he entered the bathroom punctually at seven o'clock each morning, sat down on the edge of the tub for half an hour and read "Quo Vadis," then came out to breakfast. "Ah you refreshed?" asked the solicitous host. "Oh, greatly," answered our friend.

When he came to leave this kind entertainer the latter gave him seven razors to have sharpened in Honolulu, calling his attention to the Friday razor that was nicked. "Why do you call that a Friday razor?" asked our friend. "Oh, don't you know," answered the clergyman, "I hah-ve two sets of razohs of seven in a set, thah being a razoh foh each-day of the week. I nevah use a Monday razoh on Tewsday, and *vice versa*."

The Hilo spirit of to-day is progressive and, like the neighboring volcano, cannot be repressed. As an example, I have only to mention that on the second evening after my arrival I happened along at the close of a Kauai Kodak Klub meeting to find Mr. Hopkins speaking upon the subject of latitude. He said that his section on geography had done a great deal of work, sitting up a whole night in deliberation, because it wished to advance the cause of science one point farther than Honolulu had brought it. One member had suggested that the small item of Hilo's latitude be increased the one-tenth of a second. He had replied that, with all his love for progress, he could not sanction so radical a change. An earthquake could do this gracefully, but no human hand must temper with it. It might arouse the criticism of a Royal Geographer or of the local representative. He declared that Lord Bacon was right when he said that the desire for reform should bring about the change, and not the love of change bring about the reform. He thought that even in Hilo more latitude would be unwise.

I started for the lava flow of 1881, and on the hill passed a group of convicts working under an officer. They were dressed in their prison garb: half brown and half blue jean suits for those convicted of misdemeanor, perpendicular stripes of white and blue for the felons.

The lava flow, which I soon reached, began in 1880 from the eastern side of the Mauna Loa at a height of 11,100 feet above the sea, flowing for nine months toward Hilo, and finally stopping three-quarters of a mile from town, after everybody had packed their trunks ready to leave. Twenty-six years before, from a point 1,000 feet higher, a flow, in some places two miles wide, advanced toward Hilo, moving slowly for fifteen months and then subsiding. From June, 1833, to May, 1867, says Dr. Coan, there were 173 earthquake shocks recorded in Hilo.

The ride from the Volcano House to Punaluu is over a good road, passing another half-way rest and reaching the landing of the local steamer. At Kapapala a landslide occurred years ago, and in 1868 an earthquake and a tidal wave ex-



UPPER FOREST ALONG VOLCANO ROAD

changed compliments, destroying life and property. Of the mud flow, Mr. Cluff told me one evening as we sat on the veranda. "It was a strange happening, to be sure. A large tract of land was suddenly blown out of the side of the mountain, flew out like a pea from a popgun, passing clean over a collection of thatched houses, and turning over like a flapjack in the pan. It landed upper side down upon a village, roots instead of tops of tree sticking up. Nobody could explain the phenomenon, not even a newspaper reporter. Naturally, the flying real-estate in falling struck the highest part of the hill first, and, before the lower portion came down the slant, the compressed air between it and the ground blew out three natives, sending them twenty feet away into the sea. At the same time a lava flow broke out of the western part of the district of Kau and an earthquake occurred."

From Punaluu to Pahala is a five-mile railroad, the former having a hotel, and the latter a plantation. It is hot along the coast from here upward to Kawaihae, but there are many pleasant nooks lined with trees. Higher up are extensive orange and coffee groves, extending toward the forest belt. Kona oranges have a local reputation quite as good as the coffee grown there, or as the climate that makes both possible. When the Yankees come, we may expect to see somewhere along here the taking words, "KONA KOFFEE AND KLIMATE."

Landing at Kealakekua Bay, the traveler seeks Kaawaloa, where Cook was killed, and finds the monument erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription:

In Memory of  
The Great Circumnavigator  
Captain James Cook, R. N.,  
Who  
Discovered These Islands  
On The 18th of January, A. D. 1778,  
And Fell near this spot  
On the 14th of February, A. D. 1779.  
This Monument was Erected  
By some of  
His Fellow Countrymen.

The stone on which Cook fell is still to be seen, but the blood has long since been washed off by the waves. Along the cliffs of the shore are many caves.

The last place visited is Kailua. Behind it towers up Hualalai. Here in Kailua, Kamehameha had his palace, and in modern times Kalakaua came for the unparalleled climate. Some day this will be a great winter residence for Americans. In the vicinity, which was the early field of the Thurstons, are very interesting caves, in one or two of which the damp air is condensed into pools of cool, clear water. And into some of them no one should venture without at least six strong threads from the fair white hand of the daughter of Minos.

THE END.

# IN DISTRICT No. I

*(An Economic Novel)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

## CHAPTER XL—(*Continued*)

“ ‘ I TRIED to kill you; and, if our positions were reversed, I should have no hesitation in plunging that bayonet through your heart, without any words at all! ’

“ ‘ That I believe, and I am well aware that by all the customs and even courtesies of war I should be justified if I were now to put an end to your life. But I hope never to kill any one, except in actual fight, when my arm is animated by nothing worse than the mere instinct of self-defense. I can assure you I have no wish to render your father and your mother childless; and if you will be good enough to give me the word of honor I have asked for, I will gladly enough throw down this butcher’s tool.’

“ ‘ You are more than a man,’ replied the Spaniard, whose eyes had filled with tears at the mention of his parents. ‘ I feel no shame in renewing my surrender and giving you my word of honor not to attempt any escape. Nay, if, as I judge, you are here alone on this wild adventure which has succeeded so well, I give you my word of honor to assist you to the best of my ability to rejoin your friends. Release me from my bonds and let me help you to bind up your wounds.’

“ ‘ I accept the word of a Spanish gentleman,’ said the other.

“ Thereupon he loosened the bonds of the Spaniard, who instantly gave the promised assistance.

“ While this colloquy was going on, the chamber was filling fast with smoke, curling up from the staircase. This had been taking place for some minutes, but had not been noticed during the excitement of the battle and the attempted escape.

Now, however, the atmosphere was fast becoming suffocating. The two men ran to the gallery, and, looking down, saw the foot of the tower in a blaze. The cause was immediately understood by the Spanish officer. He explained that the oil in the basement was on fire, and that, owing to the lighthouse being built of stone, there was no danger. The only course to be adopted was to allow the fire to burn itself out.

"Accordingly the two friends, as they now were, remained in the gallery of the lighthouse, watching the fortunes of the strife beneath. It was a terrible spectacle for the Spanish officer and even the American's sensations of pride and triumph were mingled with many of a bitter character. He informed his companion that he was technically, although not morally, a deserter from the United States Navy; and, therefore, if he were to return, he would probably be shot, and thus disgrace his father. Similarly, the Spanish officer avowed that, if he were to immediately rejoin his regiment, he would be court-martialed and shot for allowing himself to be surprised, although the Spanish authorities themselves were so secure-minded that they had not taken the ordinary precaution of doubling the sentries. Thus, then, the two friends had no desire to return to their respective countries, for a time, at least; and they finally agreed to make their escape if possible to Paris, where the parents of the Spanish officer were living.

"In pursuance of this plan the American officer exchanged his own clothes for those of the Spanish seaman, and the Spanish officer exchanged those he was wearing for the uniform of his dead comrade. Then, when night fell, and the fire had burned itself out, they threw the two dead bodies from the gallery, and, wrapping their heads and faces in the discarded uniforms, they managed to rush down the heated staircase and rooms below, out into the open air, without injury. The Spanish uniform was then tossed in among the still smouldering contents of the cellar, together with some buttons from the coat now worn by the refugee Don; and,

after thus arranging for evidence of the whole force at the lighthouse having perished in the fire, the friends carried the poor battered bodies of their dead companions to the boat which still lay where it had been secreted. They pushed off, and disposed of the corpses in the silent, secret-keeping sea.

"Now, you are asking yourselves how I can possibly know all this? It is clear that it cannot be of my own knowledge. I was not present at Havana, or in the lighthouse. I have therefore to give you some further explanation.

"Count Oropesa, the Spanish officer of whom I have been speaking, is a gentleman of unblemished honor and of the highest reputation in Spain and France. I met him repeatedly in Paris, last year; but, as I am an American, I forbore to have any conversation with him about the war. I was, however, told by a Spanish lady of high rank, whose name it is not necessary for me to mention, that Count Oropesa had formerly been in the Spanish military service, that he had been one of the officers in charge of the torpedo-station at the Battle of Havana, that there was some grave mystery in connection with the events that led to the destruction of the Spanish ships, that a private investigation had been held, resulting in the acquittal of Count Oropesa from blame, and that, after this investigation, he had been retired from service at his own request.

"It is not necessary for me to narrate the adventures of Count Oropesa and our hero. After being sheltered by a Cuban planter until the American's wound in the hand was healed and his side in a fair way, the two friends contrived to secure passages on a French boat bound for Bordeaux, where they soon afterward safely arrived. They then proceeded to Paris, and were warmly welcomed by the Count's parents. Our young American might have remained with them for his lifetime had he so chosen, but he insisted upon supporting himself by his own work. He became a tutor, and taught English for many months in one of the provincial cities in France; but, at length, either hoping to do better in America or desiring to consult some American surgeon for his wound,

which still remained troublesome, or—more likely—moved by nostalgia and a wish to see his father once more, he determined to return to this country. He therefore applied to Count Oropesa for evidence of what had taken place at Havana. Documents were prepared, detailing all the events I have narrated. Their correctness, and the identity of our hero, whose photograph accompanies them, are certified to by Count Oropesa, and his certificate and likeness are, in turn, authenticated by the Spanish Ambassador at Paris, while this latter's certificate is vouched for by our own Consul General in France. The whole case is absolutely clear. All of these documents have I seen and read with my own eyes. They are here!"

From an inside pocket of her robe, Lydia drew forth a packet of papers and held them aloft. We all looked on, wondering what was about to happen, and feeling our souls go out to that beautiful goddess of Justice who stood there among us.

Eliza had again risen from her seat and had again entered the waiting-room.

"The portrait! The portrait! Let me see it!" exclaimed a wild troubled voice.

It was that of Admiral Spinks, who had sprung from his chair and was rushing toward Lydia with eager, outstretched hand.

"Behold the original!" said Dr. Blauenfeld, turning and pointing to the rear of the platform, where the door of the waiting-room had just opened, and where Eliza was now advancing, hand-in-hand with Henry Wyndham.

The Admiral turned, also. He staggered, passed his hands across his eyes, threw up his arms, and we saw his lips move. What cry of joy broke from them, no one heard, for, at that moment, there came a peal of thunder such as to drown every other sound. It was louder even and more appalling than the peal which had so startled us at the commencement of the meeting. Many women fainted, and all the children shrieked with agonizing fright. The peal continued for perhaps half a minute, crashing, exploding, roaring, as though the whole

high arch of heaven had given way, and were falling furious upon us. Then it ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

The awful stillness that followed was broken by Captain Westeron, who entered the hall from the door of the waiting-room, followed by Dr. Boreen, and, hastily stepping to Wyndham's side, placed his hand on the latter's shoulder and said, in distinct tones that were clearly heard throughout the hall:

"I arrest you, Henry Wyndham, for the murder of Michael Smith!"

## CHAPTER XLI

### IN THE WAITING-ROOM

Lydia was sublime.

Shaken—I will not say terrified—by the thunder, moved by the intensity of the emotions that had animated her eloquence, pleading passionately for the hero so beloved of her dearest friend, deeply sympathizing with the much-tried father, she yet set an example of fortitude and presence of mind to us all.

Hardly were the amazing words out of Westeron's lips than she was at the Admiral's side, grasping his two hands.

"Courage, dear Admiral!" she said, in a low tone, and with a look of such sweet, loving cheer that the old man, as though affected by some magic spell, ceased trembling.

"Follow me!" she added, and she glanced toward Cuyler and myself in such a way as to make us understand that we, too, were asked to come.

Then, gliding up to Wyndham and Eliza, the latter of whom was almost fainting, and could not have supported herself save for Henry's ready arm, Lydia seized a hand of each.

"Courage, dear souls!" she cried, and again her eyes distilled the elixir of Hope and Affection.

"Take your prisoner into the waiting-room, Captain Westeron," she added, addressing that official. "We will come with you, to hear your explanation of so unfounded and cruel a charge."

There was no elixir in the look that accompanied *those*

words. Dick Westeron was silent, confused, abashed. He grasped Henry's cuff, in professional, police style, and led the way into the waiting-room, whither Dr. Boreen had already preceded him. We all followed; that is to say, Lydia and Eliza, Cuyler and I, and the rest of the Legion officials. The vast audience in the hall and the commemoration were alike forgotten.

When the door leading into the hall was closed, Lydia whispered to Henry, who immediately exclaimed:-

"Gentlemen, I am a legionary, and I request a hearing by the Grand Councillors."

For the information of such of my readers as are not familiar with legal matters, I may explain that, in the year 1906, Statutes were passed by the Legislatures of North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee, enabling any legionary, accused of felony, to demand trial by the Grand Council instead of by State tribunals; and a Legion law was, in the same year, passed, conferring the power upon every Grand Councillor of acting for the Grand Council in the trial of charges of felony. The method of proceeding, from first to last, was left entirely to the discretion of the Grand Councillor trying the case; it being considered that the option left to the accused of being tried with all the formalities of State procedure was a sufficient protection against injustice, while the freedom of action left to the Grand Councillor involved such an increase of personal responsibility as to ensure the utmost care, equity, and good faith.

Hence, when Henry announced his choice of the Grand Council as his judge, Cuyler and I became dictators of the whole procedure.

We seated ourselves at one end of the long table, and invited the whole of the Legion officials present to also take seats as a Consultative Committee, while Westeron and his prisoner sat at the other end.

The Admiral had remained near the door, standing as though in deep thought. He suddenly moved briskly toward Henry.

"Admiral Spinks," said the young man, rising to his feet and bowing, "I beg that I may be allowed to remain as Henry Wyndham until this ridiculous charge shall have been disposed of."

He looked very dignified and gallant, and there was nothing in his voice or countenance to betray any anxiety or fear. His appearance and words seemed to act as a tonic upon the mind and spirits of our noble chief, who, with heightened color and a stiffening of his whole figure, gravely returned the young man's salute, and then took the place by the side of Cuyler, which had been reserved for him as Comptroller.

"Do you defend yourself, Mr. Wyndham, or have you an advocate?" asked Cuyler.

"I place my defence in the hands of Dr. Blauenfeld," replied Henry; and thereupon Lydia seated herself at his side.

"The Court now calls upon Captain Westeron to give particulars of the charge against legionary Henry Wyndham, and to explain under what authority the arrest has been made," said Cuyler.

Westeron rose to his feet. He was very nervous—probably for the first time in his life.

"Your Honors," he said, "I produce a duly authenticated telegram announcing that a requisition has been addressed by the Governor of the State of New York to the Governor of North Carolina, for the extradition of Henry Wyndham. I also produce a duly authenticated telegram announcing that, at a coroner's inquest held yesterday at Harrison, New York, a verdict of murder was returned against Henry Wyndham. I furthermore produce a warrant for the arrest of Henry Wyndham, which was signed to-day by the Justice of this Township, Admiral Spinks."

We all shuddered at this cruel stroke of fortune. The Comptroller, placing his elbows on the table, rested his downcast face upon his hands. The young prisoner looked at him with a sad, kind smile.

"The charge which my duty compels me to make against the prisoner," continued Westeron, "is that he is the Henry

Wyndham referred to in the extradition papers and in the verdict of the coroner's jury, and that, as asserted in such papers and verdict, he did, in fact, murder one Michael Smith at Harrison, in the State of New York, on the 15th day of June last. I propose to submit preliminary evidence sufficient to satisfy the Court that the requisition for extradition should be complied with, and that, therefore, the prisoner should be remanded in my custody until a farther hearing, after the arrival of the formal documents."

He sat down, and Dr. Blauenfeld, who had been carefully examining the papers, rose from her seat.

"May it please your Honors," said she, in a voice which, in spite of the trial it had so recently undergone, was still sweet and musical, "I am aware that, in criminal cases, it is customary for the defence to seize upon every technicality and to dispute the process of law, word by word. In the present instance I propose to depart from that practice. Mr. Wyndham's innocence will, I feel convinced, appear clearly enough from the facts of the case, without being sheltered by verbal definitions or based upon rhetoric. I am, therefore, willing to admit these telegrams as authentic, and the prisoner, here, as the man to whom they refer. But I do not admit that he was concerned, directly or indirectly, in the murder of Michael Smith."

"Have you considered," asked Cuyler, "that, by waiving inquiry into identity, you compel us to assent to the extradition required? The Constitution of the United States provides that any person *charged* with crime, shall, on requisition, be delivered up to the State having jurisdiction of the crime."

"I *have* considered the point," replied Lydia; "but I am sure Mr. Wyndham does not desire to see me engage in any verbal fencing on his behalf. I submit that the Court has a right to satisfy itself that the charge made by the New York authorities is made in good faith, or, in other words, that evidence of some kind does really exist, of a nature to reasonably warrant an accusation. I hope your Honors will require Captain Westeron to produce such evidence. In that case,

Mr. Wyndham will know what he has to meet, and, I feel sure, he will, on the next hearing, be able to produce facts and arguments such as, when brought to the knowledge of the New York authorities, will cause the demand of extradition to be forthwith withdrawn."

Westeron was then called upon to state the case against Wyndham. He narrated the history of the Smith murder, without, however, in the course of such narration, mentioning anything about Wyndham having been seen near the premises, or anything about Inly Merritt and the Irish element. Nor did he introduce the subject of Astor & Tevis, or the identification of Michael Smith as the so-called Waldorf Astor.

"All these facts," he continued, "I will ask your Honors to accept, for the moment, as proved. The actual documents establishing them will be produced at the next hearing; and, in the meantime, I presume they are not contested by the defence."

"We are willing to admit them," said Lydia, quietly.

"I now come," pursued Westeron, "to the connection of the prisoner with the crime I have described. Henry Wyndham arrived here in our Burgh on June 24th, and stated that he came from New York. As regards dates, therefore, it is possible that his was the hand which struck the fatal blow at Harrison on June 15th."

"Admitted," said Lydia.

"He avowed that the name Wyndham was not his proper appellation, that it was simply his mother's name. He declined to give any account of his life, of his doings at New York, or of his journey here. He refused to exchange his clothes for a new outfit."

"We admit these statements as correct," said L. B.

"He stated he was utterly without money."

"Admitted."

"Now, your Honors," continued the Captain, "if, under these circumstances, we find the prisoner in possession of some property that undoubtedly belonged to the murdered Michael Smith, I contend that a strong *prima facie* case is made out —so strong, that extradition becomes imperative."

Eliza, who had been sitting pale and anxious, here uttered a faint "Ah!" and pressed her hand to her bosom. The Admiral raised his bowed head and looked with fearful surprise at Destiny. We all shared his astonishment. Even Wyndham changed color, though he looked puzzled and mystified, rather than afraid. Lydia alone remained unmoved. Her blue eyes seemed to shine more brightly, and I thought I noticed a gleam of grave menace; that was all.

"Mr. Wyndham was not searched on his arrival in the Burgh," she said.

"No," rejoined Westeron; "it is not our custom to search applicants for admission as legionaries. But, is the prisoner willing to exhibit the contents of his pockets, now, before the Court?"

"Most assuredly!" cried Henry, thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat pockets as he spoke.

A bewildered expression crossed his features. He drew forth a bright new golden eagle.

"What jugglery is this?" he fiercely shouted, as he threw the coin, ringing and jingling, on the table before him, and turned upon Westeron with a terrible glare.

He was sitting between Lydia and Westeron, who were both standing. The girl, with a sweetly simple and graceful movement, placed her little hand upon his brow. Its touch was enchantment. The young man instantaneously became cool and collected, and regarded us all with a calm smile.

"I beg the Court's pardon," said he. "I should not have allowed one more unkind blow of Fate to work upon my temper."

"Your Honors will remember," said Westeron, who had glanced in an openly triumphant manner at Lydia, "that part of the money possessed by Michael Smith on the day of the murderous assault, and not afterward found, consisted of new eagles."

"Do you propose to identify this eagle?" asked Lydia, taking up the coin, and closely examining it. Cuyler and I, on afterward comparing notes, agreed that the dear hands *were* trembling just a little.

"No," replied the Captain. "The coins were not marked, that I know of. But, the Court will agree with me, that the possession by Mr. Wyndham of a new eagle, after denying he had any money, raises, at least, a presumption of guilt."

"We cannot go quite so far as that," said I; "but we consider it a circumstance requiring explanation."

"Will Mr. Wyndham show us what is in the inside breast pocket of his coat?" said Westeron.

Henry indignantly plunged his hand into the pocket thus indicated, and pulled the lining forth. The pocket was quite empty.

Westeron frowned.

"Dr. Thomas Boreen!" said he.

Boreen stood up. He had hitherto remained absolutely silent, and had not exchanged even a whisper with his neighbors. He had been supporting his head on his hand, and apparently had persistently gazed at an inkstand in front of him. I noticed, though, that he stole many a furtive glance at Lydia.

"Dr. Boreen," said Westeron, "where were you on Monday night last?"

"At Pigeon River farm."

"In what room of the house?"

"In the room occupied by Henry Wyndham."

"Was he awake or asleep?"

"He was asleep."

"Was there any one else in the room with you?"

"Not at first. But, after I had been there a quarter of an hour or so, you came in."

"What did we do?"

"We took down the prisoner's clothes that were hanging from a hook in the wall, and we examined the contents of the pockets."

"What did we find in those pockets?"

"A small pocket-knife, a pencil, a dime, some documents written in the Spanish language and illustrated with two photographs, a new eagle and an International Note for one thousand dollars."

"You lie!" screamed Henry, bounding from his seat; but, ere he could make another movement, he was pinned fast by Westeron's strong arms, and his lips were hushed into silence by the same exquisite touch that had calmed him before.

I fully expected Eliza to faint. Instead of this, she grew more composed and resolute.

"Leave it to Lyddie," she said, in a low tone, leaning forward to Henry, and cheering him with an ardent glance of trust and affection.

As for the Admiral, he was sitting bolt upright, with his hands pressed hard against the edge of the table, looking keenly and grimly upon the scene taking place at the other end.

"That's a word I don't asily swallow, Misther Wyndham!" said Boreen; "and before I make the attimpt in this case I will wait for your own advocate to be through with you."

"Order! Order!" said Cuyler; and then, addressing Lydia, he added: "Will you, Dr. Blauenfeld, answer for the good and orderly behavior of the prisoner, if the Court decide to proceed with the case?"

"I apologize to your Honors for Mr. Wyndham's not unnatural emotion, and I undertake that he shall not again forget the respect due to you," replied L. B., bowing and smiling with the most perfect serenity.

At this, Westeron relaxed his hold, and Henry sat down again, looking, it must be confessed, a little sheepish, in spite of all the encouragement Eliza contrived to telegraph him.

"Do you remember the number of the International Note we found in the pocket of the prisoner's coat?" asked the Destinator.

"It was number 11,033,475."

"That will do."

"Stay, Dr. Boreen," said Lydia, as Tom was about to resume his seat. "I have also a question or two to ask you. Was I at Pigeon River farm last Monday evening, at the time of which you have been speaking?"

"Yes."

"In what room was I?"

"In the room immediately above that occupied by the prisoner."

"How do you know?"

"I heard you and Miss Drax talking and laughing together, with the normal volubility and loudness of two young ladies engagged in a confidintial conversation."

Every one, except the Admiral, Henry, Lydia, and Eliza, smiled a little. The pucker was seen hovering around the blue eyes.

"Why did not the noise awaken Mr. Wyndham?"

"Because he had taken a sleeping-draught."

"Who had prescribed it?"

"I."

"Do you pledge your truth, your honor and your medical reputation that the sleeping-draught was required by the patient's condition?"

Boreen turned very red.

"No," said he, at length.

"Why, then, did you prescribe it?"

"Faith, it was to sind the gintleman to sleep."

"Why did you desire to send him to sleep?"

"Sure, you know, Dr. Blauenfeld, that sleep is 'Nature's sweet restorer.'"

"Did you ride back to the Burgh with me that night?"

"Yes."

"When we arrived at the Vagrants' Home, did we find Captain Westeron sitting on the veranda?"

"Yes."

"Had we previously seen him that evening in the park?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"About a quarter to seven, when we were on our way to Pigeon River farm."

"Did he accompany us to the farm?"

"No."

"Did I, at any time during the evening, ask you where Captain Westeron was going after we left him in the park?"

Boreen again turned red.

“Yes,” said he.

“What was your reply?”

“I disrimimber,” said Tom, doggedly.

“Do you think you would remember if I were to quote your exact words?”

“I don’t know.”

“Did Captain Westeron say anything to us, when we saw him on the veranda as we returned?”

“He gave us the good word of the evening, and the like.”

“Did he say anything as to what his movements had been since seeing us in the park?”

“I disrimimber entirely.”

“Now, Dr. Boreen, I ask you as a gentleman, as a man of honor, as a man of truth, whether Captain Westeron did or did not say these words to me, ‘In less than twenty minutes from the time you left me in the park, I was on this veranda, and I have been here ever since, waiting for the two wild riders of the Township?’”

“This isn’t an examination on oath,” cried Tom, desperately.

“Dr. Boreen,” said Cuyler, “we of the Grand Council prefer, whenever possible, to dispense with oaths in judicial proceedings. We think oaths savor too much of the fencing element, and are apt to suggest the spirit of the old proverb that all is fair in love and war—a spirit which we hold to be altogether out of place where truth and justice are concerned. Dr. Blauenfeld has asked you a fair, straightforward question, and your duty as an honest man is to give a fair, straightforward answer. You are not here to either attack or defend Mr. Wyndham. You are called upon simply to aid the Court by truthfully stating such facts as are within your knowledge.”

Poor Tom’s quandary was visible to every one.

“I did say what Dr. Blauenfeld has quoted,” suddenly remarked Westeron, to our universal surprise, and to Boreen’s open relief.

*(To be continued.)*



## Editorial

### America's Poet.

FOR some weeks past a number of journals, literary and otherwise, have been gravely debating the causes of the decline in public appreciation of the work of Rudyard Kipling. Formidable arrays of figures tell the story of diminished demand for Kipling's books and are made the basis for the assertion that the Kipling "fad" is done for and that Kipling himself is in the unique position of being a name and tradition in his lifetime.

This collective exposition of the alleged decline and fall of a once universal favorite in the English-speaking world is tinged with the personal prejudices of the many who have written on the subject. Like the strong man everywhere Kipling has made many enemies. The literary dyspeptics whose intellectual digestions are unequal to the Kipling strong meats, the wan devotees of a cult of æstheticism which finds its expression in symbolism, the would-be aristocrats of the literary field, loud-voiced protestors for art for the few, the dilettantes whose understanding of the force of literature in national life is on a par with their paucity of ideas and lack of originality, the whole tribe of literary weaklings, have from time to time lifted their voices against Kipling and his work. So much might be expected.

That Kipling has been a "fad" is undeniable. The wonderful brilliancy, the originality, and, it may be, the force of his

work appealed to the American imagination. That the many would be constant, the American many, every one familiar with the great American public would doubt. The pendulum of American devotion to idols, literary, political, military, or social, swings far and erratically. So the passing of Kipling as a "fad" in the United States is no surprise; it is a tribute to his power that he enthralled his audience so long.

Were the mere decline in popularity of Kipling's work the sole subject under consideration, the question might well be left to the verdict of the bookdealers' returns, but the whole question of Kipling's ideals and literary and political creed is once again dragged to the fore, and the lack of sales is made the text for sermons on the viciousness of Kipling's work and pharisaical thanks that "we are not of this man's race."

And yet, and yet, Americans should be the most in harmony with Kipling's creed. He has preached the gospel of work. America professes to have elevated work. America is the country where the worker is king. Here the worker with hands stands beside the worker with brains for the progress of each and the benefit of all.

Kipling believes the white man has a mission. So does the American. Kipling shows what the white man is doing to uplift the brown man to the larger life. The Americans have started in to bear their share of the "White Man's Burden."

Kipling chants the progress of our later civilization through conflict. Americans, North and South, are what they are through conflict and the red tide of war. He praises force for progress. Americans worship it.

Whether he tells the story of a subaltern in Burmah, a bridge-builder in India, a Private Mulvaney at Lung Tungpen, the engineer of a tramp steamer, a Dick Heldar, or a Bedalia Herodsfoot, of Captains Courageous or Kimball O'Hara, he glorifies the man who works, who aims to achieve. Surely he is the poet of the Americans. We are of his race.

He ceases to be a "fad" in the United States, not because he hymns progress, chants of achievement, lauds work, understands and depicts the motives that inspire men, but solely

because he has left out of his creed the deification of woman. In the United States the women buy the books.

Whether Kipling editions run into the hundreds of thousands or not, whether the hysterical acclaim him a literary god or not, whether he be a "fad" or not, he is and will be the preacher of the gospel of work, a fact which should bind him closely to the American heart. He is the outspoken champion of ideas which have made the United States great and which animate us to-day. They are the ideas of the men who dare and do. They underlie our progress. They do not commend themselves to weaklings, the indolent, or the dilettante. They may not commend themselves to the gentler sex, and Mr. Kipling's popularity may suffer thereby. That is the misfortune of the ladies.

Let us get away from cant for a little.

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#### Some Sweets of Empire

The United States by acquiring tropical territory, such as Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, will be confronted before things are finally adjusted by many perplexing problems, which will arise from time to time to be solved by the new Western empire-builders. For solved they must be. With the sweets of empire, too, will come bitterness, and the ultimate result may be a considerable readjustment of domestic arrangements made imperative by annexation conditions. The laborer will be affected, as will also be the manufacturer and the man in whom is the proprietorship of the soil. The statesman and the business man will share the burden of annexation problems, and in it all the newspaper man cannot fail to have his say. Already there has been some slight taste of what is to come, but the interest is as yet hardly a spark of what will be later on.

One of the Porto Rican problems, for example, will have to do with sugar. Louisiana planters are particularly interested in this. So it is with something more than passing interest we read in a report from New Orleans that: "The arrival here of the steamship *Catania* with the first load of

Porto Rican sugar to be received since the customs duty was abolished naturally created much interest, because of the competition with Louisiana's cane product. On the *Catania* were 1,132 hogsheads and 17,000 bags of the best grade of Porto Rican sugar. Some of it polarized as high as 97, but the greater portion of it ranged from 94 to 95. This is said to be as good as the average run of Louisiana sugars, and on the ship were samples of centrifugal sugars, which were said to be far above the usual grade of the product of this State.

"On the wharf, during the time the steamer was unloading, several members of the Sugar Exchange who were on hand talked about it freely. It is generally thought that the price of labor will have to be reduced in this country before it can meet the price of sugars which come from Porto Rico. Lands are as cheap there as here, and in many instances are cheaper. All of the expenses of the crop are cheaper there than here. It was said by those who claimed to know something of the situation that the abolition of duties meant something more than the bringing of Porto Rican sugars in competition with American sugars. They think the order of the President will necessarily awaken a sudden interest in this island and its possibilities as a sugar-producing country, and that before long every acre of arable land on the island will be cultivated. Then the Americans will go into the business on a large scale. It was said that there is a well-founded report that the American Sugar Refining Company is now considering the advisability of establishing a refinery at some convenient point for the purpose of refining all the native sugars.

"The sugar product of Porto Rico has been increasing largely since the occupation by the Americans nearly three years ago. There has been a doubling of the acreage, and the seasons have been all that could be desired. This year the acreage is said to be almost as large as the acreage in some of the big sugar-producing parishes of Louisiana, and the outlook is exceptionally fine. It costs a great deal less to raise a crop in Porto Rico, for the reason that labor is plentiful and cheap there. The only trouble with the cane-grower in that country

is that he lacks the modern appliances which are in use in this country."

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**Signs of Relief from Strikes and Lockouts**

Arbitration, or, at least, some form of agreement other than that to be reached at the expense of strikes and lockouts, appears, even if slowly, to be coming to the front more and more as a means of settling disputes between labor and capital. It is growing in popularity with both sides, and that the general public will take kindly to the new state of affairs, goes without saying. The public is injured when a strike or lockout occurs; it is benefited when some means are found that effectually prevent strikes and lockouts from occurring. Recent instances illustrative of this belated effort of labor and capital to come together under favorable auspices, to be governed by reason rather than by force, are in evidence in spite of the prevalence, also, of strikes that tend to prove the contrary.

For instance, the United States Industrial Commission at Washington has prepared a review of the evidence heard by the Commission on the mining industries of the United States. According to an advance report just given out, the desirability of formal agreements between organizations of employers and organizations of employees, determining wages and hours and other conditions of labor for fixed periods, was a matter of general agreement among the witnesses who referred to it. The organization of the miners, the United Mine Workers, the summary recites, "seems to have promoted the formation of such agreements to the best of its ability, and to have been successful in establishing them in most places where it has developed great strength. The most notable of the joint conferences at which such agreements are periodically made is the interstate conference of the so-called competitive district, covering Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and the western region of Pennsylvania, which determines the conditions of labor of perhaps 100,000 workers. An informal conference of operators and representatives of the miners' organization, covering the most of this region, was held as far back as 1885, and was repeated

finding of the committee by a majority vote shall be final as regards the case at issue. During the year it has been in force the agreement has been the means of conciliating parties in dispute, but no grievance has been submitted to arbitration. The members of the Association have devoted their time to their work and the funds of the organization to the employment of teachers to instruct them in subjects pertaining to machine building and to the purchase of books and magazines with which their clubrooms are being filled.

"When the relation between capital and labor is understood to be that of buyer and seller, the good that may be accomplished by arbitration organization is apparent, and, since the individual workman is weaker than the individual capitalist, workingmen should be the first to unite in sufficient numbers and for purposes which will command the respect of society. But when the purpose of the organization is to compel the granting of demands which may be unjust—when a union says, "We will ruin your business unless you do what we ask," capital may be expected to fight."

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#### Pity 'Tis 'Tis True

When the London *Globe* has anything to say touching upon matters in the United States, it may be taken for granted, without necessarily even reading the article, that the United States will be dealt with none too leniently, for the *Globe* is not friendly toward its American cousins and loses no favorable opportunity to speak unkindly of these, its adopted enemies. If, therefore, it chooses to liken any un-Utopian phase of British politics to a supposed counterpart in the United States, of course some peculiarly revolting American practice will be selected by the *Globe* for purposes of comparison. What, then, more natural than that, to the *Globe*, Tammany Hall and its methods in New York City should typify politics "as she is practiced" in the Western republic. Hence, the likening of Irish methods in England to Tammany methods in New York, for the conservative old *Globe*, now in the evening of its usefulness, can find no rest for its weary self

so long as there continue to be American innovators in England and Irish orators in Parliament. It dislikes both.

Floundering about, troubled with the nightmare of discontent, and distressed by undigested novelties it has been forced in the progress of events to swallow, the disorder that affects it is, at times, manifested in a La Manchan tilting at windmills. Still, it hits sometimes. In Tammany Hall it has undoubtedly found a weak spot in American politics—municipal politics, at least. But, then, we recall Hood's epitaph upon the giraffe—

"They say, God wot,  
She died upon the spot;  
But of spots she was so rich,  
I wonder which."

Perhaps it does not take a *Globe* to discover spots in the sun of American politics.

However many spots there may be, though, Tammany Hall is certainly one. It was, therefore, a hard hit, indeed, when the *Globe* asserted editorially:

The same spirit and the same motives which have made Tammany the synonym for political obloquy have made the Nationalist Party what it is. Many connected with it are the very ruck of the population, whose sole object is to make as much money by political jobbery and corruption as they can. Any one who has had connection with Irish private bills, corporation contracts, and franchises across the water can bear ample testimony to this.

Even the Irish in Parliament would not "stand for" such a base (and, as they claimed, baseless) calumny.

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### *Editorial Notes*

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It has been proposed that hereafter only English be permitted to compete for the Grand Challenge Cup. Much good it does Americans, anyhow, to try for it, but—just suppose that hereafter only Americans were permitted to compete for the *America's Cup*? How would that appeal to Anglo-American sportsmen? The two suppositions are not at all dissimilar in their intent.

IN the August *Critic* (New York) its London correspondent suggests that the next thing Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan may desire to take over—among other English interests—will be the Anglo-Boer war. The *Critic* correspondent thinks Mr. Morgan might like to take it to Chicago and place Buffalo Bill in charge.

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LORD Rosebery advocates an annual government appropriation of \$10,000 for portraits to be added to the National Portrait Gallery. This is a proper appreciation of British art. Why, even the Chinese are not backward in this respect. They, too, have shown a proper appreciation of British (H)art.

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Sousa's famous American band is to tour England next month, for the first time. After playing "America" for so many years, it need require very little practice, at least, to play "God Save the King."

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ANNOUNCEMENT has been made that the Rt. Hon. Herbert J. Gladstone, son of the late famous Prime Minister, is to marry. Nothing like following in the footsteps of a worthy sire.

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THE new St. Andrew, it is reported, has been invited to become Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. This is high honor for the American angel from Bethlehem.

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NOTWITHSTANDING that he is Count von Waldersee, he didn't see much when he went to Pe(e)kin, and what he did didn't count for a great deal.

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A SCORCHMAN by the name of Plummer has been looking over Southern California with the idea of starting a cannery there. Canny Scot!

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BRITISH pride is divided between the famous portrait painter Sargent and the almost equally famous "Sergeant What's 's Name."

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WITH Pat it is "Ire(land) forever!"—plenty of ire and no land.

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WELCOME, Sir Thomas, and the *Shamrock*, too!

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MORE fusion in Nebraska—confusion!

## Personal and Incidental

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### THE JUDGMENT

Once on a time, in the high court of Heaven  
(Olympus then the godly place was named),  
Before great Jove and the divine Eleven,  
Mars, Mercury, Apollo, Bacchus famed,  
Minerva, Juno, and fair Venus blessed—  
Not to be prolix, let us skip the rest—

A curious case was for decision brought  
By two united but contentious wights.  
'Twas not a suit wherein divorce was sought,  
But something like it, precedence of rights,  
Which each unto the other much did grudge.  
The minor gods were jurors, Jove was judge.

Defendant was a poor presumptuous knave  
And shabby-going fellow, known as Brains;  
The plaintiff, Money, dignified and grave,  
But supercilious, called the Queen of Gains.  
She was in mood a vixen, and her lover  
A touchy chap who deemed himself above her.

It seems the pair, although but newly wed,  
Had with each other some unpleasant hitches,  
And spent their honeymoon in strife, 'twas said,  
About a pair of matrimonial breeches,  
Each in the other's ears loud clamor dinning.  
It was, in sooth, a prosperous beginning.

Wise counselors they had, who with some pains  
Could prove black white and gall as sweet as honey.  
Ambition here set forth the cause of Brains  
And Power there the counter-claims of Money.  
One for insanity made logic fly,  
The other almost proved an alibi.

Great Jove gave judgment, and, as judges do,  
He first led off with an expostulation,  
Gave good advice, and reasoned with the two  
About their matrimonial perturbation;  
Then framed this law, to hold through wind and weather,  
That Brains and Money ne'er should live together.

And ever since, as history discloses,  
The pair have lived in mutual seclusion,  
While their posterity, which still at blows is,  
Has not an offspring of the ancient fusion;  
Or if an heir unite the sundered race,  
'Tis the abortion of a stolen embrace.

—PAUL O'CONNOR.

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#### THE BISHOP AND HIS BOYS

When the late Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Bickersteth, first heard of his appointment, he was dining at home with his family. The letter containing the news of his preferment was handed to him at table. It was rather unexpected. In fact, it is stated that the Queen confounded him with his cousin, Edward Bickersteth, who wrote "To-day, Yesterday, and For-ever," and advanced him to the See of Ripon on the merits of a poem he had never penned. His wife and children were much elated over the news, and dinner was forgotten in the general excitement. When things had subsided a little, Dr. Bickersteth, looking around, missed two of his sons. Search being made for them, one boy was found in his bedroom on his knees, asking God to "Make Papa a *good* Bishop;" the other boy was discovered under the dining-room table, trying to see "how Papa's legs would look in gaiters."

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#### THE CANADIAN CENSUS

The population of the Dominion of Canada, according to the census returns, is 5,337,166, an increase of 503,827 over the census of 1891. Taken by provinces, the increases are as follows: Quebec, 132,434; Ontario, 53,657; Manitoba, 92,212; Northwest, 79,300; Yukon and unorganized district, 43,113; British Columbia, 92,000, and maritime provinces, 11,000.

According to the returns, Ontario will lose about five mem-

bers and the maritime provinces three or four. Manitoba ought to increase its representation by three members, and the Northwest, including Yukon and British Columbia, ought to bring the representation up to about what it is now—213 members in all.

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#### A COMPARISON OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ROWING METHODS

Coach Ellis F. Ward, of the University of Pennsylvania crew, explains in the New York *Sunday Telegraph* the differences between the English stroke and that used by Pennsylvania at Henley, and gives his reasons for still adhering to his belief in the American style. He says:

“I am still a believer in the American stroke, for the reason that it combines to better advantage than the English the strongest physical features of the old body swing with the best mechanical contrivances known to-day to facilitate rowing. The long swing is the desirable feature of any stroke, but it is wearing on the body. If you can get the same sweep with your oar by means of an increased length of slide, you save time and energy by not swinging so far. In this lies the difference between the English and American styles.

“In the first place, I want to say that while the English swing further than we do, the length of their sweep is no longer, if as great. This is explained by the increased length of the American slide. We used a twenty-eight-inch slide in our boat, and the English crews used sixteen inches. At the end of our slide we did not have to swing as far back as the English crews to get the same sweep of our oars.

“We had ten inches advantage over them in swing before our bodies began to move beyond the perpendicular. Accordingly the angle at which we finished was less than the angle reached by the Englishmen. This gave them the appearance of a fuller sweep, and led to all the talk of the longer English stroke. I took occasion to measure Leander’s sweep and our own, and found that our oars left the water about three inches further along than theirs, and that while they talked of their long stroke they in reality rowed shorter.

“Now the advantage in this rested with us in this respect. The longer swing is telling on the abdominal muscles. It is a terrific strain that requires peculiar training to stand. English-

men rowing from childhood develop the pectoral muscles and are better able to row it than an American crew would be.

"Nevertheless it tells on them, as is evidenced by the fact that at the final Leander was pretty well played, while our men were tired, but not exhausted. We were in much better shape than they. And it was not due to better condition, for every man in the Leander crew had been rowing as long as we had, except that they had not pulled together. They did not need to, for they were all familiar with the style in use.

"I am sure the Englishmen could never have stood our four-mile pull with us. They would have worn themselves out in three miles to a certainty. The additional movement would have told upon them too severely. We have been tried over a four-mile course and know that we can stand it.

"Our showing against the London Rowing Club, the Thames crew, and the Dublin eight ought to show that something other than our stroke beat us. This something was simply age and experience.

"With a crew the equal of Leander in age, weight, and experience, we can go over there and win. We will then have a chance to test strokes on something like an equality, though they would still have the advantage of water and climate. If the Henley regatta is kept open to foreigners, we will get the Grand Challenge Cup yet.

"When any one talks to you about the longer English stroke, however, show them what difference a twelve-inch change of base will make in the angle of the body in order to reach the same point with the shoulders. They determine the length of sweep and nothing else."

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#### IN NEWFOUNDLAND

The danger that the entire colony of Newfoundland should be controlled by one contractor has been averted, says the *Outlook* (New York). The Reid Railway Bill has passed through both houses of the Legislature and has been signed by the Governor. The new law accepts the contracts made for the island by Mr. Bond, the present Premier, with Mr. Reid, whereby a cash payment of about eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Mr. Reid restores to the colony the ownership of great tracts of land improperly granted by a previous Ministry. The fact that Mr.

Winter, who was Premier when the grants were made, has been acting as Mr. Reid's solicitor has significance. The story of the grants has been told in these columns. Briefly, they grew out of an attempt to build a railway. The Government sank large sums in the construction and made little progress. The management was unbusinesslike, the expenditure extravagant, the whole affair little more than a piece of political jobbery. When the Government's finances became involved, it offered Mr. Reid, as a reward for the proposed completion of the railway, no less than 3,375,000 acres of good lands. This extraordinary contract was made after the Winter Ministry had been defeated at the polls, but before their terms of office expired. The grant included some of the best parts of the island—coast line, villages, farms, homesteads, timberland, water-power, and other valuable franchises. This was made possible only by ignoring the "squatter" privileges, which hitherto Newfoundland had systematically respected under certain conditions as an informal kind of homestead occupation, and also overriding similar mining and timber claims under leases which by custom and policy had almost become vested rights. When the extent of these grants was understood, and the colony stood face to face with the danger of becoming an individual's monopoly, feeling ran high, a political convulsion took place, and the result is now seen in the redeeming of the colony at a price large in itself, but small in relation to the immense interests which had been given away. This cannot be called repudiation, as the holder of the grants was wise enough to retire from an untenable position by accepting a compromise. The incident might suggest constitutional and ethical questions as to how far a people is bound by the patently dishonest acts of an existing government.

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#### CANADA'S CUP WON BY CANADIAN

At Chicago the Canadian yacht *Invader* won a series of races from the American yacht *Cadillac*, and the Canada's Cup goes back across the border, but accompanied by five challenges.

Captain William Hale Thompson and the crew of the defeated *Cadillac* are crestfallen at the result of the international sailing match, and it seems to be generally felt that they have reason to hang their heads, for they were beaten at all points of the game by the more skillful Canadian skipper and sailors.

Chicago yachtsmen are not dismayed and both the Chicago and Columbia Yacht Clubs challenged immediately for the cup. Each club sent a challenge direct to Toronto immediately after the race, at the same time handing Commodore Gooderham, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, a duplicate. The Rochester Yacht Club also challenged at once, and so did two Detroit yacht clubs. The Canadian Commodore says he cannot tell which of the five will be given preference.

Those who have held that a Hanley centerboard boat is invincible in the 35-foot class find it hard to acknowledge that the creation of the famous Massachusetts designer and builder is inferior to a fin-keel boat—an English cutter drawn by an English designer—and they give Captain Jarvis and his men all the credit.

*Invader*, the challenger and winner of the cup, was designed by Sibbick, of Ryde, England, whose name now becomes as famous on this side of the Atlantic as at home. From his design and plans the boat was built excellently by James Andrews, of Oakville, Ontario, and magnificently sailed by Captain Æmilius Jarvis, Charles Lowndes, Vincent Hughes, James McMurray, and Frederick Turner, all Toronto amateur yachtsmen, and William Fisher, a Toronto professional.

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#### ENGLISH APPRECIATION OF ART

In the House of Lords the Earl of Rosebery advocated a yearly grant of \$10,000 to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, so that they might order a couple of portraits annually to be added to the gallery, says the *New York Times*. As it is, a prominent man dies, and any portrait of him which is worthy of the National Gallery must be paid for at an exorbitant price. As an instance, Lord Rosebery cited Sargent's portrait of the late Lord Chief Justice, Charles Russell of Killowen, "which, I think, must have appealed to every one who saw it as one of the most consummate portraits that has been seen. [Hear! Hear!] I suppose that if the State had chosen to be the private possessor of that portrait, Lord Russell himself would have been only too glad to have conceded it to the State. Now he has gone, and I doubt very much if you could induce his family to yield so precious a relic."

## Book Notes

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Messrs. *Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.* will publish this month two important works of fiction. The first is "Heather's Mistress," by the popular author, "Amy Le Feuvre," author of "Probable Sons." The second is by Halliwell Sutcliffe, and the title is "Mistress Barbara." In this striking novel Mr. Sutcliffe abandons the battlefield, the blood feud and the clash of arms, and tells a Yorkshire love tale of 1830, with which is interwoven an interesting account of the Yorkshire wool-combers of the period. The hero, a squire's son, ruined by his father's extravagance, who is compelled to trade in wool to buy back his estates, the heroine, her father, and the upstart of the heights, are characters of a reality and truth only too rare in fiction, while the final *denouement* is startling and dramatic.

It would seem as if Madame Sarah Grand as a propagandist was really to win social distinction at last. There has been of late quite a stirring of something like rebellion against family authority in England, and we find the reverberations of the movement in the pages of more than one respectable periodical in that country. Critical journals like the *Spectator* have taken up the question, and write with alarm about this new eruption in the social evolution of the family, ascribing the so-called rebellion of the English daughter to the changing conditions and manners leavening English society, and to her increasing desire for less obstruction and more independence. In this she has no doubt been influenced to some extent during recent years by the standard of comparative independence which her American sister enjoys, but if the literature and especially the fiction of a country is a power in disseminating ideas, it cannot be questioned that the discussion of the daughter's position in the family and in society in England has had much to do with the present perturbation of the English feminine mind. Such books as "The Heavenly Twins," "The Beth Book," and "Babs the Impossible," being so widely read, so freely discussed, could not fail to have an unsettling effect, and on the whole it cannot do the English girl much harm, and it may do her a lot of good.

Now is the time for Josiah Flynt to rise and cry "I told you so" to those who have doubted his statements made in his "World of Graft." All this intimate connection existing between the police and gamblers which has been recently exposed, Mr. Flynt showed clearly

in his book. Josiah Flynt's name has for some time now been an authority on questions of this kind. He makes no statements or assertions that he cannot back up or prove, if necessary. In the October *McClure's* he is to have another of his interesting and timely articles exposing, even more clearly than he has heretofore done, the methods of Tammany Hall. This article promises to be a campaign document of more than ordinary import.

The *Athenæum*, which is more generous in its appreciation of American fiction than some other English periodicals, praises Mr. William Farquhar Payson's "John Vytal," and acknowledges the services of the author in introducing to the readers of his novel "the ever-alluring personality of Kit Marlowe." Mr. Payson, says the *Athenæum*, "exploits him (Kit Marlowe) with much sympathy and plausibility, and the invention adds much to the pleasure of the narrative, which not only excels in martial incident, but for the most part is strong in characterization." The reviewer concludes by saying that Mr. Payson's style is not wanting in distinction and that "his book should be read."

In view of the sitting of the Court of Inquiry on the Schley controversy, Professor Rawson's "Twenty Famous Naval Battles," published by *T. Y. Crowell & Co.*, will be found of great interest and value.

The *Scribners* will publish this fall what will probably prove the most important art publication of the coming season. It is the Life of Turner, by Sir Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland and the author of several works of commanding art interest, notably "Gainsborough and his place in English Art" and "Sir Joshua Reynolds." The previous published accounts of Turner's career have long been felt to be either unsatisfactory or incomplete, and in Sir Walter Armstrong it is believed the man has been found for a carefully thought-out estimate of the great English artist's work and of the place he occupies in modern art.

Anthony Hope's new novel, "Tristram of Blent," bids well to have a large sale in the United States. *McClure, Phillips & Co.*, the American publishers, were obliged to begin a second edition one month before the date of publication. The first edition will be out in the early part of September.

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## Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST  
OF ALL WHOSE LANGUAGE IS ENGLISH

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Vol. VI

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 4

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The Anglo-American Pub. Co.

NEW YORK  
60 Wall Street  
25 Cents

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50  
FOREIGN, \$3.00

LONDON.  
59 Chancery Lane  
1 Shilling

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# THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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October, 1901

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## ENGLISH SYMPATHY

BY THE EDITOR

ENGLAND'S grief over the death of President McKinley revealed a hitherto unsuspected depth of feeling toward the United States. The spontaneous expressions of sympathy and the visible evidences of deep grief, the widespread mourning, only a little less pronounced than if he had been an English ruler, have shown that England is with us in heart to a greater degree than we had thought.

We of this publication have been at great pains to find out, as far as possible, the general feeling of Englishmen toward America and Americans. We have reached all classes, and we believed that we had gauged pretty well the English attitude, but even we were surprised at the depth and sincerity of the grief for President McKinley.

It is now time that the English attitude toward America be set out plainly and without any bias, and THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE will, in the future, strive to inform Americans, especially those whose commercial interests are closely associated with England, the real condition of English sentiment toward the United States.

In the first place, the Englishman does not regard the

American as a foreigner, but, rather, as a brother. The case was put to the writer very clearly by one of the greatest newspaper men of England. "It is in some ways idle to talk about fostering good relations between the two countries," he said, "for such relations already exist, and there is nothing likely to disturb them. We Englishmen do not look upon you as foreigners any more than a Londoner looks upon a Yorkshireman as a foreigner. You are of our blood, actuated by the same aims, speaking the same language. In many parts of the world our interests are identical. We are both striving to carry civilization to barbarous peoples. We are both Christian nations. While we differ in some minor respects, yet on the great principles of civil, religious, and political liberty we are one. We feel that through our community of interests, our common language, and our common ideals, we are the two peoples who have to do, as we believe, the greatest work of civilization. You Americans are naturally our allies and we are yours.

"I am afraid this feeling on the part of Englishmen is not thoroughly understood in the United States," he continued. "You appear, in your nervous way, to be always looking for signs and portents of this good feeling or of a hostile one. That our good feeling has survived many irritations is a proof of its quality. Your legislators are not always well-mannered in their dealings with questions affecting us. There is undeniably a large party in the United States which would rejoice at any and every humiliation England might be called upon to endure. That party, for purposes of its own, loses no opportunity to vilify us. But does that disturb, or has it disturbed, the good feeling? Not a bit. You perhaps do not give us credit for knowing just how much is done for political effect. Your spasmodic outbreaks cause a mild astonishment here, and when we see the energy with which you set out to accomplish anything we understand that your way of doing things is different from ours.

"No, my friend," he went on. "I do not think you know

just how we feel toward you. Some day there may come some event or crisis" [This conversation was previous to Queen Victoria's death], "and in an instant we will see that there is on both sides a sentiment of brotherhood the depth of which is unsuspected at this time. You will find this true, mark me, if the United States should face a crisis in its foreign relations. You know how we stood your friend through the Spanish-American war. We will be with you again and again, though we are not certain of your attitude were a great crisis confronting us.

"We see in you our most formidable trade competitors, but we would rather you were our competitors than any other. We believe in the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine and look with equanimity upon the growing power of the United States in world-politics. We are not sorry to see your difficulties in the Philippines, for you will better appreciate England's task in dealing with alien savage peoples. We welcome you in the East, for you wish the open door for trade as we do. If your Senate will abandon their policy of irritating England and realize that in all our dealings with the United States we wish only equitable treatment and are willing to concede much, the only cause of possible friction will be removed. You are our own people. We feel it, and in time we hope you will feel as we do."

The conversation was followed shortly by the death of the Queen, and Englishmen had a view of American affection for the dead ruler and her people. The death of President McKinley has revealed the English bowed down in sorrow as we are.

The political crisis, which, according to this eminent journalist and politician, may demonstrate the close relations between the two countries, may be far off or it may be very near. When it comes, alliance or no alliance, the people of the two countries will be together.

We would commend a careful perusal of the eminent journalist's words to all who are not well informed regarding the sentiments of the English toward the United States.

## THE LATE PRESIDENT

By EDWIN RIDLEY

Death only closes a man's reputation and determines it as good or bad. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called either happy or unhappy, so neither can it be called vicious nor virtuous before the close of it. The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding-up of a well-written play. . . . The resolution of Socrates in the face of death proceeded from the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity.

—ADDISON.

OF President McKinley it may be safely affirmed that he had not a compeer in American politics or as a public *leader*, and as a man of brains *and* principles. And yet, wonderful to relate, this man was a comparatively unknown entity until within a recent period. Indeed, in so far as he was known at all, politically, he was commonly regarded as an "extremist"—as a man who rode a hobby—yet with a *purpose*! I need hardly say that the hobby-horse, thus "ridden," was Protection! Hence the distrust and the prejudice which the name of McKinley evoked abroad, especially in England, the avowed and only exponent and champion of Free Trade among the civilized nations of the world throughout the greater part of a century. Strange, is it not? that notwithstanding the aversion and misgivings of the people of the British Isles up to a few years ago in regard to the *name* and pronounced political doctrines and animating principles of this self-same William McKinley, he, more than any other one man, by virtue of his personal magnetism and conciliatory and generous spirit, as manifested so constantly and consistently in all his public conduct and in international affairs, was destined to do so much and to accomplish so much to promote a better international feel-

ing and to cement the ties of kinship and of common interest between the two countries and peoples of England and America! Strange that this American politician, the sponsor of the McKinley bill, should have eventually proven England's sincerest friend and one of America's best loved Presidents!

And yet those earlier misgivings of our British cousins were not altogether unwarranted; for what did the McKinley tariff *not* threaten to accomplish, in so far as British commercial interests were immediately concerned? And, for that matter, what did it not actually accomplish in American behalf, and at the cost of British interests? It is true that it did not ultimately prove quite so radical and disturbing as was at one time anticipated; but it did much to stimulate the aggressive commercial and speculative spirit and enterprise of American capitalists and manufacturers, thereby causing a complete revolution of preëxistent trading and commercial conditions and relations as between the two countries—to England's *immediate* (whether *ultimate* or not) disadvantage and confoundment.

But if, on the one hand, President McKinley's commercial policy has conducted so palpably to American advantage, and to the relative *disadvantage* and disturbance of British commercial and industrial interests, on the other hand the foreign policy of the late President's administration has signally conducted to a more amicable and a more worthy adjustment and reconciliation of international differences and interests. So that, cast in the scales of relative advantage and disadvantage, and weighed in the balances of the judicious mind, the result must be an unqualified recognition of the sagacity and comprehensive tenor and purpose of President McKinley's policy and administration. There must be candid recognition and admission of the shrewd practical intelligence and exceptional qualities and virtues of the man and statesman, William McKinley—a man, preëminent among American politicians and public men of his day and generation, on account of his executive capacities,

consistent public life, broad sympathies, and personal magnetism. For no other public man, no statesman, no other occupant of the White House since the days of Lincoln, accomplished so much, or left such indelible traces of his power and influences over the public mind, or produced and left such a profound impression upon the *hearts* of his countrymen, as has William McKinley. And all this, ostensibly, within the brief period of a decade, or less! I say "ostensibly" because, as I have already observed, it is only within a comparatively recent period that his name and fame have gone forth through the land and abroad. But it should be remembered that the life of such a man as this must have been from its start exemplary and consistently progressive in all its stages and developments. Good fruit cannot spring from a diseased root, or from a stunted growth and withered branches—the growth throughout must have been *natural* or its *alimentary* and *elemental* sources and contributives duly apportioned and efficacious. And so with the maturity of talents and virtues such as those of President McKinley! His must have been a life of rectitude of purpose, and of conformity to those elementary and fundamental principles which constitute the law of life, and which govern, fashion, and direct the life and character and ultimate destiny of the individual—as of nations and peoples.

And what do we find? What do the researches and inquiries of our newspapers and their emissaries reveal and unfold? This plainly, to wit, that the man, William McKinley, from his earliest manhood evinced a marked integrity of character and much rectitude of life and purpose, and that, as he progressed onward and upward from the ranks of private citizenship to the attainment of the most exalted position it was in the power of his fellow countrymen to raise him to, he ever displayed that fitting spirit of humility and deep sense of *responsibility* which are always characteristic of the man of exceptional abilities and capacities and of sterling principles. He was a model citizen, a brave soldier, and a sagacious statesman, one who grasped whatever situa-

tion presented itself, and whose consistent and patriotic life and virtues were as pronounced as they were comprehensive and exemplary.

But the crowning laurel to the memory and honor of President McKinley, to my thinking, consists in the devotion and tears, the lamentations and mourning, of so many millions of his fellow citizens and of an entire nation. For is it not an honor indeed that a man should be so universally loved, and should so powerfully affect the hearts and consciences of his fellow countrymen by his death as did William McKinley, whose cutting off at the hands of an assassin has moved and stirred the hearts and minds of a great and free and intelligent people? The like of this has not, perhaps, ever occurred before—the like, that is, on such a magnificent scale, of the whole heart of a mighty Nation going out, as it were, in one single spontaneous expression of horror at the crime committed against the life of one who was so beloved, of remorse for the *shame* of it, and of profoundest love for the memory of the murdered man, and of pity for the bereaved and afflicted wife!

At first, people were stunned—*words* could not utter *what* they felt—nothing but groans, impotent shouts and muffled oaths, on the parts of men, and the shrieks and lamentations of women, could be heard on the immediate breaking of such frightful news. Then, when the truth was realized at last, or a consciousness of it dimly dawned upon people's minds, a great and dreadful cry went forth throughout the length and breadth of the land, a cry of Wrath and Pity, such as was surely never heard before! But it is to the great honor and credit of the American people that the fury and madness of the multitude (no matter how greatly exasperated, or how generous the impulses which evoked such passions) were sufficiently restrained by the counsels and protests of the more responsible and enlightened classes and newspapers of the community, and that the conduct of the Buffalo authorities was so prompt and efficient; otherwise, the honor of this Republic might have been still further sullied, in the estima-

tion of all civilized communities, by the perpetration of an additional crime at the hands of a maddened and irresponsible mob.

Were it not that I do not wish to say anything here that would seem *not* to harmonize with the reflections indulged in preceding pages of this paper, or that would be likely to jar somewhat on the sentiments evoked, by virtue of the magic name and memory of the President, I would fain treat upon another phase and feature of our civilization, which these few last comments—on the fury and lawless sentiments expressed by so many—have called forth. In another paper, perhaps, I may do so. Now, however, I shall strictly confine myself to the personality, or personal influences, of President McKinley.

We have seen what he was, as a man, as a citizen, as a soldier, and as a statesman—how exemplary and consistent his life was throughout. Now let us see how such a life influenced so potently the lives of others, and *why* it did so. It must be granted, surely, that a man capable of exercising a powerful influence on the life of another, and on the lives of others, must be a man of pronounced individuality, either by reason of intellectual powers or by virtue of his integrity of character and virtues, which, in their turn, either command the respect or evoke the affections *and* respect of those with whom he becomes at all intimate.

This granted, it necessarily follows, then, that William McKinley must be regarded as a man of pronounced individuality and as a measurably *great* man. For not only did he exercise a pronounced influence upon nearly every one with whom he came in immediate contact, to any appreciable extent, but he even more powerfully influenced, and to a degree dominated, the wills and sentiments of the people at large, while he exerted a singular influence upon such men as Mark Hanna and Chauncey Depew, among others—men whose hard, commercial natures and strong wills were by no means impervious to the irradiating and genial beams and rays of William McKinley's sunny personality.

And who shall say what the Republic owes, or does not owe, to its late Chief Executive? What influences he has, or has not, brought to bear upon men of great social and political power and resources, or men of vast wealth and commercial pre-eminence, whose proud and stubborn wills have been often softened and chastened, may be, and whose public views and lives and characters have been radically modified and influenced by their intimacy with one who was at once a gentleman and a Christian, whose manifold virtues and ardent patriotism so commended themselves to the *hearts and consciences*, as well as to the intellectuality, of men who were capable of inflicting incalculable evils and disasters upon the lives and homes of the industrial classes!

For William McKinley loved his fellow citizens with a passion seldom equaled by a public man in any country. All classes were dear to him, and, perhaps, none so dear as the working classes. No matter how right or how mistaken may have been his commercial views, there can be no question at all of their sincerity, or of the purity *and* sincerity of his animating principles. Comprehensive as was his foreign policy, and enlightened as was his administration in international relations, it must be admitted that, in regard to the commercial and industrial interests of his country, he manifested a somewhat contracted and prejudiced spirit and purpose—contracted views and a prejudice, however, which were plainly generated out of an intense desire to advance the commercial and industrial interests of his country, and to restore the national prosperity at any cost.

But whatever may have been William McKinley's shortcomings, as President of the United States he displayed a lively apprehension of the grave responsibility which devolved upon him as Chief Executive, and thenceforth he manifested a moderation and conciliatory spirit in such respect at once highly creditable and remarkable. And not only did President McKinley thus commend himself and his administration to the respect and esteem of all enlightened minds; he likewise sought to reconcile by every means in

his power the conflicting and exasperated differences and interests of Capital and Labor. Like an astute and sagacious general and statesman, he first set about this grave and delicate undertaking, not by antagonizing Capital, or the wealthy classes and manufacturers, by ostensibly "taking sides" with the cause of Labor, as the demagogue or the charlatan would have done in his place, but by seeking to win and to establish the confidence of both, and then to reconcile them. And although he did not entirely succeed in this—as none but one supernaturally endowed could succeed—he did, indeed, win the confidence of both capitalist and labor classes; and no man knows, or dares venture to estimate, how much the people, or the popular cause and the industrial classes, owe to the rare virtues and direct and indirect influences of William McKinley in their behalf, who, in season and out of season, labored and wrought for the good and welfare of *all* classes of his fellow citizens and in behalf of his beloved country.

In brief, the life of this man was beautiful in its pathos and humility, and his *good* deeds, able administration, amiable qualities, and sterling virtues were typical of the highest order of American manhood and citizenship. Small wonder, then, after all, that his death should be so deeply and universally mourned, and that his body should have been borne to its last resting-place amid the tears and lamentations of all and to the immeasurable grief and distress of a humane people and a mighty nation. "God's will be done!"

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

By DRAPER E. FRALICK

FROM out the tragic events of the past few weeks the self-confidence and good sense of the American people shine resplendently. A President was stricken down by an assassin. For a week the people were alternately fearful and hopeful, to be crushed by sorrow at last; but while hate of the miscreant and horror at his act convulsed the nation, while the grim tragedy was being played out in Buffalo, while the reins of government passed from one President's hands to those of another, the people, confident of the stability of their country's institutions, and conscious of their own strength, viewed without alarm the passing of the Executive power from a man who had demonstrated his statesmanship to a man totally different in many important respects from his predecessor and who has still his spurs to win in the higher forms of government.

The practical side was ever present throughout the weary week President McKinley was battling for his life, and men in the duties of their business were forced to consider the effects of the President's possible demise. It was imperative that possibilities be faced, and it is certain that, even before President Roosevelt made his short inaugural address, pledging himself to carry on the policy President McKinley had mapped out, the country had assured itself that the new Presidential policy would be both conservative and safe. Business, which remained practically undisturbed by the President's death, reflected this feeling, and the past two weeks have forcibly demonstrated the country's confidence in the new President.

The outlines of a broader American policy are to be found in the last speech of Mr. McKinley made at Buffalo, just before

the attempt on his life. To what extent President Roosevelt will enlarge this new policy will depend upon circumstances. That it will be carried out in its broader lines appears certain, but it may be said, with all respect, that the new Presidential policy bids fair to differ from the old. The difference will be due partly to the character of the man now President and partly to the exigencies of the political situation.

We are still too near William McKinley to view his work with the exact measure of justice. President Roosevelt has his work to do. At present President Roosevelt's policy is a matter for speculation, but a consideration of the man, the work he has already done and his manner of doing it, his expressed political and social ideals, and his ability to grasp great problems, as shown by his previous work in high places, offers a basis for argument rather than mere guess-work.

He comes to his high office untried only in the duties of the Chief Executive of the nation. He is placed in his present position in the early months of an administration. He has become the political legatee of a politician of the highest type, a statesman, a man whose name is associated with definite policies, and the country is looking to him with confidence to give a careful account of the trust he has assumed.

The position is not an easy one.

For a number of years President Roosevelt has been in the white light of publicity, and the people have come to know the traits that advanced him high in the political world before the tragedy occurred that made him President. If one were asked to name the most prominent features of President Roosevelt's character, one would instantly say, "Honesty, aggressiveness, activity, and an intensive Americanism." These qualities have been so prominent in all his political actions, and are so much in reality the man himself, that they give the key to all estimate of his future course as President. He has inspired a peculiar affection in the people at large, who see in the practical application of his theory

of "the strenuous life" one phase of all the qualities before enumerated. It may be said that President Roosevelt has very often been regarded as an extreme man. His outspokenness, especially on political and social matters, has not always been to the liking of the opportunists, to whom his plain speaking is generally unpalatable. This quality of outspokenness, however, so far from working him harm, even with those who disagree with his theories or expositions of theories, has fixed him more firmly in the confidence of the public, who admire courage, and courage is one of President Roosevelt's most distinguishing characteristics. He is physically and morally brave, and his moral courage will play a great part in the political life of the United States for the next three years.

A review of his career discloses many of the secrets of his success. The courage mentioned has been demonstrated in every public position he has held. As civil-service reformer, Commissioner of the New York police force and Governor, he showed that the practical politician need not be conscienceless. How far this courage will carry him in his new career remains to be seen.

Will he sacrifice his convictions for the sake of party or the possibility of re-election? Will he, the ardent civil-service reformer, use his vast powers of patronage for the carrying out of larger measures he deems more important for the welfare of the country? Will he, the partisan that he is, sink his partisanship and party spirit, thereby antagonizing the practical politicians? Will he, feeling that he is not the President by choice of the people, shape his course to insure his nomination for another term? All these questions naturally come to the lips at this time and are proper subjects for consideration.

How will he conduct foreign affairs? His Americanism is known; his belief in the future of the Republic is a part of his life. He is vigorous in upholding every measure which will add to the material prosperity or glory of the United States. He views the Monroe Doctrine as a living,

vital issue, and, having the courage of his convictions and holding advanced views as to the necessity for a more efficient army and navy, it will not be surprising if he prepares for an emergency that may arise in our relations with our sister Republics of the South, for which the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine may be necessary.

That he will follow the present policy as to China and the Philippines is undoubted. The course of the United States in the Chinese negotiations has received the support of the whole people. If we are still divided somewhat on the Philippine question, we are united as to our action in China.

The promises of a free Cuba are likely to be fulfilled early. The President will allow no wavering in that direction.

Anglo-American relations have grown so close, and England's mourning for President McKinley was so spontaneous and unanimous, that the attitude of the new President toward Great Britain is of supreme interest on both sides of the ocean. Recent expressions in the English newspapers indicate a fear that President Roosevelt is not so well disposed toward Great Britain as was President McKinley. Those best informed of the President's sentiments scout any such idea and predict that the present good relations existing between the two countries will be strengthened rather than weakened. The President is an eminently fair man; he appreciates England and English qualities. While he may not have been extremely active in fostering closer connections between the two countries, he has not, on the other hand, ever decried England, nor has he ever shown himself in the least antagonistic toward her. He is the President of the United States and the head of the State, of broad views and far-seeing, and our cordial relations with England stand in no danger of being disturbed. There need be no fear that because of President Roosevelt's Dutch ancestry the American attitude toward the war in South Africa will be changed.

Englishmen, as might be expected, are divided on this subject, and the diverse views are well represented by two opinions, one friendly and the other hostile. The first, from the *Spectator* of recent date, says:

"Save for Lincoln, the modern Presidents have not been men of mark. They have been sound, excellent constitutional monarchs, but not leaders or rulers of men. Roosevelt is far more like the men of the first three decades of the Republic than the convention-made Presidents of modern times. He is essentially one of those men who know exactly what they want and mean to get it; but, together with this intensity and keenness, the new President is a man of moderation. In truth, there is a great deal of the old Whig moderation—we use the term in the English rather than in the American sense—about Roosevelt. That is the spirit which dislikes extreme, which is against pushing a good principle or good policy too far, and is in favor of keeping all these things within the bounds of good sense. But this spirit is a very different one from that of the opportunist or the man of perennial compromise."

"What most men are interested in here are Roosevelt's views in regard to a foreign policy, especially his attitude toward this country. We believe that attitude can rightly be described in the sentence that Roosevelt is neither for nor against England, but merely for his own country. He does not wish this country any harm, but would not dream of sacrificing the interests of America, even in the smallest degree, to help England. His sole desire is to help America. He is, of course, an imperialist, but to say that is not to say all. An essential thing to remember in regard to President Roosevelt's position on foreign affairs is that he is an upholder of the Monroe Doctrine in its fullest and most complete form."

The *Speaker*, taking a somewhat hostile view, says:

"There is a peculiar danger in the accidental power which he may now exercise. He is not of the pale or laborious cast commonly associated with the Vice-Presi-

dency. He will act upon definite conviction and will attempt to lead rather than follow. This a man of twenty times his caliber, Cleveland, could do; but Cleveland represented a great party. He came into power with a definite mandate; he held the pulse of the American people. Roosevelt's theory is imported from Europe, and not from liberal Europe, but from the Europe that talks of law and order. The position is not only anomalous; it is perilous. In a word, Roosevelt may quite conceivably provoke a strong reaction against the forces which put his predecessor into power or he may create new party feeling opposed to the whole tradition of his nation. A crisis in foreign affairs, a great strike, or a question involving the limits of Federal authority, would tempt Roosevelt to act, and his act might provoke a storm. It is that we dread in the fortunes of the next two years."

There is much of truth in each of the foregoing. As noted before, the President is a firm upholder of the Monroe Doctrine, but England is not the country with which any conflict over the Monroe Doctrine appears probable or possible. The *Spectator* does not get far away from the facts in enlarging upon the President's intense Americanism, nor is it far out of the way in its estimate of his probable attitude toward England. But the history of the McKinley administration does not show that America has been sacrificed to help England. There is nothing at present to disturb the existing relations, and pending questions will be settled diplomatically and to the satisfaction of both countries.

The *Speaker* article would be true were certain conditions now existing obliterated. First and foremost is the responsibility of the President to the people, an ever-present check. President Roosevelt, while he may lead instead of follow, cannot lead unless he has the force of public opinion behind him. He is the legatee of an understood if illy defined policy; he is the representative of a great party, and, above all, he is fully alive to the great responsibilities of his position. The American people, knowing intimately all the

conditions, knowing the President to be possessed of a political as well as a moral conscience, do not share the *Speaker's* fears. They look for a vigorous administration, and under it a careful watchfulness for the interests of the United States, the cultivation of friendly relations with other great powers, the modification of what has been the American policy for the past few years, the growth of our foreign trade, greater efficiency in the army and navy, the settlement of the canal question, the establishment of government in the Philippines, the opening of schools in our foreign possessions, prosperity at home and peace abroad. If President Roosevelt looks forward to receiving a mandate from the people to continue in office for another term to carry out policies of his own, who shall blame him?

## WHAT WOMEN CAN DO IN POLITICS

By MARY E. CARDWILL

**A**SINGULAR and noticeable condition connected with the relation of women to politics is that they are always the strongest of partisans, the most unswerving supporters of party and party measures.

One objection to granting suffrage to women, seriously made, is that the vote would simply be doubled without any change of result. Women, it is claimed, gain their party impulse from their husbands, fathers, or brothers, and consequently would always vote the ticket supported by the male members of their families. It cannot be denied that women, for the most part, agree in their political principles, as well as in other equally important matters, with the people they love best or esteem most. Moreover, education and environment naturally control to a large extent the political ideas of the girls of the family, as they do those of the boys. This merely confirms the fact that home influence molds opinions, ideas, and character, and, in effect, controls the world. Hence, the political training children receive, in the family circle, they will carry into their broader social life. The mother's influence, as a rule, predominates in the home, and to the mother's influence, therefore, may often be attributed the son's political opinions as well as the daughter's. A woman agrees politically with her husband, in many instances, not because she has accepted his opinions, but because such an agreement was absolutely necessary to make her marriage possible. The mother's political opinions are thus genuine, heartfelt, and her own; and through their very sincerity impress themselves upon her children.

In this influence, exerted consciously or unconsciously

by mothers, we reach a point often emphasized by opponents of woman-suffrage. They say, women can and do teach their sons how to vote, and to vote right, according to their party ethics; that is, to be loyal to a particular party and to be sound party men, as their mothers, in opinion, at least, are sound party women.

Some women, it is true, take no interest whatever in politics; but if their interest should be finally aroused they will be apt at once to become possessed of strong convictions along certain party lines. Loyalty seems sometimes to be a more common element of woman's make-up than of man's. And women are ever the most outspoken champions of people and of causes. Men do not object to a sentiment of partisanship in women, though it may be expressed with an enthusiasm approaching violence, providing it is directed toward their party. But even those who might favor political equality for women are apt to be antagonized, in some degree, by a too persistent demand for the opportunity to exercise this equality at the polls. And too often women who have made themselves prominent in a public way in political affairs and in their claim for the right of suffrage, have created the impression that they were working for self and selfish ends; that, like many male politicians, they were after spoils.

Women have a political influence and a righteous desire to use it. But their most natural place in politics, at the present time, a place which men are ready to recognize, they have not yet fully occupied; indeed, they have given it comparatively little serious thought, yet it is a place which women, with a natural taste for politics, seem peculiarly well fitted to fill, a place of highest merit and one which men are often hindered from filling properly because they cannot have the same independence in it as women. It is the place which, for want of a better name, we may call the place of the reformer and forerunner, or, at best, of leadership in the van of progressive statesmanship.

Women who desire suffrage claim that their votes would

cleanse and elevate politics and political methods. There is always a doubt of such a result, while public opinion winks at a prevailing laxity in political principles. There can be no doubt, however, of women's power to elevate politics by insisting upon the ethical rather than the practical point of view as a constant factor in all matters of civil government.

Reforms and advancements in political ideas are brought about through struggle and strife and even bloodshed, because there seems to be nothing to work with except the party machine, which naturally runs only in its accustomed ruts, unless by a great wrench it is turned into another road. The truest, most lasting reforms, and those brought about without injury to any one, are those which come in the way of education, a growth of public opinion in certain directions.

It is this work of education, of guiding ideas of government into new and better channels, that is waiting for women. Men may differ from women in the aims they desire to reach by their intellectual efforts, but they will seldom oppose them. Thus, there remains a large and open field for political work of women whose motives are sincere and unselfish. The best politicians, as well as the best individuals, *per se*, are those who are willing to sink self in a good cause. And if women in political work must yield, for a time, what they consider personal rights, they can feel that they are at least doing in a manner what missionaries and martyrs do.

Whether the claim of woman suffragists that woman's vote would reform politics is valid or otherwise, why should women wait for a vote before they use their influence for good in a specific direction?

Moreover, if the other result anticipated by men should follow, that women politicians would become like men politicians, and instead of reforming politics would themselves become politically corrupt, their opportunity to see clearly and act freely in political matters would be gone. How much better for them when they entered the political arena

to have it an already cleansed and purified place devoted to statesmanship instead of to spoils and partisan demands!

This suggestion is the more serious in the light of what appears to many an absolute certainty, that the suffrage of American women will surely come when the time is considered ripe for it; and the responsibility rests upon women to make that ripeness a preparation of high kind.

Furthermore, what more absolute proof of women's possibilities as an ethical influence could there be than such a preparation of a broader field for her and of herself for a broader field?

Women, through clubs and public or semi-public work, have learned to manage organizations and to value organized work. They know, in short, the power of united effort in an intellectual and ethical as well as in a practical way. Women of thought, as well as men of thought, have got beyond the crude belief of the masses that ideas alone effect nothing, that theories are poor things. The thoughtful are not only able to judge what is practical, but have the wisdom to discern the truth that ideas and theories must gain a strong foothold before all action of any real moment takes place, and that to influence public opinion is the very greatest work any man or woman can accomplish. That is the only ground upon which the pen can claim to be mightier than the sword. "Words," "idle words," have achieved the greatest victories of the world because they have subtly led men to desire certain things and through their desire to struggle for attainment.

Through talk, discussions at their clubs, contributions to the press, expression of opinion in private conversation, education of children, and in other ways devoid of offense to men's prejudices and women's prejudices, women can do the work they wish to do in behalf of the improvement of political principles and methods.

To be more specific, statesmanship is a profound study. Few men have time for it. Politics itself, in the mere matter of the machinery of the government, takes time. Few men

have time for that. Politics is, therefore, almost necessarily left to men who are called politicians, and other men follow the lead of the politicians in their party and do what these accepted leaders expect them to do. That is, unless an abuse is patent, the body of a political party is either blind to it or thinks of it as an evil which cannot be avoided. A most flagrant example of such an evil, understood and yet endured, is the amount of bribery and corruption connected with almost every election, whether at primaries or at local, State, or National elections. Yet this corruption is a direct means of degeneracy for the country and politics in general, while it makes the power of citizens in voting almost null and void. Men cannot claim freedom and equal rights if the man who wins in an election is the man who has been able to buy the most votes. A man can be free only when his simple word in matters in which he is equally interested with other men counts for as much as any other man's.

What America and Americans need to-day more than votes, for the good of the Republic, is more independence, better moral ideas, and a clearer perception of the rights of man. Too many Americans, at the present time, are slaves of their physical needs. Some belong to their employers, and while most of them would prefer to have and to express their own opinions, whether by word or by ballot, they must be quiet, or they and their families may lack bread and butter. Others are so tainted with money worship that they submit to many things that are wrong to themselves or to their neighbors because they feel that they must do so or fail in proper respect to those who possess what they worship. In politics, aside from those who are honestly partisans, there are many bitten with the longing for office, and for the sake of the spoils they will wink at any wrong of which their particular party may be guilty. This has been said many times, yet men, in general, refuse openly to acknowledge that what the United States needs to-day, what the world needs, indeed, more than the bare right of suffrage more widely extended, is more independence and more wis-

dom, that the right of suffrage may be used honestly and unselfishly for the best good of all.

Women are not hampered in a moral way by the many influences and responsibilities which bring their pressure to bear upon men. Women can be freer, more independent, if they wish to be so. They often claim a higher ethical sense than is given to men. To prove this, let them become informed upon serious matters and show first their intellectual capacity to study and understand the deep questions of government and statesmanship. Let them desire and cultivate more serious views of morals and religion, have more regard for the realities and less for the appearances of virtue. Let them strive to comprehend the meaning and effects of their own actions in small as well as in great things, and let them eschew the many petty sins, so widespread and demoralizing in their influence, of which they are too commonly guilty. They will then be clearer-eyed to the abuses of politics and better able to work for freedom.

Women need not wait, however, until their sex becomes perfect before they strive to exert an influence for good upon their government's affairs. They can do much in an immediate affirmative way by encouraging patriotism and educating children to understand the significance of republican institutions. If a boy grows up with a deeply grounded belief that not merely his own freedom but that of his neighbor is his sacred trust, he will be less apt to be a corrupt politician or to submit to corruption in politics. More than that, it might well become woman's province to watch for signs of wrong which creep so insidiously into everything. She could then denounce them immediately and perhaps speedily create a public opinion against them. The fact that the world is preserved in spite of so many evils proves that men, as a rule, prefer to do the right, when they know what it is. The tide of vice has its spring in a few vicious minds, and if discovered in its inception can be quickly stemmed and stopped.

Americans are patriotic; they desire the right for their

country more than for themselves; and if they were convinced that their Republic was menaced by any existing condition, they would be up in arms against it and crush it at any and every personal sacrifice. Women thus by vigilance can at the present time be true helpmates of men, as custodians of the government, and can purify politics without casting a vote. It may be a work of time, yet it is an absolute possibility, and because of that possibility a moral responsibility.

## ASSASSINATION; ITS RELATION TO AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

By PRO PATRIA

FOR the third time within the history of this country has the life of its President been cut short by the mad hand of an assassin. In each instance the Executive was a man of exceptional ability and of pronounced individuality and personal magnetism. Lincoln was a man of the rarest type, whose integrity has never yet been questioned; Garfield was a man of parts, whose personal qualities endeared him to all who knew him at all intimately; while McKinley was one of the most cultivated and kindly of men, and was, moreover, a man of much force of character.

Such crimes as these reflect seriously upon our civilization, or upon the social and political conditions that prevail in what we regard as the greatest and most advanced industrial and commercial power in the world to-day, and the greatest republic in the annals of the world. For, is it not quite plain that these murdered Presidents were no mere despots, but the favored *first-citizens* of a free people—the chosen *chief-heads* of a great nation? How comes it, then, that the hand of a base assassin should in three instances be raised to cut short the life of the one man whom the people of a free republic most delighted to honor? These are questions we should do well to ponder. For it will not do to disclaim in a hurry all responsibility for the dastardly acts of these madmen—since whence comes, or what is the occasion of so much madness and crime?

It is in vain to protest and insist that these assassins are almost invariably “foreign devils,” or are, at least, of foreign extraction, who prove “unfitted” for that exercise of

individual freedom and for the privilege of free institutions which their naturalization papers confer and permit of. For, of a truth, there must be some deep underlying *cause* for a condition of things which from time to time permits of such atrocities. Either it must be that our civilization is actually less "advanced" than we fondly believe it to be, or else there is something organically wrong, or defective, in a purely democratic form of government. But whatever the defects of a republic, or purely democratic state, may be, we cannot, as consistent republicans, who have tasted the sweets as well as the bitters of life under such a form of government, subscribe to or admit for a moment the justice of such a conclusion. For who that knows anything of the absurd class distinctions, ridiculous social prejudices, and extremes of pride and of abjectness which prevail in European monarchies and empires, and who that really cares at all for the good of his fellow-men and for the advancement of the race, would voluntarily surrender his "citizenship" for "subjection," of any militant type?

A man may be keenly alive to the defects and abuses of a democratic form of government, but he will not, if rightly constituted, or if a loyal citizen, regard such abuses and defects as *organic*. Rather will he strive manfully to mitigate such abuses, as far as in him lies, and help to bring about a better state of things. This he can always do, without any fuss or pantomime, by loyal performance of *his* duties as a citizen and by personal example. We must, therefore, adopt the former, rather than the latter, of these two hypotheses, or take it for granted that our civilization is *not*, after all, just what it should or might be. This may be humiliating to our pride, but it is the best we can do under the circumstances.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that this country has constantly to assimilate a vast amount of foreign immigration, or to absorb, assimilate, and fashion with some sort of conformity and adaptation to American conditions and citizenship, tens of thousands of foreign-born and foreign-bred men, women, and children, every year, whose

previous lives and social conditions have been erratically associated and circumstanced, on lines diametrically opposed to those principles of self-governance and of individual freedom and possibilities of development, which it is the peculiar pride and province of the American people and of American education to uphold and to promote.

In the second place, and doubly aggravative of the situation, our political affairs are conducted on a scale that reflects seriously upon our civilization. To be sure, this is in great measure due to the immigrative influx, which is permitted too freely, or without due regard being paid to its prior purification, to swell the already polluted current and vortex of national politics. It is bad enough, or would be in any case, to allow politicians who are actual and native-born citizens of this Republic, and who make politics a profession and a game of life, to usurp authority and to corrupt our public institutions; but it is infinitely more mischievous to permit multitudes of foreign-born and utterly ignorant immigrants to add to the general madness, and comparative rascality, by constituting them "citizens" too easily—on conditions which are neither adequately estimated nor equitably and intelligently conceived and regulated, in so far as they relate to the actual good of the commonwealth.

It is true that there have been some reforms of late in this connection; but they are not drastic enough, and they by no means go to the root of the evil. A man may be able to read and to write, and he may never have been a convicted rogue or an actual pauper; yet he may be neither intelligent nor honest. The best test of a man's worth as a citizen is his subsequent life, as conducted for a lengthened period, and his manifest ability to provide for himself and for his family, under normal conditions. If for a period of ten years he thus proves himself, he should then be accorded the privilege of citizenship, but not before. As it is, the country is continually flooded with a vast and incongruous horde of semi-civilized, or quite *uncivilized*, human beings, who flock to our cities, distract the labor market, distract

society, crowd our charitable institutions, and in a short time evolve as full-fledged "citizens," who vote for every demagogic and pestilent politician who is sharp enough to "lay his wires" for them. In what else consists the mainstay of Tammany, if not in the support it receives at the hands of the more ignorant foreign element?

But it must not be assumed, because I am frank enough to reprobate in such round terms the evils and abuses which accrue from an ill-regulated immigration policy, and from faulty and incongruous enfranchisement of immigrants, that I am opposed, *in toto*, to immigration! So far from this being true, I regard it as a vital necessity, and in the abstract, as a blessed and beneficent human evolutionary phase and order of things, or, if you please, as a divine dispensation.

This broad land, of such vast resources and wondrous natural wealth, was never intended to be monopolized by a privileged race, no matter *how* advanced or what *its* energies and capabilities; but was clearly predestined a land of refuge for the oppressed and industrious of all less favored lands and peoples, and as a means of grace for the moral and material uplifting and regulation of the entire human race. And, despite all the faults and backslidings of the American people, has not our country really proved a blessed land to millions of human beings, already? Where in the wide world besides has the cause of Labor been as exalted and honest toil and skillful industry so amply rewarded? Where so many *homes*, and where so much general happiness, in the concrete? Where else is education so widely diffused, or the intelligence of the *masses* so distinctly marked?

I speak of the past rather than of the immediate present, or of past influences, instrumentalities, and conditions, which have contributed to such beneficent results and to which we are mainly indebted for such blessings as we still enjoy; and I regard the immigration of the *past* as a potent and distinctive factor in such connection. I say of the "past," because, up to within a comparatively recent period, the immigration to our shores has been chiefly composed of a

hardy and prolific race, or of men and women from Northern Europe—of northern races and peoples, in effect, of kindred stock with our own, whose industry and virtues, mechanical skill, and hardy natures were so rarely adapted to the conditions and necessities of their adopted country, and who, for the most part, “took up lands,” which they cleared and tilled and made rich with golden harvests; or else built and made *homes* for themselves, and multiplied and prospered in their respective spheres accordingly—thereby contributing greatly to the prosperity and happiness of the general community.

But far different is it with us now! No longer does the flood of immigration pour into the West, where vast tracts of land *need* cultivating and harvest-workmen! Neither is the *class* of immigration what it once was. Instead of hardy Norsemen, the great bulk of present-day immigration is from Southern, or Latin, Europe, and such as do still come from the North are of an infinitely poorer type and quality; and these, both alike, pour into our cities—men mostly of inferior physical and moral stamina and mental caliber, who do *not* constitute a desirable element. They not only lower the national type, but disturb and aggravate industrial and social conditions and relations, and cast discredit upon American civilization and citizenship.

I repeat, then, that while the tide of immigration is *not* to be *stayed*, it *should* be *regulated* on some more intelligent and consistent lines and system. Otherwise, it is but a question of time how long this Republic shall retain its traditional and precious heritage of enlightened freedom, as a great Anglo-Saxon democracy—whose broad lands and boundless resources and opportunities have so long afforded, and *should* for ages to come afford, relief and freedom and happiness to the worthy and industrious of all nations. As it is, there need be small wonder that our civilization should be none of the most advanced—the whole tone of society having been distinctly lowered by the constant inroads and encroachments of the seething masses of immigrants, of the

more aggressive, but less desirable, destructively "foreign" element.

I have said that the crime of the assassin of President McKinley would seem to indicate some radical defect in a democratic form of government; since how, otherwise, account for the greater prevalence of this form of crime in our Republic than in destructive European monarchies and despotisms? It is but a begging of the question to argue that it is because there is greater individual freedom in a republic than in a monarchy or despotism, or fewer safeguards for the head of the nation. For to urge this is to condemn and damn at once the fundamental principles of democracy, or those principles upon which are based the proud hopes and loyal faith of the citizens of a free country. Were it thought necessary to provide the president of a republic like safeguards to those of a crowned head or an absolute monarch, and to surround him perpetually with bodyguards, and to establish a secret service in his behalf, there would be grave question of the good or use of a republican form of government at all. No! the best safeguards for the life of a president, or of his perfect immunity in such respect, are the virtues and good sense, or general manhood and virtues of the people—on whose affections and vigilance he may rely with supreme confidence.

The question of questions, then, for us to ask ourselves is, wherein consists the flaw or defect in our form of government and civilization which is to be regarded as the direct or indirect occasion of the crime of Booth, and of the crimes of those still more crazed wretches—Guiteau and Czolgosz? I think the root of the evil will be found to exist, not in any radical fault or defect in a republican form of government, but **IN THE LICENSE OF THE PRESS AND IN FAULTY EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS AND METHODS!**

Just as the generous and exalted nature is prone to err, in the way of reckless extravagance, or in giving way to the impulse of the moment, quite regardless of the dictates of reason and of expediency—so is a democratic state always

liable to excesses of the nature deprecated. And, when to these snares and pitfalls, or license and sensational resorts of a free press and of free speech, are superadded the demoralizing influences of a vast and inferior class of immigration all too rapidly absorbed and assimilated in the national compound—the general evil is doubly aggravated. Hence, it follows, as a natural consequence, that public sentiment is kept in a constant ferment, and the commonest topic is treated of in the most magniloquent terms; and such is the general impression of the public mind regarding degrees of goodness and of badness, by reason of the bombastic language and inflated sentiments of frantic newspaper scribes and voluntary contributors, that there is little meaning left to words at all; and, too often, the *vox populi* is actually little else than the voice of the Devil, or than the shrieks and imprecations of madmen and lost souls.

All classes, in fact, are infected by the extravagances and mock-heroics of a licentious press—of a press which magnifies the commonest trifles and deifies quacks and impostors. Even the clergy are afflicted by the common evil; their pulpit utterances and sensational resorts too often reflect most grievously on their sacred calling, and are a byword to the scoffer. One of the saddest instances of this tendency on the part of the clergy was recently afforded us immediately after the crime perpetrated by President McKinley's assassin—several instances, indeed—when among the newspaper scare-heads and chroniclings of the next day, it was recorded what this Rev. Hot-head and that Rev. Emotional Prophetic had delivered himself of, upon the spur of the moment—utterances which were most un-Christianlike and inflammatory, and which denoted either momentary dementation or most bloodthirsty instincts.

## THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES

By ROSCOE WILLIAMS GRANT

ONE joke that has been liberally applauded this season in an American musical farce is that in which two alleged comedians are discussing current events and one asks the other the definition of a yacht. The interrogatee replies that a yacht is a fast boat built by Americans. "But don't the English build yachts, too?" is asked. "Sure!" is the answer, "but they're not fast."

And sure it is that the English yachts of the past half century have proven to be, even if fast, not quite so fast as American competitors. To Americans this acknowledged yachting supremacy is a matter of no small pride. It is a truly wonderful record when all is considered. In the matches for the Queen's Cup, out of twenty-six races sailed the American yacht has been awarded twenty-five. The only race, or "leg," in which an English yacht has won from an American one, was in 1871, when the *Livonia*, after losing two races to the *Columbia*, won the third race by the *Columbia's* having been disabled in a squall. In 1895, after the *Valkyrie III.* had fouled the *Defender*, the English yacht actually came in,—less than a minute,—ahead of her American competitor, but on account of the foul the race was given to the *Defender*.

Sufficient unto himself, however, is the average Briton; he has supreme confidence in his own ability to win out, sooner or later, in anything he may undertake, and it is this dogged tenacity that does make of him a power in the world. What other nation on earth, except, perhaps, Russia, would have the perseverance to try time and time again for fifty years to attain a trophy of such doubtful value as the *Amer-*

*ica's* Cup? Yet year after year cup hunters are sent across the ocean, only to return discomfited. But the average Briton is a true sportsman and takes his defeats with philosophical stoicism. Like his bull-dog, he will hang on like grim death while there is a thread of hope, and it is this trait that will enable him, in all probability, to carry off his long-sought Mug after awhile. It may be this year, it may be next; but, sooner or later, carry it back home with him he will. Then it will be the turn of Americans to cross the pond and meet the Briton on his own ground, or, rather, water.

Looking back at the various models of yachts that have competed for the famous Cup, we are struck with the divergence of types and how different in marked particulars were the challenging crafts in most instances from the American yacht models. Of late years, however, there has been a convergence of ideas rather than the former contrast. More and more nearly have the English and American yachts approached identity of outline, until now there would seem to be in reality not a very great choice between the competing yachts themselves. What choice there may be lies in the smartness of the respective crews and skippers rather than in other points. On a warship it is the man behind the gun that counts; on a racing yacht, the man before the mast. And, incidentally, here it may be interesting to recall that in at least one contest one of the competing yachts was really manned by men-of-warsmen under the command of a naval officer. *America*—which in 1851 had gone over to England and in the memorable race around the Isle of Wight, sailed away from fourteen British yachts, thereby capturing the Cup—in 1870, as one of the seventeen defenders against the English *Cambria*, was sailed by men of the United States Navy. Yet while in the past it has been pointed out with pride that the successful American yachts have been handled by Yankee sailors, it has not always been so; nor is it so this year, for the *Columbia's* crew is not a Yankee one, and if credit there be earned by the American defender's sailors,

that credit must go to other than the simon pure Yankee lads of former contests.

Generally speaking, we think of the Cup contests as between English and American built yachts. This is not strictly the case, however—or, at least, has not always been so. For Britain is more than the British Isles, and Canada as a part of Greater Britain has not been without ambition to carry off the coveted prize. Canadian challengers, the *Countess of Dufferin* in 1876, and the *Atlanta* in 1881, tried for the Cup—and were defeated in their aspirations by the American yachts *Madeleine* and *Mischief*, respectively.

This year, for the second time, we have a challenger representing an Irish yacht club, the Royal Ulster, and with the rejection of the *Constitution*, leaving the former year's defender, *Columbia*, again to protect the precious Cup, it is not with the usual confidence that Americans look forward to a contest between a Yankee and a British racing boat for aquatic supremacy.

## A BROAD AMERICAN POLICY

By A. B.

FOR months the business world has been awaiting and expecting a Presidential statement of a broader American policy than that which now prevails. Almost the last public utterance of President McKinley was devoted to giving an outline of what the United States should do in the immediate future. This policy, for so it can best be termed, is left to other hands for fulfillment. It was, and is, however, the product of Mr. McKinley's labors and experience and in its broad sense will be known as his, as was the tariff scheme with which his name is associated.

It is unfortunate that the President gave no more than a mere outline of the proposed policy, for while in its general form it must appeal to the sense of the nation, it is obvious that through its details and execution the policy must commend itself to the business interests it is designed to affect and benefit. There is no doubt that had Mr. McKinley lived he would soon have supplemented his speech at Buffalo by another address, showing just how far the United States is ready to go in modifying the policy that has prevailed for the past few years. Unquestionably the details will be forthcoming very soon.

The policy, to speak briefly, is the institution of reciprocity treaties, and in part abandoning the policy of high protection for American industries. This is the chief part and, of course, the phase most interesting to foreign nations, who, however they may view the growing power of the United States in world politics, are most vitally interested in her development as a great mercantile power and competitor in the markets of the world.

On this subject of American trade outlook Mr. McKin-

ley said: "Trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. . . . That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

"We have a vast and intricate business built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises which have grown to such great proportions affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

"By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the

domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor. The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed, for revenue, or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific Coast ports of the United States and those of the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go. We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed."

New markets, trade extension, and the building up of our merchant marine are the dominant features of this policy, which looks to a bloodless war in the markets of the world.

Where the old tariff stands in the way, the old tariff must go. Reciprocity and securing the best facilities for marketing our goods are to be the first steps in the program. The United States, suddenly become one of the world's greatest producers, is to challenge the world in disposing of the productions. The old policy of isolation is to be abandoned, and a new, vigorous, aggressive policy commensurate with the greatness of the country's industries is to follow.

Europe is preparing for this fight, and the more quickly this new policy becomes effective the better it will be for the United States.

## POST WHEELER, THE ANGLO-AMERICAN POET

By LOÏSE DURANT ROSE

“THE beauty of art is a beauty born in the spirit of the artist, and born again in the spectator,” and the beauty of poetry is the offspring of the poet, re-born in the reader. It may have somber Rembrandt shadows, or gleam with the ruddy radiance of the fresh tints of Rubens, but whether Allegro or Pensero, poetic beauty must be clothed in ideality or it degenerates into the mere prettiness of rhymes.

The ideal is the poet’s birthright; his the divine gift to hear the music of the spheres, to sing of the invisible to men, lifting them through his uttered thoughts above the level of barter and sale; on the wings of truth he touches heights where glimmers light from the holy of holies. Post Wheeler’s volume of poems reveals a poet of love and ideality, the two handmaids of *das ewige weibliche*, without which no true poet exists. For years he has, from time to time, dropped pearls of verse by the way, and now, strung together, these shine a fair rosary of song.

His poems have appeared in England and France, as well as in the United States, and have been widely quoted and copied. He is the son of English parents, residing in Philadelphia. His father is the Rev. Dr. Henry Wheeler. Ten years ago the author graduated from Princeton University, one of a brilliant circle which included Booth Tarkington, Walter Wyckoff, James Barnes, Jesse Lynch Williams, Robert Bridges, and Burton Egbert Stevenson. Post Wheeler soon took his place among clever thinkers. While in Paris, he led “the younger following” with Israel Zangwill and Paul Verlaine. Later, the poet’s wanderings took

him to Morocco, where, it is said, he lived a while with the Bedowa tribe in the mountains below Tangier. Returning to America, he received the degree of Litt. D. from Princeton, and settled for a time in New York. But the stress and strain of city life wearied him. At the time the Klondike gold regions first attracted public attention, some three or four years ago, he was found living below the Ketchumstock Hills, in the center of Alaska, adopted with full tribal honors by the Indians. While moose-hunting in that country he had his lungs lacerated by broken ribs, the result of a fall. Regretfully he wended his way back to civilization and medical aid. Of rather delicate physique, notwithstanding his roving life and devotion to Nature in her wildest moods, Post Wheeler impresses one as an idealist and a dreamer.

"Love-in-a-Mist," the poetic name of a flower, which he adopted as the title for his book, is also the title of one of its divisions, embodying a theme of love. Around this, like the foliage of the blossom, the other poems cluster, perhaps not less beautiful, but different in tone.

In the central group there is a suggestion of passionate love, ending in death. Pathetic, in the sequence of these poems, are the stanzas, "The Little Flowers upon Her Breast that Died":

One day (strange, strange how subtle odors cling !)  
They sang and shut her face from the sweet air.  
On the rich velvet my poor little ring—  
They said—glowed with the glory of her hair.  
I conned the name the silver letters spelled.  
They came and touched and whispered me and cried.  
My eyes were dead. My nostrils only smelled—  
The little flowers upon her breast that died !

To-day I sat and watched the passing throng.  
A sad gray sky was dropping sadder rain;  
And yet I heard a teamster's careless song,  
And knew that time was kind to cover pain.

The steeples clangored as the midhour belled.  
A sudden jest caught up—how like! I sighed.  
I felt the rain, and all at once I smelled—  
The little flowers upon her breast that died!

Delicate and artistic is the poem "The-Moon-of-Bright-Nights":

The frail, curved, golden bubble of the moon  
Hangs up above the boughs, and a one star,  
Pale as a lily in a heated noon,  
Trails wanly where no clustering comrades are.  
The little leaves hang down; the winds are dead.  
Put your lips nearer. What was that you said?

I know, I know. The world would say so, sweet—  
The watching world that knows its business best,  
The world that never clasped your pretty feet,  
Nor stroked your neck's curve down from chin to breast,  
Here in the fog-dew, with the summer old.  
Did you sigh then? Why—why, your lips are cold.

Draw closer yet. (Ah, do not sob, my heart!)  
Press not the thorn of our wild-rose desire.  
Your sob is spear-sharp, piercing like a dart  
My soul, that's wound with love and mist and fire.  
Kiss me again. The little star is bright.  
The moon swings low. Ah, grieve not so to-night.

Many of the poems are written in a minor key, as by one who has trodden the wine-press of pain, and the magnetism of personality breathes in the songs. In "Mosaics," the first division of the volume, is "The Prayer," herewith quoted in full. It is one of the most beautiful adaptations of the Lord's Prayer ever penned, and was composed in the wilds of Alaska while the author lay dangerously ill, attended only by Tukudh Indians.

*Our Father.*

Hers. She spoke it o'er and o'er  
 Just at the last, to that still look she wore,  
 Laying her wan hands together for a sign.  
 "Our Father"—aye, her Father, and so mine!

*Which art in Heaven.*

Her place. Thy stoniest hell,  
 To clasp her, would spring white with asphodel!  
 She touched it close, as blessing touches prayer.  
 "In Heaven"—God's Heaven—my Heaven—for she is there.

*Hallowed be Thy Name.*

She spoke it so. Her breath  
 Kissed it as worshiping softly, dear as death.  
 She deemed it holy—she; so would I call  
 The name that never tired her lips at all.

*Thy kingdom come.*

To me—to me, O Lord,  
 Who am so weary of this fire and sword,  
 Whose eyes are blinded and whose ears are dumb,  
 Life's end—and her! To me "Thy kingdom come!"

*Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.*

For her the winds walked and the stars at even.  
 Are the winds thine, and shall her saddened place  
 Dim Thy bright throne with longing for my face?

*Give us this day our daily bread.*

Oh, sweet!  
 Give me to kiss her hair, her hands, her feet!  
 She was my soul's wine all that blessed while.  
 Give me, for my heart-hunger, but her smile!

*Forgive us our trespasses.*

Oh, I know  
 I was not always tender! Be it so.  
 A word I might have said—a slightest kiss—  
 She would—and yet—(nay, God, forgive not this!)

*As we forgive*

(She hoarded up no wrong !)  
*Them that trespass against us.*  
Her soul song  
Was keyed to kindness. Never did she pine,  
Never remembered any hurt of mine.

*And lead us not into temptation.*

Such  
As comes sometimes to those who suffer much.  
This worn husk wearies me—Death wears no frown—  
Tempt me not with the thought to lay it down !

*Deliver us from evil.*

Lord, I show  
No bane, no sickness, save in suffering so.  
I bear Thee no weak ills, no specious tear—  
My evil only that she is not here !

*For Thine is the Power and Glory.*

What are we  
Angels and men, and bleeding things like me?  
The Power, Thou hast—the power that takes away;  
And Glory—that was mine but yesterday !

*For ever and ever.*

Can her watching face  
Not ever turn from Thy far, holy place?  
O Lord, in Thy forever, once again  
Give her to me ! Give her to me !  
Amen !

Strong and dramatic is "The Cry of the Man." An antithesis to it is "White Clover," comprising verses anent children, tender and loving. Particularly charming are "Golden Locks," "Little Alfie Ingles," and "The Prayers the Little Children Say," of which last, one verse:

The prayers that little children say  
No toiling angel brings.  
They pass right through the shining ray  
That searches selfish things.  
(They are so little that they slip  
Between the guardian wings.)  
And God says, "Hush and give them way!"  
The prayers that little children say.

There are a freedom and grace in all that Post Wheeler sings, whether in plaint of passionate lover or touching upon the sacred mysteries of life. His lyrics palpitate with vitality, not only charming the intellect, but creeping into one's heart to nestle there and win for him recognition as one of the foremost poets of the day. Perhaps the quaint epitaph in his "Rococo" voices the author's criticism of those who might never grasp the meaning of "Love-in-a-Mist":

Out of the dead man's breast  
Orchids sprouted, richly dressed;

Out of the dead man's eyes  
Pansies purple as evening skies.

But out of his heart no flower had grown,  
For his heart was naught but a rounded stone.

## FOR AN AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN LONDON

By ANGLO-AMERICAN

SOME time ago an attempt was made to organize an American Chamber of Commerce in London, but, for reasons not necessary to mention, the attempt was abandoned. The idea was revived a few months past, and while it is not certain that it will be immediately successful there are indications that the much-needed institution will be an established fact before very long.

American trade in England is developing so rapidly and the commercial relations are becoming so close and reciprocal, that it is difficult to understand why an American Chamber of Commerce in London has not been an accomplished fact before now. It is true that the same conditions do not prevail in England which confront the American merchant in France, and for the better understanding of which the American Chamber in Paris was formed, but there is abundant work for such a Chamber in London if it did no more than follow the example of the Paris Chamber, which was established "to examine questions concerning the industrial relations between the United States and France; to protect the mercantile interests subsisting between individuals and firms in the two aforesaid countries, and to take all measures which may facilitate and protect the transactions of business between them."

There is an Anglo-American Chamber in Brussels, which was established in 1898 by English and American business men located in that city and in Antwerp. It is a flourishing institution.

Germany is keenly alive to the advantages offered by Chambers of Commerce in foreign cities, and according to German press reports is considering plans for establishing some in the

most important commercial cities abroad. The various German commercial bodies are vigorously urging their establishment.

Great Britain has practically no Chambers of Commerce in other lands save in her own colonies and with the exception of the Anglo-American Chamber in Brussels before mentioned and the old established one in Paris.

France has some thirty Chambers of Commerce in foreign lands, and the yearly subvention budget of the French Government includes a considerable sum for the purpose of helping them.

Italy, too, has established and is supporting many.

Chambers of Commerce founded by one country within the limits of another date from about 1870, when Austria established one at Constantinople. Since that time the idea has spread, and foreign Chambers of Commerce have been uniformly useful to the commercial interests of their own countries.

The United States now has Chambers of Commerce in Paris, Brussels, and Manila, though the last-named can scarcely be classed as in a foreign country. The establishment of similar institutions in the leading emporiums of trade of the world will be of immense benefit to the expansion of American commerce. All assistance should be given to the movement to found one in London.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN ATHLETICS

By GEORGE VANCE

**A** CONSIDERATION of competitive results and comparative records irresistibly suggests the superiority of the American track athlete. Though no transported American team has escaped defeat, none has quite so egregiously failed as have British teams in like situation; though an American team abroad has won almost, and if acclimated doubtless would have done so quite, no visiting British team has come near victory, even when so well-conditioned as to surpass previous performances at home. Assuredly very good arguments for the above contention of American superiority are to be found in the two contests which perhaps stand out most prominently in the history of international athletics: one, the record-breaking games held at New York City in 1895 between the London and New York Athletic Clubs, in which the latter was the winner in *every* event; the other, the recent university contest, in which Oxford and Cambridge, though for the first time on such an occasion acclimated visitors, were defeated in the proportion of two to one, and the result of which doubtless would still have been an American victory had either Yale or Harvard represented their country alone.

Turning aside from the consideration of the performances of American and British athletes when in competition with each other, the results of which may be so readily explained away by any to whom they may be distasteful, let us consider their respective performances under most favorable conditions, that is to say, their comparative records. It will surprise many

to learn that American records have never been beaten by the British, nor even equaled, except in two events, of those usually contested, but such, if our sources of information are correct, is the fact. And of those two events, one, the two-mile run (the other being the running broad jump), is a race that has received scant attention in the United States and only recently been introduced in intercollegiate contests. If, as is conceivable, the history of Anglo-American competitions is not convincing of American superiority to all minds, especially those British, a comparison of records should establish the point.

But in one aspect of the situation the British have cause for gratulation. While generally inferior in a majority of the events usually contested, they are well nigh universally superior in distance-running. In every inter-university contest ever held all races of 880 yards or over have been won, and easily, too, by the representatives of the English universities. This superiority is such a patent fact that it is likely that the American athlete will set to work in characteristic fashion to make good his deficiencies, and will not be content with the result of the international games till he has won with considerable regularity the one-half mile, mile, and two-mile. The work, however, must reach deeper than it is likely to. A change must be wrought in the habits of American boys. We take it that British success in long-distance running, and in rowing, as well, is not to be accounted for by a superior general style but by a larger individual experience. Every healthy English boy, from the moment his legs will hold him or he can hold an oar, is walking, running, or "pulling" for the most of the rest of his life. An American boy, except for quick dashes to reach a desired goal or to escape the hand of authority, does little running. Except for an infrequent game of "hare and hounds," he runs no great distances. When he is taken in hand by the college trainer, that skillful individual is eminently successful in getting out of him (or into him, which is it?) that high degree of speed which wins the 100-yard, 220-yard, and 440-yard dashes, but without the early hardening

process as a foundation to build on no trainer can turn out a great "miler." There are the differences in mode of life and qualities of mind at the back of this question of athletic superiority and inferiority, and it will be long before the English leave off winning those events that require endurance, or the Americans, those that require dash and knack.

The best of feeling has always characterized these international meetings. They bring the two peoples closer together, and develop that more intimate acquaintance which has been an unconscionable time coming. They should be more frequent. Surely no year should pass that the two countries do not meet, through their universities at least, not only on the cinder path but in every branch of athletics.

## IN DISTRICT No. I

*(An Economic Novel)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XLI—(*Continued*)

DESTINY had folded his arms across his chest and was a picture of general defiance.

"This is very irregular," remarked Cuyler; "and I certainly should not have expected such an interruption from the experienced Captain Westeron. However, the object of our inquiry is to ascertain the truth, and we are prepared to overlook an irregularity that aids us on our way. But your remark, Captain, at once suggests a further question, as you must yourself perceive. Was the statement you admit having made to Dr. Blauenfeld on Monday evening true or false?"

"It was a lie, your Honor," replied Destiny, firm as a rock, but not venturing to look in Lydia's direction.

"It was my duty to tell it," added Westeron, hotly; "just as it was the duty of Admiral Spinks there, or of George Washington, or of any other officer, to tell lies from morning to night, if victories could so be made more secure. I am at war with crime; and if, by telling a lie, I can more easily capture a criminal, I'm going to do it all the time. And I'm none the less an honest man for it, either."

"And where do you draw the line?"

"At conviction."

"At conviction?" repeated Cuyler, in surprise.

"Yes, your Honor. The war isn't over; the victory isn't gained, until then."

"Is the Court to understand, Captain Westeron, that, in New York City, for example, it is the duty of police officers

to offer false testimony if thereby they can ensure the conviction of accused persons?"

"Not in every case, your Honor. But where we know we've bagged the right game, and where we've got to fight alibis and all kinds of lies, it's often our duty to lie a little harder, and so win the day."

"Then it is *you* who judge the case, and not the Court and jury?"

"Juries don't count, your Honor. The very rules for selecting them are purposely arranged to secure the least intelligent men of the community. And the judges know that the police who work up a case are a good deal better able to form a correct opinion than the courts that simply look on at a kind of sparring match or game of chess, and have to decide cases on what the two sides choose to put forward, instead of on the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Do you mean to tell us, Captain Westeron," said I, "that your presentation of the case against Mr. Wyndham is to be true or false, just as you yourself may deem expedient?"

"No, your Honor," replied the doughty Captain. "In the Legion, men are treated as men, and the proceedings of the Grand Councillors appeal to sense, honor, and truth, instead of to technicalities and tricks. In this particular case, too, Dr. Blauenfeld is meeting it squarely and fairly. I don't say I've got any doubt as to this prisoner's guilt—I'm too old a police officer to make any mistake—but I do say, so long as he's in this court, he shan't have to meet any lying testimony. In New York you wouldn't have found me admitting I told a lie to Missy Doc. last Monday night—not much. But here, before your Honors, I'm a man, and I've got to tell the truth, no matter whether it cuts for me or against me."

If all this was craft on Destiny's part, it was admirably done. Whatever our opinion of legal ethics in general, and of New York police testimony in particular, we felt that Westeron was "on the square" in the case before us. But I don't think it was craft. I believe the man honestly expressed his real sentiments, and was prepared to lie through thick and thin

as a matter of what he considered "duty," just as readily and sincerely as he would stick to the truth when he considered he was called upon to act the "man." It is, perhaps, needless to observe, that Destiny's very admission of lying tended to make the case look blacker against Henry.

"Dr. Boreen," said Lydia, after this interlude, "my own remembrance is that, while we were riding back from the farm, I asked you where Captain Westeron was going after we had quitted him in the park, and you replied in these words: 'He (here you hesitated a little)—he didn't say. Home, I guess.' Were those your words to me, or were they not? Pray pause and try to recollect, before you reply 'I disremember.' And do remember what their Honors and Captain Westeron have just been saying as to the majesty of Truth and the honor of Man in this tribunal."

"Faith, how can I be expidct to remimber the *exact* words—and hesitations, if you please—of every trifling conversation with a young lady?" pleaded poor Tom, after a long and painful wait.

"That is asking me a question. It is not answering mine. Did you, or did you not, speak those words to me, or words to the same effect?"

"I'll not intirely deny that I used them."

"Very well. Now tell me how Captain Westeron entered Mr. Wyndham's room when you were sitting there, and when Miss Drax and I were in the room overhead. Did he enter by the door or by the window?"

"'Twas the finest of nights and the window was wide open. Sure, the Captain came walking across the garden, and stepped in just natural-like, instid of botherin' little Mary Morley with the door-bell."

"Had you previously told him of the sleeping-draught?"

"He could have seen it in my report-book."

"That is not an answer to my question."

Here Westeron sat down and scribbled something in pencil on a piece of paper which he then screwed up and tossed to Boreen. He did it so openly that I think he wished the Court to take notice of it. If so, he had his wish.

"Captain Westeron," said Cuyler; "the Court cannot allow a prosecutor to make confidential communications to an independent witness during cross-examination."

"I have no objection to your Honors seeing it," was the reply.

The paper was immediately passed up to us, and Cuyler read it aloud. It contained the following words: "For God's sake, Tom, don't spar with her. The more you tussle, the more she'll knock the stuffing out of both of us."

The effect was like sunbeams suddenly streaming into a dark room. There was a universal shout of laughter, in which even Eliza, Henry, and the Admiral joined. Lydia sat down in her chair, and fairly cried with merriment.

When, however, order was restored, the girl sprang to her feet, and, as gravely as you please, continued her questioning.

"Had you previously told Captain Westeron of the sleeping-draught?"

"Yes."

"Did you expect him to visit you while you were watching the sleeping Henry Wyndham?"

"Yes."

"Had you arranged with him to come and join you in searching the pockets of Mr. Wyndham's clothes?"

"Yes."

"Is the window of the room in which Miss Drax and I were laughing and talking immediately over the window through which Captain Westeron entered from the garden?"

"Yes."

"Did Captain Westeron leave by the window?"

"Yes."

"If Miss Drax and I had happened to be looking out of the window of the room in which we were, would it have been possible for us to have seen and recognized Captain Westeron as he arrived and departed? You will remember the moon was shining."

"Yes, I consider you could have recognized him."

"And a similar recognition would have been possible on

the preceding night, the Sunday, would it not, if we all had been there?"

"Yes."

"I presume, Miss Drax," said Lydia turning to Eliza, "that you are making a verbatim report of these proceedings?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Eliza, who, in fact, had been doing so since the proceedings began. She was a speedy and accurate stenographer.

"Dr. Boreen," resumed Lydia, "what became of the international note that you say you and Captain Westeron found in the pocket of Mr. Wyndham's coat?"

"I put it back, after the Captain had opened it and taken the number," replied Tom, hotly.

"'Opened it'? What do you mean?"

"It was folded up quite close and small."

"Was it among the Spanish documents?"

"No. After we had taken out the packet of papers, Captain Westeron found the folded note lying at the very bottom of the pocket."

"And did you put it back in the same position?"

"I think we did. But we were in a hurry. Just as we had taken the number of the note, and were beginning to look at the Spanish papers, you and Miss Drax made such a noise that Wyndham showed signs of waking. So we had to put the note and papers back in a rush, and switch off the lamp, and get Captain Westeron into the garden again, without losing any time."

"One more question. Did either you or Captain Westeron 'plant' that new eagle in Mr. Wyndham's waistcoat pocket?"

"I declare to God that neither of us did," replied Boreen, very solemnly, and lifting his right hand on high.

Lydia turned to Henry.

"Show your pocket once more, Mr. Wyndham," said she.

The young man pulled forth the lining, which Lydia looked at closely.

"Stand up, if you please," she continued.

Henry stood up, and Lydia, taking the skirt of his coat

in her hands, commenced feeling it with her pretty fingers. Suddenly her face looked graver, and she said:

"There is a paper here. And there is a hole in the seam of the pocket, through which a paper may easily have worked its way."

While speaking she was busily engaged in causing the paper to retrace its path; and, in a few seconds, we saw a corner of it projecting from the broken seam. Taking this between her finger and thumb, she drew forth a little folded document, and opened it. It was an international note for \$1,000 and bore the number 11,033,475.

Captain Westeron and Tom Boreen looked on triumphantly. The former drew a note-book from his pocket.

"I have here, your Honors," said he, "a list of the international notes issued by the Legion Bank to Michael Smith. Formal evidence of this will be here in two or three days. Meantime, I may point out the number of this note on the table before you appears in the list."

The Admiral still sat grim and silent; but his chest was heaving, and tears were trickling down his cheeks. Henry, too, would, I think, have succumbed, if Eliza's hand had not caught one of his.

Lydia's gentle tones once more broke the silence.

"I admit, your Honors," said she, "the gravity of the evidence now before you. I was little aware—and I venture to say my ignorance was shared by Mr. Wyndham—that Captain Westeron had such serious facts to go upon. I cannot resist a remand. But, before the case is adjourned, I desire to ask whether any connection of any kind whatever can be shown between Mr. Wyndham and this Michael Smith. I ask this because we, on our side, are able to show that Mr. Wyndham has been in Europe until a month ago."

"I am glad Dr. Blauenfeld has asked this question," said Westeron, whose face was glowing and gloating. "It is, thus, her hand, and not mine, that tightens the noose."

What a thrill of horror ran through our hearts, as the Captain made this cruel allusion! The Admiral groaned, and

Eliza blanched; but Henry merely frowned, though I warrant he also warmly pressed his sweetheart's hand. Lydia gazed straight into Westeron's eyes with the awful, grave, noble, stern look described in the letter he had received from Inspector Perkins. He literally shrank beneath it.

"Produce such evidence as you have," said the girl.

Westeron thereupon laid before us the article in the *New York World*, describing how a young man, corresponding in appearance to Wyndham, had been seen, under mysterious circumstances, near Smith's house, on the afternoon of the fatal day.

"And, as a final and conclusive link, your Honors," said he, "I produce this certified copy of a letter found by the New York Inspector of Police in charge of the case. It is a letter introducing Henry Wyndham to Michael Smith."

He triumphantly passed the document up to Cuyler. It was a copy of the Comte de Villenac's letter to Michael Smith—the original having been returned to Perkins to be exhibited at the inquest. Cuyler read it aloud, and, while he was doing so, I studied the faces of Boreen and Lydia. The former was frowning and scowling. The latter was grave, but so beautifully serene that my old heart (which I confess was sympathizing with the Admiral and Henry) grew sensibly lighter.

"It is a trite, but true saying," remarked Lydia, when Cuyler had finished, "that the darkest hour's before the dawn. I respectfully ask that the further hearing of this case may be adjourned until Tuesday next."

An order was made accordingly, and we went our respective ways; Cuyler and I to sup with and console the stricken chieftain, Boreen to brood solitary over many dark thoughts, Eliza and Lydia to take high counsel together, and Westeron to escort Wyndham to the county jail.

## CHAPTER XLII

## THE "HALES" AND THE "HEADS" OF THEM ALL

In spite of the two prodigious peals of thunder that had disturbed the meeting in the Mote-house, and in spite of the oppressive atmosphere, the banked-up clouds on the horizon, the red sun, and all other foreboding signs, the storm had not yet swept down upon the Burgh of Clyde. Friday morning dawned, and the country still was undevastated. But gloom had increased. The sky was fully obscured. There was no sunshine. All was hot, and dry, and suffocating.

The minds and hearts of men were also storm-charged. The audience in the Mote-house had been left to disperse itself, without any explanation of the strange scenes it had witnessed. Wild stories were current. One dominant note, however, was heard over and above all others. Even the women of Clyde joined their husbands, sons, and sweethearts, in a chorus of love and admiration for the orator of the day.

During the morning Eliza paid a visit to Wyndham in the jail, and Lydia called upon the Admiral, Cuyler, and myself, at the County Building. One of the advantages of the system of judicial procedure adopted in the Legion is that a perfect freedom of action exists. We have no barriers of etiquette and other shackles of the mind. Accused persons, advocates, witnesses, and judges may all see each other and converse and discuss together without impropriety. A trial is not a game of chess. It is a genuine attempt to ascertain and set forth the true facts of the case, and to arrive at a fair and just decision. It is the biblical system adapted to modern conditions. Every person who really believes that King Solomon was the wisest of men must approve of our judicial system.

Thus, then, Cuyler and I had no hesitation in allowing Dr. Blauenfeld to tell us all she knew. We, in turn, acquainted her with all that had taken place in Washington, and with all that Inly Merritt had told us. Admiral Spinks was present at the conference, and was mightily cheered. The agitation

that had mastered him on finding his long-mourned only son still alive, and a heroic factor in the great exploit of the Battle of Havana, had given place to resolute joy. As for the charge of murder, he treated it with majestic scorn—which, indeed, was our feeling, too—and yet he admitted that the meshes of circumstance were adroitly and closely woven, and rendered Henry's extrication a task of some difficulty.

Lydia did not, at that time, tell us of Boreen's disclosures to her concerning the O—— T—— and M—— B——. All this we heard subsequently from Tom himself. Hence, on the Friday morning of which I am speaking, we were unaware that Inly Merritt was regarded by the Irish conspirators as probably implicated in O'Brien's murder, and as probably seeking to murder Boreen himself. We did not even know the real meaning of the letter of introduction given by the Comte de Villenac to Henry; and, when Eliza returned from the jail, all she could tell us was that Henry himself was also in the dark. De Villenac had merely told him that the so-called Smith could exercise influence of a character to secure Henry a command in some foreign force, and could safely be shown his Havana credentials. And, when Henry was approaching Smith's house, he had taken all his papers from his pocket to see that they were in order, and had suddenly discovered that the letter of introduction was missing. This caused him to desist from calling on Smith until he should procure a fresh letter from Paris; and, in the meantime, he decided to support himself by becoming a legionary. It seemed also that he dared not appeal to any American friend, or make himself known in any way, because he firmly believed his father's stern sense of duty would insist upon his (Henry's) being arrested and tried as a deserter from the United States Navy, notwithstanding his gallant deeds. All the cajolery of Eliza's caresses and Lydia's beauty-pointed arguments had been required to make him consent to the course L. B. had so dramatically arranged and carried out at the Mote-house.

"My dears," said the old Admiral, as he sat listening to the statements, "you have given me credit for being a little

foxy when I had the tussle with the Dons. I perceive that Master Henry has inherited his father's craft."

"What *do* you mean, Admiral?" exclaimed Eliza. "I am sure he is perfectly frank and open."

"I see Grand Councillor Cuyler is reading my meaning in some eyes that are as mischievous as they are kind and blue," was the Admiral's reply, delivered in such a tone that we all laughed, and even Lydia blushed. Cuyler, of course, was scarlet.

"Still, I don't see—" began Eliza.

"Let me suggest," interrupted Lydia, "that—as a friend of ours would observe—some old proverb ought to have said:

'A man caressed to change his way,  
In joy of doubting long will stay.'"

Eddie hid her face in her hands—and saw.

Finally, Lydia assured us, with an air of mystery, that she felt certain her appointed interview in the afternoon with Merritt and Simms would enable her to pick up some very useful information. It was, therefore, agreed that the girls should visit Birnie's camp, and, in view of the threatening weather, should sleep at Pigeon River Farm, and then, on the morning of the next day, Saturday, should ride into the Burgh and should report to us with a view to concerting measures for further proceedings.

In the meantime, matters were not moving pleasantly at the Vagrants' Home. Captain Westeron, after seeing his prisoner safely ensconced in the county jail, had returned to his quarters, where he spent the evening gloomily enough. Neither Dr. Boreen nor Dr. Blauenfeld visited him; neither cigars nor juleps comforted him. He was woefully ill at ease. Now that he knew Henry Wyndham to be Henry Spinks, the American hero, all his patriotism loudly protested against the idea of so noble-hearted a young fellow being implicated in sordid murder and robbery. Yet the evidence was strong, and he had embarked his police self upon the theory of Henry's guilt. Then, too, there was his bet with Lydia! Resign all that made the world beautiful, and life good, the very marrow of his soul! Rather let a universe of heroes perish!

The morning came, and still no Lydia or Boreen. Uncle Cain told him that the former had walked over to the County Building to breakfast, and had not mentioned his, Westeron's, name; while Dr. Boreen was walking about the hospital, and in and out of his study, attending to the patients, but frowning and holding no conversation with any one.

At length the mail arrived. It brought the official documents connected with the inquest on Wednesday, and also a letter from Inspector Perkins, which ran as follows:

"**MY DEAR DICK** :—I send you a formal letter and documents confirming my telegrams of Wednesday, and I hope by this time you have your Henry Wyndham safe under lock and key. The case is, as you say, a pretty strong one, and I had no difficulty with the coroner or his jury, or with the Secretary of State. Still, my friend, go a little slow. Don't *commit* yourself to the Wyndham theory. Keep some flank movement open. *Why* I say this is because I think the letter of introduction *must* have been dropped before Wyndham was seen in the wood. That would account for his turning back, instead of coming on and calling on Smith then and there. Besides, it is clear that the man who fixed up Smith had an appointment which *was known in advance* to Smith, or, else, why should Smith take care to send the Soars away? There's evidently a connection between Wyndham and Smith; but I don't think Wyndham's *our* man. I was glad enough to let the verdict at the inquest go against him, because that will put the real man off his guard. So, I repeat, don't *commit* yourself to the Wyndham theory. We shan't be able to *make* a conviction.

"That wonderful she-Dr. of yours has the *right* clue. She's going on the little spike-driver. I got a telegram from her this morning saying she had found the peculiar metal of which the instrument is composed is the same as that of some other manufactured by Astor & Tevis of Pittsburg, and she suggests that I should go to Astor & Tevis and find out whether they recognize the spiker and can say to whom they sold it. Bully for beauty! I've got over the almighty *mash* of my existence; but I don't forget Dr. B.—not by a darned sight. She's the wisest, the loveliest, the fairest, the queenest, the deliciousest, the bewitchingest, the *greatest*, darling that ever lived. Tell her so with my love, and tell her that I start to-night for Pittsburg. I may not be able to do much

to-morrow, as it's the Fourth; but on Friday I'll make hay, you bet. Look out for a telegram in cipher from me on Saturday morning.

“Yours,  
“JIM.”

Westeron did not swear once during the perusal of this letter. He trembled; that was all. Surely Lydia was right about his smoking too much!

The calm was too calm to last, though. Presently the Captain dashed his fist down on the letter before him, as though it were friend Jim's nose.

“The d—d fool!” he exclaimed. “Why can't he keep his d—d opinions back till he knows about the eagle and the note? Jim Perkins is too d—d previous! He always was! Gad! if I don't hedge, though. I'll send this letter, just as it is, to L. B. She'll see I'm *straight*; and it'll please 'em all. Besides, the bet was man against man. *My* man's all right, and her's isn't, even if he gets clear. He's mixed up in the job, and has got some of the loot with him. She won't be able to say I haven't won the bet. Here, you, Uncle Cain!”

That worthy was within hearing, and rapidly appeared, while Westeron was enclosing Perkins' letter in an envelope addressed to Lydia.

“Take this letter over to the County Building and be sure and give it to Missy Doc., with Captain Westeron's compliments, and hoping she and Admiral Spinks and the Grand Councillors are well. If Missy Doc. has gone, find out where she's gone to, and take her the letter. Now, do you understand?”

Uncle Cain always understood what was wanted when an errand involved a call on Missy Doc.; and he started gleefully on his mission, leaving Westeron in the act of lighting a fresh cigar and contemplating another julep.

The letter reached Lydia just as we were sitting down to dinner. What zest it communicated to our appetites I need not explain. The Admiral ordered the dignified Charles Pinckney to sumptuously entertain Uncle Cain in the servants' hall;

and he insisted on broaching a magnum of his very choicest champagne, in which he pledged the health and happiness of the guardian angels, as he called them, who had come to the aid of his son and himself. Nor did he forget to pledge Dick Westeron's also. He said he thought the worthy Captain was acting like a man, rather than as a police officer.

"Destiny's a *better* man than he seems!" said Eliza drily, as she set down her glass.

"How very English your pronunciation is becoming, Eddie!" remarked Lydia.

Eliza smiled knowingly, and L. B.'s eyes softened with the dear puckering, while Cuyler, the Admiral, and I looked admiringly,—unaware of the confidences that had been exchanged between the delightful girls overnight.

During all this time, what was Tom Boreen thinking of? First and foremost, he was furiously vexed with himself. He wondered why he had kept the Wyndham episode concealed from Lydia. Ah! if he had only known that Lydia's interest in the young man was on account of Eliza! What a miserable figure he had cut during the cross-examination! Even blunt, coarse Destiny had outshone him! And then, his stooping to aid in the dirty artifices of a police-officer—he, of all men,—he who had such cause to vow eternal warfare against policemen! And his lies to poor, frank, beautiful Lydia, in the very midst of a confidential conversation! How she must despise him! *Could* he reinstate himself in her good opinion? Would she, with her high soul and noble thoughts, admit that all was fair in love and war? Had she not, in her oration, alluded to the doctrine in a manner which indicated the scorn that it evoked in her pure mind? Would it not be better to appeal to her mercy—to cry *Peccavi! Miserere me!* Was it not possible that she would reply, "Thou hast greatly sinned but all is forgiven to thee, because thou hast greatly loved"?

In the midst of these thoughts, and while Boreen was gazing passionately at a document in Lydia's own handwriting—it was but a prescription, which he had filched from the Women's Hospital—as he stood by his study table, he heard

a tune being whistled by some one in the back street upon which his study window opened. The tune was "The Wearing of the Green."

He flung down the paper and rushed to the window. In the street a man was standing wrapping a handkerchief round his wrist and whistling. No one else was visible; the hour being near dinner-time and the people of the Burgh, for the most part, in their houses.

"Ri!" said Boreen, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the man, but standing back from the open window, so as to be out of view of any chance passer-by.

The man ceased whistling.

"Bourbon," said he.

"Where shall we meet?" asked Boreen.

"Will it do, if I come round to the hospital and say I have sprained my wrist, and should like you to bandage it for me?"

"Yes, I will be walking about, and will take you to my study, exempt from being booked."

The plan succeeded, and without any of the hospital attendants noticing anything to excite remark, the stranger was introduced to Tom's study. It is hardly necessary for me to say he was Terence Foley, the new Ri of the Eastern division of the O——T——.

"Whin I got your telegram," said he, "tilling me ye had run the spy to earth, 'twas me jewty to come on at once. I'm glad to see yoursilf still to the fore, me jule."

"This Merritt hasn't quite filt his feet, yet," returned Boreen. "He goes by the name of Warner, and is working at a camp on Pigeon River, about four miles from here. There are woods all round, and he'll be asily soothed. Who are you, while you're here?"

"I've registered at the Hotel as Patrick Collins, and I'm supposed to be an architect from Boston, on a holiday, wanting to see the famous College and Mote-house of the Township of Clyde, in District No. 1."

"Good! You must explain that you fell and sprained your wrist, and I bandaged it for you. Carry your arm in a sling,

and show yoursilf *will*. Divil a one will suspect *you* of sooth-ing the spy; even if you get the opporthunity and do it with-out first arranging an *alibi* with me. And now, what's the news of the money?"

"Sure, thin, I'm thinking we're on the track of it, me jule. It's here, in Clyde, if I'm not me own ancistor."

"Here?"

"Listen, *ma bouchal*. Last Chewsday night, 'twas the illigant Rose Gallagher hersilf that came to me, and showed me this letter."

He produced from his pocket an envelope which, on being examined by Boreen, was found to bear the Clyde postmark of June 30th, 1907, and to contain an international note for \$1,000, together with a letter in an evidently feigned hand-writing, couched as follows:

"DEAREST MISS GALLAGHER:—Good fortune has her eye upon you, and thinks you too pretty to remain hidden where you are now. She sends you the enclosed step toward inde-pendence. When her messenger comes (very soon) please don't frown or run away. You may know him by his asking you whether there are any lucky people in Newport News. Go with him. You will come to no harm. He has many more like the enclosed, and is

"Your admiring H. W."

As he read this letter, Tom's head and heart were in a whirl.

"What do you make of it, Ri?" he asked.

"It's yoursilf that knows what a bewildherin, deludherin, colleen our Rose is. Misther Allan of the Traysury, who wint round with the spy, is foriver laughing the hoops off his ribs at the way in which she resaved the little Merritt and twisted him round her little finger with the hales of him over the head of him. And you'll remimber he asked her about good luck. Well, by this and by that, I think the small baste of a spalpeen is thinking of *buying* our Rose with the money of O—T—. May the ould gintleman soon call for him, with the coach of hell and tin divvils as outriders! And, whin he's soothed, if he's carr'n the money with him, I'll get it. If he's

got it in his tint, or anywhere in the Burgh, *you* can watch for it whin the body's found, and thin the riprisintative of Michael Smith can come to the fore and claim it. The only thing that bothers me is why he put 'H. W.' instid of 'I. M.'"

"I can explain that," said Boreen; and then he told Foley all about the Wyndham episode. They both agreed in thinking that Merritt had contrived to introduce the gold and note into Wyndham's pockets, and had written the letter to Rose, signed by Wyndham's initials, as a matter of precaution in the event of Rose proving impracticable.

Foley then left after arranging to make a reconnaissance of Birnie's camp, and to report progress to Boreen the next morning.

When Tom was by himself once more, he read and re-read the letter with great delight. It eased his conscience as to the "soothing" of Merritt. It gave him the hope of recovering the lost funds, and thus proceeding with the long-planned uprising in the west of Ireland. And, best of all, it put a potent weapon into his hands for his battle of love with Lydia. He could show it to her as a justification of his proceedings against Wyndham; and he could take credit for keeping it secret and not revealing it to Westeron, who might make fatal use of it. There was a suspicion of a contradiction between these latter ideas; but Tom Boreen was an Irishman, and "the hales of him were over the head of him," with all the sweet confusion of love. Cuyler has never seemed disposed to blame him *very much*.

*(To be continued.)*

## Personal and Incidental

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### IN CASE OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN WAR

In the course of a discussion in the Royal United Service Institution of London, says the New York *Sun*, the point was made that the most dangerous combination in a war against Great Britain would be that of Russia and the United States. A letter from Captain Mahan, of five years ago, was quoted, in which he replied to a question whether war between this country and Great Britain was possible, that "terrible as the fact was, he could not hide from himself the conviction of its possibility." The possibility, even the probability, that in such a war we should have Russia as an ally seemed to be assumed by the speakers in the discussion.

Whence, in such a contingency, would England get her food supply? was the question all hands accepted as of pivotal importance. Captain Murray, starting the debate, had said that "of our total imports of wheat, or 22,500,000 quarters, 14,500,000 come from America, 5,000,000 from Russia and Roumania, and 3,000,000 from the British Empire." "So we are completely dependent on Russia and the United States for our food," continued Captain Murray, and "if they chose to unite against us it would be only necessary for them, in the words of Mr. Seth Taylor, the great miller, to 'sit on their stocks,' and we should be forced to submit or starve." "Secondly," he went on, putting forth another proposition, "even if France and Russia united, it is possible for them by cornering the American wheat or even by attempting to do so, and by forbidding all exports of food-stuffs from the Euxine, to at once raise provisions to famine prices in this country, and drive them up still higher by capturing a few merchant ships by their commerce destroyers; whereby, with a starving and rioting population, we might be compelled to submit even though we held full command of the sea."

Lieutenant-General Lord William Seymour thereupon proceeded to suggest that for the 20,000,000 quarters of wheat now obtained from the United States and Russia a great part could be got from Canada. "Our great Dominion of Canada would be ready to supply the largest quantity of wheat to this country," he ventured to suggest; but he added this proviso: "if sufficient and safe transport was given for this corn from the northwest territories into English bottoms in the St. Lawrence and at Halifax." That was a fatal admission, as Lieutenant Bellairs of the British Navy proceeded to explain, thus:

We have seen pretty well what would happen to any railway in the event of our being opposed to a nation capable of raising large forces of mounted men. The Canadian Pacific Railway would be very quickly overrun. Canada would be overrun and supplies would not come to us from that direction.

That is very true and obvious. So far from being an element of strength Canada would be a source of weakness to England in the event of war with the United States. General Sheridan, after studying the subject, came to the conclusion that we should have little difficulty in overrunning Canada in three weeks and completely shutting it off as a source of supply. Accordingly, it would contribute nothing whatever to help England in the settlement of the awful food problem which war would bring up for it at once.

The question of war between England and this country, with or without the alliance of Russia, ought not, however, to be so much as debated. As Lieutenant Bellairs remarked: "A war with the United States would be a most criminal war and one that we could hardly maintain." Even in the sure victory which would come to us there could be no adequate reparation for the terrible loss and anguish experienced.

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#### IMPRESSIONS OF BRITAIN'S NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES

Charles Steckler, an American who recently returned from a trip to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland, in a newspaper interview made the following interesting observations:

"We had a most enjoyable time," said Mr. Steckler, "and were particularly impressed with what we saw on the west coast of Newfoundland. It is a wonderful country, and while you

were sweltering in New York we were wearing winter clothing and overcoats.

"Very few transients visit the west coast. There is only one steamship, and she is an old tub that plies between the ports there and any foreign country. We were on this steamer for about twelve days and made stops at Codroy, Bay St. George, Bay of Islands, Bonne Bay, and other points. For hundreds of miles the west coast is one continuous ridge of mountainous black cliffs, and the coast is strewn with the wrecks of iron vessels, many of which went to their doom because of the lack of lighthouses and fog-bells. But the climate is magnificent.

"The people on the west coast of Newfoundland depend almost entirely on fishing for a livelihood, and a strong sentiment prevails for federation with Canada, as the fisher folk feel that their rights are not safeguarded. The 30,000 people on the west coast are very much dissatisfied. They have no representative in Parliament and the man who is supposed to represent them is chosen from St. John's, on the east coast. The western people have never seen him.

"Newfoundland is one of the oldest of the British colonies, and Premier Bond has invited Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, to St. John's to meet the Duke of York when he arrives. It is expected strong representations will then be made in the interest of the complaining colonists.

"So far as the west coast is concerned the Newfoundland dog is a myth. We did not see a canine of any kind, and there are very few horses there.

"The fishing is very good and there are great catches of herring and lobster. In Bay St. George as many as 30,000 barrels of herring are caught in the fall of the year. It is to safeguard their fisheries that the 30,000 people on the west coast want representation in Parliament. If they don't get it trouble is probable.

"The Mayor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, treated us most cordially. He escorted us to many points of interest, notably the very fine public gardens. These are very extensive, yet they are maintained in their splendid condition at a cost of \$20,000 per annum. Tammany's administration of the parks could find a grand object lesson there.

"The people of Cape Breton are very progressive, and this

is specially noticeable at Sydney and North Sydney, where in a few years the population has grown from 500 to 15,000. The merchants are very enterprising and are preparing to establish lines of steamships to carry coal to Europe and also to the Pacific Coast."

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#### THE SAYINGS OF GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS

Mr. George Fred Williams, an ex-Congressman from Massachusetts, who recently returned from a trip abroad, upon his arrival home indulged in the following playful remarks about affairs "across the water." It will be noted that Mr. Williams enjoys the distinction of being that irresponsible personage in American politics, an "ex." He said:

"I am glad I am not in English politics, for the speeches made are meaningless and have no point to them. Still, you read in *The Times* of the wonderful and masterly oration delivered on the previous day by Mr. Asquith and of the bold and cutting words of Mr. Gray. I heard both these gentlemen speak, and their sayings were unintelligible to me, and the editorials, while heavy, had no point or pith to them, yet they were fulsome with praise for the speakers mentioned. I have an impression that those gentlemen, as well as the editorial writers, have a high political imagination, and that's all. The Boer war has proved a terrible blow to England. It has cost her her military prestige, and the people of the Continental countries are astonished at her weakness. This state of affairs is viewed with the greatest alarm in Germany, which has always considered England to be her powerful ally in case of trouble with France and Russia. Now the people of Germany realize that England, being unable to suppress a small force of Boer farmers, would be a poor ally in case of a conflict with the trained millions of soldiers in the armies of France and Russia. Even should the Boer war end now, the seizure of the two Republics and whatever gold and diamonds it may ever bring to England will never pay her for the loss of her military standing among the other nations."

---

#### AMERICAN VISITORS IN LONDON

The elements of Americanism everywhere evident at present are about the only refreshing feature of the dog-days. The enthusiasm of our trans-Atlantic friends unconsciously serves to

span the wearisome break in the seasons when "everybody" is out of town, and life is scarcely tolerable to the unconsidered victims whom business enchains prisoners in the heat of the city. Americans pervade every corner of the metropolis, from the "Cheshire Cheese," enticed there by memories of Johnson, to Westminster Abbey, and their genial manner and free criticisms infuse interest even in a Londoner's mind regarding the famous landmarks of the great capital with which he is familiar, although familiarity does not mean knowledge. 'Busmen plying between Ludgate and Victoria are most conscious of the American invasion which reaches the full tide toward the end of August and lasts until September closes. These worthies of the whip are daily entertained with Yankee praise and a lavish allowance of adjectives, and London contains no more willing, intelligent, or assiduous guides. It is with very evident pride they denote with a characteristic jerk of the whip places to be seen and remembered. Let the American having cause to patronize a 'bus traversing Park lane but ask his driver to point out the houses of notabilities along the route, and he will find he has struck a veritable mine of unsuspected knowledge, freely and fully given. With their usual thoughtfulness the authorities have arranged to illustrate to our visitors what has grown to be the normal condition of our streets. The Strand is in that state of upheaval to which the Londoner has grown accustomed but has never become reconciled; but this may only be to enable our honored visitors to gain a good view of the Thames and the Embankment from the airy top of the penny 'bus, or to acquaint them with that labyrinth of hotels around Northumberland avenue which is the more or less happy hunting-ground of so many globe-trotters.

The percentage of American people in England is no greater comparatively than that of English people in Paris, New York, Switzerland, or Italy, but they assert themselves even more strongly than the Briton abroad, albeit in a more agreeable way. Their mannerisms of speech and dress are unmistakable. The adoption of the short tweed skirt among traveling American women is as sensible as it appears universal. The typical American girl whom we meet every day in town is wearing a stout pair of boots, a heavily bound skirt, for the most part lavishly stitched round the hem and gray or blue in color; a cashmere

blouse of liberal dimensions, the inevitable belt and appendaged purse, also of liberal dimensions, and a flat, slightly trimmed hat carelessly swathed in veiling or silk. She usually presents a very prepossessing appearance, and from a comfortable, hygienic point of view the shortened skirt as worn by our younger cousins is delightful; it very clearly demonstrates the fact that every woman cannot wear a short skirt and look well.—*London Telegraph.*

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#### CANADA'S SELF-RELIANCE

Canada, the Montreal *Star* says, has resolved firmly upon the policy of developing her home industries. Whatever party is in power will be obliged to recognize this as the wish of those who think on such subjects and influence people who do not. We have already done too much to build up the industries and advance the prosperity of our neighbors. We buy too much from them, and sell them too little, but there is grave danger that in any new deal our lot may become worse instead of better. The hope, the ambition, the dream of patriotic Canadians is to see Canada a country filled with an industrious, prosperous population, developing her marvelous natural resources, selling the world her finished product, and not the raw material to be used in furnishing skilled labor with means of livelihood in foreign countries. This end can be attained, and is being attained, by a policy of protection of home industries, not as retaliation against our commercially inhospitable neighbors, but as the deliberately decided-upon policy of Canadians of all parties. The condition, which protection has brought about, of bringing industries and investors from the United States into Canada, is better for us than to be sending our raw material to be worked up on the other side of the line.

---

#### IT MIGHT BE SO IF IT WERE NOT IN THE "JOURNAL"

The interesting rumor comes from Toronto that upon the return of the Hon. Edward Blake and his brother, Samuel A. Blake, from Great Britain, they will be joined by Sir MacKenzie Bowell, ex-premier of the Dominion; E. G. Prior, formerly a minister of the crown from British Columbia; Chief Justice Armour, of Ontario; George Lauderkin, M. P.; Henri Bourassa, M. P., and R. Lemieux, M. P., in the formation of a party favor-

ing the independence of Canada as a prelude to continental union. If the report be true the next Pan-American congress may be able to welcome a new American republic, as the last one welcomed one in Brazil.—*New York Journal*.

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#### AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD STRATHCONA

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, High Commissioner from Canada at London, was interviewed upon his recent arrival in America from England by a New York *Herald* reporter. The following extracts from the interview are interesting:

Although eighty-two years old, Lord Strathcona has the mental vigor of youth, and the burden of years has not bent him physically. He is of more than average height, stands erect, and his full beard and hair are snowy white. His gray eyes are kindly, but flash when speaking of England's right to continue the war against the Boers. Every one knows how Lord Strathcona equipped a mounted regiment at his own expense, and sent the "Strathcona Horse" to South Africa. The motto of his heraldic shield is "Perseverance," and the beaver gnawing at the base of a tree, which is the crest, denotes activity and a desire to produce results. He is affable and gentle and appreciates a humorous situation, yet dignity is ever present. "There is only an imaginary line which separates Canada from the United States," he said. "Our interests are identical."

"I am a bit of an American myself, for my first business venture was in the St. Paul and Northern Railroad, which is now a part of the Great Northern Railroad, in which I am interested with Mr. J. J. Hill. The most cordial relations exist between England, Canada, and the United States, and always will, although there may be a wholesome competition for supremacy in some lines of commerce and manufactures. When you speak of the threatened trade supremacy of the United States, I say 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"What do you think of the Boer war as it now exists, and is there a feeling against the war prevalent in England?" was asked.

"It is truly a pity to see the war continued, but I believe the fight is a just one. The Boers by their ultimatum forced a war which England could but accept. If I had myself doubted the justice of our cause I would never have fitted out the Strathcona

Horse. There is pity for President Krüger in England. Many believe he is a misguided man, but for his cause they have no sympathy. I believe the most generous terms should be given the Boers when peace is declared. They should ultimately be given self-government, like that of Canada or the Commonwealth of Australia, which, you know, is as full of personal liberty as your own government of the United States."

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#### THE KING ALFRED MILLENNARY

The four days' ceremonies at Winchester, England, in connection with the national commemoration of the one thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred the Great culminated September 20th in the unveiling of Hamo Thornycroft's colossal statue of Alfred. In the presence of a vast concourse of delegates and officials, Lord Rosebery unveiled the great statue. In the course of his eulogy of the Saxon King, the ex-Premier said: "King Alfred wrought immortal work for us and for our sister Nation over the sea, which in supreme moments of stress and sorrow is irresistibly joined to us across the centuries and across the seas."

In the absence of United States Ambassador Choate, owing to the death of President McKinley, from the luncheon at Guildhall, Charles Francis Adams responded in behalf of the American delegates. He took occasion to mention the appreciation of the Americans for the "deep, spontaneous, all-pervasive, sincere sympathy manifested by Great Britain at the time of America's national bereavement."

The statue of King Alfred by W. Hamo Thornycroft, R. A., is one of the largest single figures in bronze ever produced in the United Kingdom. From the base to the tip of the upraised arm measures seventeen feet. The sheathed sword is detachable, and somewhat increases the height. All the rest of the statue is in one casting. The statue is placed on a pedestal consisting of two immense blocks of gray Cornish granite, each block weighing no less than forty-six tons. The statue represents King Alfred holding an upraised sheathed sword in his right hand, as though just after speaking the historic words, "I have at last secured peace." His left hand rests on a shield of the recognized Anglo-Saxon form.

A representation of the statue, with appropriate inscriptions

and decorations, which were very carefully chosen in view of the necessity for historical accuracy, was given in the invitations issued by the Mayor, Corporation, and citizens of Winchester to persons in the United Kingdom, the British Colonies, and the United States to be delegates at the ceremonies.

In honor of the Alfred Millenary a British ironclad has been named after the Saxon King.

In the city of New York, also, there will be a celebration, the programme of which will include a service in St. Paul's Chapel on the evening of Sunday, October 27th, at which a discourse upon the life and example of Alfred will be delivered by a noted professor. On the following day a banquet will be given. President O'Brien of the Board of Education will be asked to instruct the teachers in the public schools to address their pupils, impressing on them the debt that is owed to King Alfred as the father of popular education. The Trustees of the New York Library, now being built, will be asked to set apart an alcove or annex to be known as the Alfred Memorial Library, to contain literature relating to the Anglo-Saxon period. The Lenox Library will give an exhibition during the months of October and November of books and manuscripts relating to Alfred and his times.

---

#### CANADA OUTSHOOTS THE UNITED STATES

In the contest at Sea Girt, N. J., for the American Centennial Palma Trophy, emblematic of the world's championship, the Canadians won by a margin of twenty-eight points, the final score being 1,522 for Canada as against 1,494 for the United States. The utmost good-fellowship prevailed during the match, which was very close up to the last stage. Two of the members of the Ulster Rifle Association of Belfast, Ireland—W. T. Braithwaite and Thomas Robertson—acted as coaches for the Dominion representatives, and the Americans had General B. W. Spencer, with some of his officers, attending to them in a similar capacity. The conditions of the contest called for the use of the national arm of the country represented by the teams, so that it was practically a duel between the American Kraag and the English Lee-Enfield weapons. The Canadians used orthoscopic sights, while the Americans had service sights. The shooting was at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards range.

**UNITED STATES-CANADIAN CRICKET**

At Ottawa on September 11th was decided the international cricket match between Canada and the United States. The meeting was on the grounds of the Ottawa Cricket Club, where for the nineteenth time since the annual series began the United States proved victorious. The game was well contested, however, and the margin of victory—94 runs—does not indicate the plucky manner in which the Canadians fought every inch of ground. They never gave up the fight until their last wicket fell, and played the up-hill game throughout in the same spirit as if they had every prospect of winning.

**ANGLO-AMERICAN CRICKET**

At Philadelphia on September 23d the first international cricket match between Captain Bosanquet's team of English amateurs and eighteen Philadelphia colts ended in a victory for the Americans by 187 runs. In a subsequent game with another Philadelphia team the Englishmen won. And in a game with a New York cricket team, still later, the English cricketers gained another victory.

**HONORS FOR CANADIANS**

Upon the occasion of the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Canada, the following prominent Canadians were honored:

Made Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George—the Hon. Sir John Boyd, Chancellor of the High Court of Justice of Ontario; the Hon. Louis Jette, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec.

Made Commanders of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George—Mr. Joseph Pope, Under Secretary of State; Dr. Peterson, Principal of McGill University of Montreal; the Very Rev. George Grant, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston; the Rev. Oliver Matthieu, Principal of Laval University, Quebec; Mr. Oliver Howland, Mayor of Toronto, and Major F. S. Maude, Coldstream Guards, Military Secretary to his Excellency the Governor-General.

Made Knight Bachelor—Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

## EDITORIAL JOTTINGS

A DOZEN British workingmen are in the United States on a tour with the avowed purpose of studying trades conditions in America. American competition is being felt in England. These visiting delegates will doubtless be shown practically anything they express a desire to see. But if they were American laborers visiting England to study conditions, how different would be the opportunities given them. Secrecy and mystery would envelop much that is open to all to see in the United States. That's one difference between methods of business conduct in the two countries.

---

IN front of one of the New York newspaper offices the other night a man was writing bulletins. "Respiration" he wrote "respiration;" "unconscious," "unconscious;" "in extremis," "in extremes," and gave various other original renderings of the English language. An old gentleman in the crowd watching the bulletin boards turned to the lady who accompanied him and remarked: "That fellow, also, seems to be having a bad spell."

---

LEAVE her alone. It is merely persecution to try to drive Mrs. Bresci, widow of the Italian anarchist, from the community where she now lives. If her husband was an anarchist, it does not follow, nor has it been shown, that his widow is also one. As long as she lives quietly with her children and minds her own business, let her do so. Why disturb her? Leave her alone, Mr. Mayor.

---

BEING closely up-to-date is a truly American attribute. As a typical example the following is given: At five o'clock Friday afternoon President McKinley was shot at Buffalo. On a bulletin board in front of a New York exhibition of waxworks the following morning appeared this announcement: "Czolgosz, the Would-Be Assassin of President McKinley."

---

DID it ever occur to an American manager that perhaps, after all, some American plays are booed in London simply because that is all the plays merit? In times past it was "the pit" that often made or marred a play; now it is "the gallery." This, too, should be borne in mind by the astute American play-producer in England's capital.

WITH Winston Churchill, Winston Spencer Churchill, and Francis Churchill Williams, the name of Churchill would seem to be fairly well distinguished among literary people.

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TAKING into consideration the temperament of the new chief executive of the United States, it is not likely to be Precedent Roosevelt.

---

WHETHER the Constitution follows the flag or not, it has been proven that it follows the Columbia.

---

IT is a truly right royal reception Canada's royal visitors are being given.

---

THE *Shamrock* is a daisy—if the Hibernianism may be permitted.

---

WILL it still be, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"?

---

"WHAT Women Can Do in Politics"? Men.

## Book Notes

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The experiences of so ardent a lover of nature and so lucid a writer as Professor John C. Van Dyke of Rutgers during two years in the great Colorado-Mojave Desert ought to make exceedingly pleasing and profitable reading. His book is brought out by the *Scribners* under the title, "The Desert: Further Studies in Natural Appearances." The author of "Art for Art's Sake" and "Nature for Its Own Sake" has here produced a book full of originality and unexpectedness, witchery and impressiveness. He gives us not only a complete picture of the desert in its various phases and features, but a chronicle of the æsthetic and moral sensations awakened in this unique environment of vast and desolate space, with its mystery and awe-inspiring power.

Among announcements of new books published by *Longmans, Green & Co.* is "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," by Andrew Lang. This book is an investigation into the character of Queen Mary, and especially as to her relations with the Earl of Bothwell and the other murderers of her husband, Lord Darnley. The author has enjoyed the advantage of using authentic materials hitherto unknown to historians, namely, a number of the MSS. employed by Mary's enemies in getting up their case against her.

A book that should be read with great interest is "The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War," by Edward T. Cook, recently editor of the London *Daily News*. This work is published by *Edward Arnold* (London), and the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: ". . . It is not only the best but the only book on this particular branch of the subject, the only book, that is, that analyzes in detail and with fairness the course of events from the beginning of the reform movement in Johannesburg till the outbreak of the war. . . . Its author is one of the keenest and most catholic minds engaged in English journalism. . . . For the first time one gets a bird's-eye view of the tangled and confused negotiations that preceded the war. . . . What before was a blurred and bewildering chaos becomes under his treatment a consecutive narrative of keen and even exciting interest. . . . But what

makes his book really valuable is its sobriety and its accuracy. . . . It makes appeal to those who care to have that most difficult of all subjects—the history of their own times—set forth without passion but with real knowledge. It is not likely that any better study of the rights and wrongs of the Transvaal war will, or, indeed, can, be written."

"Victoria, R. I., Her Life and Empire" (*Harper's*), is the intimate, authoritative life of Queen Victoria, written by her son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, now the ninth Duke of Argyle. No other author could have performed this task so ably. In 1871 the Marquis of Lorne married H. R. H. Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of her Majesty the Queen. Besides the rare advantage of being a member of the Queen's family, and thus having access to the more intimate details of her history, the Marquis of Lorne is an author of much versatility and charm. The present Life of the Queen will be profusely illustrated with characteristic and authentic portraits and scenes from the Queen's life.

London dispatches, which announced that the British were about to coöperate with King Menelik of Abyssinia in his expedition against Mad Mullah, added interest to Messrs. *Harper & Brothers'* publication of "Twixt Sirdar and Menelik," which they issued September 5th. Its author, Captain Montagu Sinclair Wellby, unfortunately was killed in the Boer war, after surviving the siege of Ladysmith. There is no doubt whatever that his travels in Abyssinia in 1898-99, so entertainingly recorded in this book, and during which he became fast friends with King Menelik, have had a considerable effect toward rehabilitating British influence with this monarch. Captain Wellby was warned by his friends of the impossibility of penetrating to the interior of Abyssinia, owing to the antagonism of the king; but his extraordinary success fully justified his daring. He relates that he was obliged to appear before the king in full dress at seven o'clock in the morning—one of the amenities of Abyssinian etiquette. The story of his adventures, from the killing of elephants to the cultivation of friendly relations with strange native tribes, is very modestly written, but the reader becomes aware of an unusually agreeable personality behind the pen.

A collection of the poems of Edwin Emerson has been issued in book form by the *Carson-Harper Company*, of Denver. In the November **ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE** a more extended notice of this little volume will be given.

About the middle of October the *Scribners* will publish a series of essays by W. C. Brownell, author of "French Art," under the title of "Victorian Prose Masters." This book will be a source of the keenest intellectual pleasure and stimulus to all lovers of the great literature

of their own time. The Victorian Prose Masters who are its subjects are Thackeray, George Eliot, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and George Meredith—a group which probably includes the chosen "master" of every reader who has felt strongly literary influences. With every such reader the volume will find an uncommon welcome.

Shan F. Bullock has written a collection of stories in his "Irish Pastorals" (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*) which pluck the very heart out of the old country. They show her bog lands and her meadows, her grayness and dour mists, her beauty when the golden dowry of sunshine is hers. We catch the laughter with the tear behind it, the shrewdness underlying all the extravagance of humors, the unutterable pathos of the nipped lives of these most patient of the earth's plodders. "Fourteen pence a day in the summer an' a shillin' in the winter, an' nothin' when it's wet, an' the milk of a cow between the seven of them an' what rotten praties 'd grow on half an acre o' ground."

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The

# Anglo-American Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST  
OF ALL WHOSE LANGUAGE IS ENGLISH

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Anglo-American Publishing Co.

NEW YORK

99 Nassau Street  
25 Cents

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50  
FOREIGN, \$3.00

LONDON

59 Chancery Lane  
1 Shilling

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THE  
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

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MAXIMITE \*

By HUDSON MAXIM

[Mr. Hudson Maxim, the famous smokeless powder inventor, was born in the town of Orneville Me., Feb. 3, 1853. He received an academic education, both classical and scientific, at the Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, Me. Immediately after leaving school he engaged in the publishing business at Pittsfield, Mass. Of one book published by him nearly half a million copies were sold by subscription. His mail matter frequently amounted to a ton a day, and he used more than \$20,000 worth of postage stamps during the year 1883. Upon the introduction of the Maxim gun by the Maxim-Nordenfelt Guns and Ammunition Company, Limited, of London, in 1888, Mr. Hudson Maxim became the American agent for that company. Upon the conclusion of this contract, in 1891, he built two powder mills at Maxim, a small town near Lakewood, N. J., named for him. It was there that the Maxim-Schupphaus smokeless powder was developed, which was afterward adopted by the United States Government. He sold his smokeless powder patents to a large firm of powder manufacturers just prior to the Spanish war. One of his more recent inventions, as well as one of the most important, is the new high explosive, Maximite, which has lately been adopted by the United States Government as a bursting charge for projectiles, and which forms the subject of the present article. He has invented a new compound called Motorite, which is designed for the generation of power for driving automobile torpedoes of the Whitehead type and small torpedo boats. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. The process of making calcium carbide continuously by electrical incandescence of the carbide formed, now in general use, was invented by him, and on this important invention he has recently received United States letters patent. He has upward of sixty patents now pending on important inventions in the United States Patent Office.—EDITOR ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.]

**M**AXIMITE, the new high explosive which has been adopted by the United States Government as a bursting charge for shell, is one of the most powerful high explosive compounds known to science, being about fifty per cent. more powerful than ordinary dynamite and somewhat more powerful than pure nitro-glycerine. Among

commercial high explosives, it is equaled only in shattering force by nitro-gelatine and pure picric acid. It has a high specific gravity, giving it enormous explosive force per unit of volume, which is a great desideratum in a shell filler.

Notwithstanding its high explosive value, Maximite is an exceedingly insensitive compound. It is practically

\* Reprinted from the Journal of the Military Service Institution, by special permission of the Institution



Hudson Maxim.

unaffected by shock, and will not explode from ignition even if a mass of it be stirred with a white-hot iron. The writer has actually poured melted cast-iron upon a mass of Maximite without causing an explosion. When heated in an open vessel, this explosive will evaporate like water, which serves to prevent its temperature from mounting to the explosion point. Shells are filled with Maximite by the simple process of melting and pouring. The explosive cools in a dense and solid mass, and in the act expands like sulphur or like water in freezing, which causes it to adhere firmly to the walls of the projectile and prevents the formation of air spaces in the charge.

The experiments at Sandy Hook which finally resulted in the adoption of Maximite were very thorough and exhaustive. A large number of ex-

plosive compounds by different inventors and manufacturers were simultaneously tested.

About three years ago, the Ordnance Department of the United States Army undertook the thorough investigation of the subject of high explosives, with a view to the obtainment of a high explosive compound adapted to the requirements of the service as a bursting charge for projectiles. Nothing in use by this or any foreign country at that time known to the Board was considered satisfactory, and it was determined, if possible, to find a compound which should have advantages superior as a shell filler to anything possessed by foreign Governments. The Ordnance Board, with headquarters at Sandy Hook, New Jersey, have had charge of this work, and a large number of explosives of

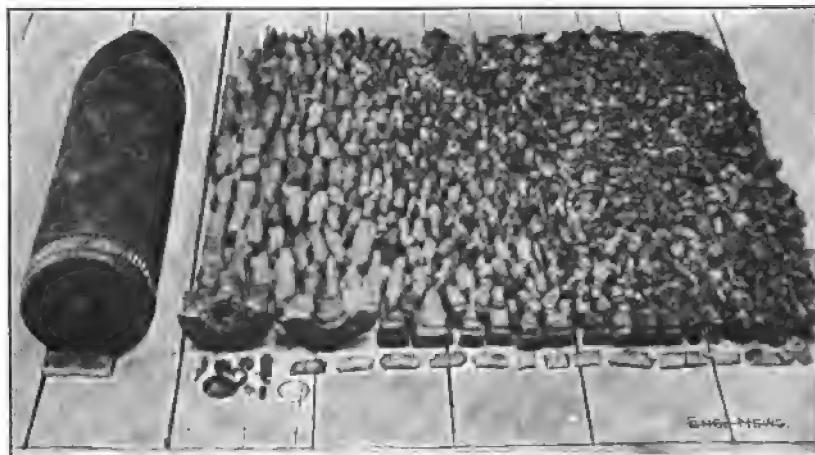
widely different composition have been tested. The work of the Board has been marked by great thoroughness, attention to detail, and the strictest impartiality. It is doubtful if ever before in the history of ordnance such an able corps of military engineers, so thoroughly versed in the state of the art and competent to pass judgment on explosives in exact accord with merit, was detailed to the investigation of this subject.

The *Scientific American* of July 13th last, in commenting on the work of the Ordnance Board at Sandy Hook, made the following remarks, which I can do no better than quote:

"The Ordnance Board is composed of some of the ablest engineers and scientific men among the officers of the United States Army, and men admirably adapted to this work. The members of the Board are Major Rogers Birnie, president; Capt. William Crozier, well known as one of the inventors of the Buffington-Crozier

disappearing gun-mount; Capt. O. B. Mitcham, inspector of explosives; Capt. B. W. Dunn, Government expert on fuses and high explosives at Frankford Arsenal, and inventor of a new shrapnel which outclasses anything before done in this line, also inventor of the new Government detonating fuse used with such successful results in the recent high explosive tests at Sandy Hook, and Capt. E. B. Babbitt, commanding officer at Sandy Hook.

" . . . At the beginning of these tests, had the Board outlined what it would have considered an ideal explosive as a bursting charge for projectiles, the requirements would, we imagine, have been about as follows: Perfect chemical stability, or keeping qualities; very great explosive power; high specific gravity, giving it as much force as possible per unit of volume; great insensitiveness, so great as to make it incapable of detonation from shock, rendering it not only safe for projection from guns at high velocities, but capable of withstanding the far greater shock of penetration of armor plate as thick as the strongest armor-piercing projec-



Twelve-inch forged steel armor-piercing shell—weight 1,000 lbs.—before and after exploding with 70 lbs. of Maximite. There are about 7,000 fragments shown in the photograph from which this illustration is made.

tiles themselves can pass through. It should be comparatively inexpensive to manufacture. It should be capable of being melted at a comparatively low temperature, and it should be incapable of explosion from ignition, enabling it to be melted over an open fire, as occasion might require, and without any danger, for filling projectiles. It should be incapable of detonation from overheating, but should boil away like water on the rise of temperature beyond a certain point. It should solidify in the projectiles, forming a dense and solid mass, incapable of shifting even on striking armor-plate. Such we imagine to be about as high a standard of excellence for a high explosive as the most sanguine could have hoped for. From what we have learned of Maximite, in light of the recent tests, it appears to possess all these qualities in a high degree, and the United States Government is to be congratulated upon the efficient manner in which these tests have been conducted, resulting in the obtainment for the service of such a valuable high explosive."

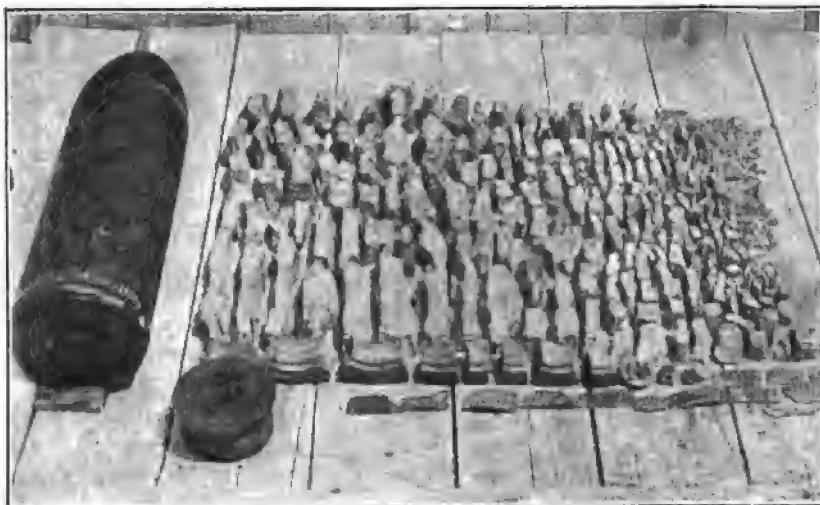
The *Scientific American* of May 25 last, in commenting upon the significance of the important work done

at the Sandy Hook Proving Ground, says:

"One does not need to be an artillery expert to appreciate the great significance of the results obtained during the last two or three weeks at Sandy Hook in a series of Government tests of the new high explosive Maximite. It is safe to say that just now there is no problem of greater interest in naval and military circles than that of carrying charges of high explosives in shells through armor-plate and bursting them within a fort or battleship. We have heard a great deal of late about the English explosive Lyddite, which is, like Maximite, a picric acid compound, but is altogether wanting in the remarkable insensitiveness to shock shown by the latter explosive. When the battleship *Majestic* fired Lyddite shells against the *Belle Isle* last summer, the shells passed through the skin plating of the vessel and burst within it; but whenever they struck the armor, which was of an old and easily penetrable type, they exploded harmlessly on the outside. Elsewhere in this issue it is told how at Sandy Hook shells of all sizes, from six-pounders up to twelve-inch,



Fragmentation with 70 lbs. of Maximite of another 12-inch forged steel A. P. shell, which beautifully illustrates, by the regularity in size and the ragged character of the fragments, the terrific violence of the detonation.



A thousand-pound forged steel A. P. shell, before and after exploding with a nitrate of ammonia compound, the effect being nearly identical with that produced by wet compressed guncotton. The length and size of fragments and their smaller number, with the unbroken base plug, indicate a much lower explosive force than that produced by Maximite

carried their loads of the new explosive through armor-plates from three inches to twelve inches in thickness, and either exploded the charge in the plate or just beyond it. No such results as these have hitherto been obtained at any proving ground, either here or in Europe. When it is remembered that the new compound is far more powerful than wet guncotton; that it has an explosive value equal to that of nitro-gelatine and picric acid; that not only can it be fired from powder guns at the highest velocity with safety, but that it will withstand the far greater shock of penetrating any armor-plate that the projectiles themselves can get through, we can well understand that the ordnance officers are much gratified with the results. These Sandy Hook tests show that in the matter of high explosives the United States Government has a long lead over any other."

The first test to which the high ex-

plosives were submitted by the Ordnance Department at Sandy Hook was one for chemical stability, that is to say, keeping qualities, for, failing in this, any explosive would be worthless, regardless of its character in other respects. The stability test of an explosive consists in a thorough investigation into its chemical composition, supplemented by what is known as the heat test, where a quantity of the material is heated and maintained for fifteen minutes at an elevated temperature in the presence of a piece of test paper, treated chemically in such a manner as to render it exceedingly sensitive to any products of decomposition. Maximite stood this test for two hours without showing any signs of change. The next test was to place a small quantity of the explosive in a confined space and subject it to the



Two views of a fragment of a shell exploded with Maximite. On the left of the first fragment, which was the inner surface of the shell, is seen the flattening and stretching effect of the blow which was received from the explosion, as though it had been heated and then struck with a sledge hammer, the force of the blow being so sudden and severe that the whole outer surface of the shell, except a small piece seen hanging to the fragment on the right, was knocked off by the force of the impact. On the right is an opposite view of the same fragment, showing where the piece was jammed upon a neighboring fragment with such force that its surface was made to flow like wax.

shock of a falling weight, which is successively raised and dropped at varying heights until sufficient alti-

projectile, together with the recovered fragments, 7,000 in number, is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations.

The next test was to fill a five-inch projectile with Maximite, and fire it without a fuse through a nickel steel plate three and one-half inches in thickness. The shell was afterward recovered intact from the butt behind the plate, and then buried in sand and exploded. Eight hundred and fifty fragments of the shell were recovered.

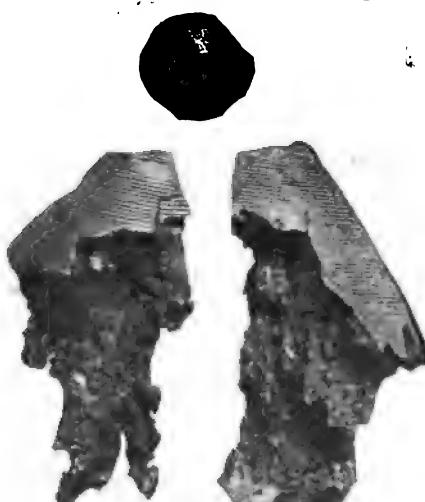
About a dozen seven-inch projectiles were then filled with Maximite, armed with the service detonating fuse to effect their explosion, and fired from a howitzer through a wooden screen, the fragments going into the sea. All of the shells exploded on passing the screen, and so violent was the detonation that a deep furrow was blown in the earth under the shot and the effect upon the water where the fragments



Base portion and fragment of the body of a 3-inch shell which was filled with Maximite and armed with a point fuse charged with 50 grains of fulminate of mercury. On exploding the fuse, the shell was broken by the fuse alone, leaving the Maximite intact, as seen, filling the base portion and adhering to the small fragment. This was a test for insensitiveness, and proved that 50 grains of fulminate of mercury is inadequate for the detonation of Maximite.

tude is reached to cause an explosion. Maximite stood this test in a most remarkable manner.

A twelve-inch forged steel armor-piercing projectile was then filled with Maximite, buried deep in sand, and exploded with a powerful detonator. On sifting the sand about 7,000 fragments were recovered, and it is estimated that, if all the small pieces which were lost or escaped attention had been secured and counted, there would have been at least 10,000. This



Fragments of the point of a forged steel A. P projectile, exploded with Maximite. Witness the torn and shredded appearance of the pieces.

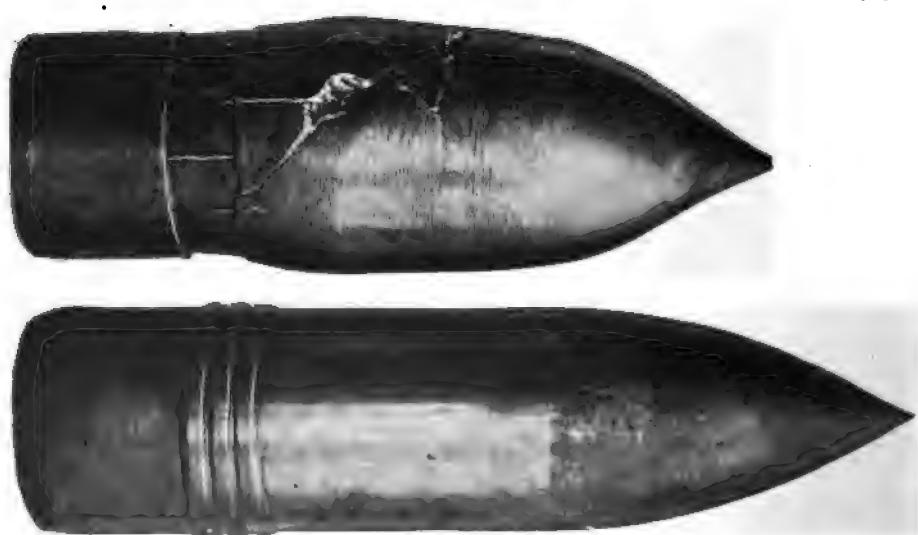
struck was like that of a volley of musketry.

Several of these projectiles were then fired into a wall of masonry, producing the most astoundingly destructive effects.

Following this test, a number of six-pound projectiles were filled with Maximite in competition with a like number of the same shells filled with pure picric acid, melted and cast into the projectiles in the same manner as was the Maximite, and all were fired without a fuse, as this was a test for insensitiveness only. All of the picric acid projectiles exploded on impact without penetrating a steel plate one and one-half inches in thickness, which the Maximite shells passed through unaffected. A number of six-pound projectiles, similarly charged with Maximite, were fired into a three-inch

Harveyized nickel-steel plate. One of the projectiles passed through the plate; another nearly through, remaining stuck in the plate; the third about half way through, also remaining in the plate, while a fourth, on striking the plate, entered about half its length, but yielded under the impact, shortened nearly two inches, swelling out at the sides until it burst open and the Maximite was forced through the aperture. This projectile did not stick in the plate, but rebounded about two hundred feet, striking in front of the gun from which it was thrown, and all without exploding.

This is certainly the most remarkable result ever attained with any high explosive, and it demonstrated beyond peradventure that Maximite is capable of standing a greater shock without exploding than can armor-piercing pro-



Two six-pounder A. P. shells, one showing the shell in its normal shape, the other a shell which was filled with Maximite and fired at a 3-inch plate, entering about half its length, upsetting, as shown, until it broke open at the side, some of the Maximite being forced through the aperture. This shell rebounded from the plate about 200 feet and struck in front of the gun from which it was fired, all without exploding. This was a test for insensitiveness, the shell carrying no fuse.

jectiles themselves withstand. When we consider that this explosive is fifty per cent. more powerful than ordinary dynamite, that it is even more powerful than pure nitro-glycerine, and that it will stand such treatment as this without being set off, no one can deny that there is something unusual about it.

In one of the accompanying illustrations is shown the plate here referred to, with the Maximite shells just sticking through, and in another of the illustrations is shown the distorted projectile which rebounded from the plate.

The next test was one to demonstrate that Maximite was sufficiently insensitive to stand the shock of penetrating armor-plate when used in twelve-inch armor-piercing projectiles, where the column of explosive is very long. One of these projectiles, charged with seventy pounds of Maximite, was fired without a fuse through a seven-inch Harveyized nickel steel plate, and the projectile was recovered intact from the sand abutment behind the plate. This thickness of plate is as great as this particular projectile is made to pass through, so that the Maximite in a long column proved itself capable of withstanding the shock of penetrating as thick armor-plate as the shell was made to stand. A Harveyized nickel steel plate, five and three-quarter inches in thickness, was then erected and supported by a structure shown in the accompanying illustration, and a twelve-inch armor-piercing projectile, charged with seventy pounds of Maximite and armed with a detonating fuse, was fired at it. The fuse acted so as to

explode the projectile when it was about two-thirds through the plate. The detonation was something terrific and the plate was shattered to fragments, and some huge pieces were hurled several hundred feet, while the structure supporting this piece of armor was entirely demolished.



Points of unexploded 6-pounder Maximite shells, left sticking through a 3-inch plate, in a test for insensitivity.

The principal fragments of this plate were recovered, re-adjusted as nearly as possible in their original position, and photographed as shown elsewhere in this article. The violence of the explosion was well illustrated, not only by the breaking up of the plate, but by the character of the ragged ring of metal about the seat of the explosion, also by the scoring of the intensely hard face of the plate by the fragments of the shell.

A Harveyized nickel steel plate, twelve inches in thickness and weighing thirty tons, was then erected, and supported by heavy timbers, backed up by a huge sand butt. A twelve-inch armor-piercing shot, containing twenty-three pounds of Maximite, was



A 30-ton Harveyized nickel steel plate, with heavy backing of timbers and sand crib, ready for Maximite test.



Wreck of 30-ton plate and sand crib by 12-inch armor-piercing shot, charged with 23 pounds of Maximite.

fired through this plate, and recovered intact from the sand butt.

Another twelve-inch armor-piercing shot, also containing twenty-three pounds of Maximite, and armed with a fuse, was fired at the same plate. The fuse acted to explode the projectile when about half way through the plate. Although the quantity of Maximite was but twenty-three pounds, the plate was broken into many pieces, and one fragment weighing several tons was hurled to the top of the abutment, and not a piece of the plate remained standing.

It is difficult to so time the detonating fuse that it will go off at exactly the right instant. It requires only about the one-thousandth of a second for a projectile to pass through the plate. The fuse used in these experiments is the invention of a Government officer, and its construction, together with the detonative material employed, is kept a secret. The fuse is a most remarkable one, as already stated, and has been proven not only capable of safely resisting the shock of the discharge of the gun, but it has been repeatedly fired through the heaviest plate, and when relieved of its striker it successfully withstands this shock without exploding. It is obviously a matter requiring nice adjustment to so time its action that it shall always explode the shell at exactly the right instant. The writer has designed a controlling device for fuses which may be adapted to any type of fuse, and which will act always to explode the projectile at exactly the right instant and when it has passed through an obstruction, whether it be a two-

inch plank or an armor-plate twelve inches thick. It has therefore been fully established that Maximite can be fired through the thickest armor-plate to explode inside a warship where it will produce the greatest effect, and that a fuse has been developed which will cause detonation at exactly the right instant.

The last tests that were made with Maximite at Sandy Hook, prior to its adoption, were with the twelve-inch mortar torpedo shell. This shell is about five feet in length and holds 143 pounds of Maximite. Two of these torpedo shells, each containing the above quantity of Maximite in a column four feet long, were fired from a twelve-inch seacoast rifle with a full service charge of 500 pounds of brown prismatic gunpowder, developing a pressure of about 35,000 pounds to the square inch, and giving a velocity of about 2,200 feet per second to the projectile. These projectiles were armed with a fuse and fired through sand cribs six feet in thickness and faced with heavy timbers. One of the projectiles exploded before it was quite through the sand crib—the other just as it had passed through. The results of the explosion of both these shots were eminently satisfactory. In the first place, they broke all records in the quantity and length of column of high explosive ever fired from a powder gun under service conditions, while the effect of the explosion of the shell was something astounding. The projectile which exploded after it had passed the sand crib excavated a deep crater in the earth underneath the explosion. On going to the scene

of the explosion, a dead ground-sparrow was found in the crater, and a crow, with its wing broken, was also lying near by. These birds had been struck upon the wing by the flying fragments and brought down out of the sky, the sacrifice of their lives illustrating admirably the enormous range covered by the flying missiles. The numerous ragged fragments, as

testing high explosives, the Ordnance Department has developed and tested a detonating fuse, which, as already stated, is the invention of Captain Dunn, a United States Army officer at Frankford Arsenal. In the case of a high explosive which, like Maximite, is so exceedingly insensitive as to adapt it for use in armor-piercing projectiles, it is necessary to



Fragments of a 5 3/4-inch plate, readjusted in position, after explosion in the plate of a Maximite shell, together with the recovered fragments of the shell at the right.

they sped through the air, both in their ascent and descent, produced a weird and ominous sound indeed, and the time that intervened before these sounds ceased told of the enormous height to which the pieces must have been hurled. As one of the private soldiers who was present facetiously put it, "The fragments seemed to be coming down for about half a day."

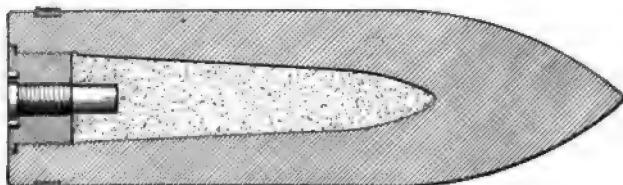
Simultaneously with the work of

employ a very powerful detonator in order to explode the compound after it has passed through the plate. If the secret of Maximite were to become known to foreign Governments, they would be wholly unable to make any use of it, for the reason that no fuse yet developed or employed in any foreign country has sufficient power to detonate Maximite.

The problem of successfully throw-

ing high explosives from powder guns with full service pressures and velocities has involved not only the obtain-

the South African war did not burst with a high order of explosion, as evidenced by the yellow color given to

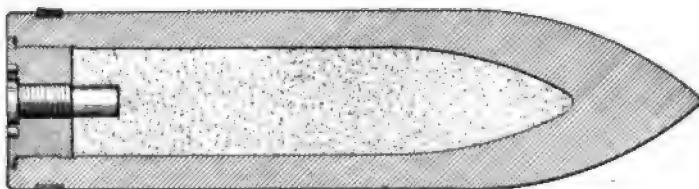


Twelve-inch armor-piercing shot, carrying 23 lbs. of Maximite.

ment of a suitable high explosive, but of a suitable detonating fuse, as well. The British Government, in the use of Lyddite, notwithstanding it is much more sensitive and easier to detonate

objects where the shells burst, the yellow color proving that the picric acid of which Lyddite is composed was only partially consumed.

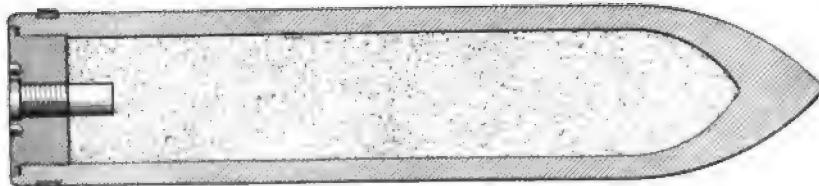
At a very early stage in the experi-



Twelve-inch armor-piercing shell, carrying 70 lbs. of Maximite.

than Maximite, has experienced great difficulty in getting a fuse to carry a sufficient quantity of fulminate, or detonative compound, to explode the Lyddite charge and still safely with-

ments, the Board had found several high explosives among those tested which would stand the shock of discharge from the gun, and had developed a fuse to successfully detonate



Twelve-inch torpedo shell, carrying 144 lbs. of Maximite.

stand the shock of discharge from the gun. It is known that a very large percentage of Lyddite shells used in

them on impact. Notwithstanding that progress had then been made in advance of anything which had been

done abroad and the problem of throwing high explosives from powder guns had been satisfactorily solved, still the Board was not satisfied to rest here, but determined to successfully solve the still more difficult problem of firing a high explosive through the thickest armor-plate and detonating it with a high order of explosion after it had passed through. This accomplished, nothing further could well be desired.

Few people have any idea of how severe is the shock which an explosive must stand in armor-piercing projectiles. So severe is the retardation on striking the plate that the fuse stock, or steel tube which contains the fuse

and extends forward into the chamber of the shell from the base plug, has to be made exceedingly strong and of steel of the finest quality to prevent it from elongating or breaking off from the shock. The Frankford Arsenal detonating fuse stands this shock perfectly.

Maxomite consists mainly of a novel picrate, but its composition is a secret. Many picric acid compounds have been tested by foreign Governments as bursting charges for projectiles with varying success, and picric acid, pure and simple, fused and cast into shells, has been very largely used. The names Lyddite, Melinite, etc., have



Mr. Maxim lighting a cigar with a candle made of Maximite.



Mr. Maxim pouring molten cast iron on a quantity of Maximite without producing an explosion.

been variously applied to experimental compounds of picric acid, as well as to the pure article. The English, French, Russian, and Japanese Governments, and probably others, have adopted either picric acid or some compound of that substance. None of these explosives, however, have proven entirely satisfactory, owing either to

chemical instability or oversensitivity. Maximite, owing to its perfect chemical stability, low fusion point, highly insensitive character, and tremendous shattering power, coupled with the Frankford Arsenal detonating fuse, gives the United States Government a great advantage over what has been accomplished abroad.

## PATRIOTISM AND OPPOSITION

By GEORGE BRINTON CHANDLER

In an article entitled "Roosevelt, the Representative American," which the writer contributed to THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE during the last Presidential campaign, favorable comment was made upon the implied sanction given by the candidate for Vice-President to the principle "One's country, right or wrong." On its face this time-honored maxim might seem to involve a gravely unmoral doctrine, and the paragraph in which it was defended has aroused more or less adverse criticism from sources which cannot be entirely ignored. Through the appalling calamity which has befallen the nation and still weighs heavily upon its heart, Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded to the chief magistracy, and any views which he may have been known to entertain upon subjects of this class have acquired an international significance. It is therefore desirable that the position of those who adhere to this doctrine should be more fully explained and all possibility of misapprehension removed.

It is self-evident that the state has no right to ask a citizen to violate the plain dictates of a sane interpretation of his own conscience. If it were to attempt to do so, he would be justified in resorting either to revolution or expatriation. It would be his duty either to organize a movement for the forcible

resistance of oppression or to retire to some country where his individual sense of right would not be abused. But we sometimes mistake for conscience what is little other than a morbid worship of one's personal dogmas. A man cannot evade the obligations of his political surroundings on the ground that he holds beliefs that clash with them. Occasionally in the process of the centuries a great reformer arises and becomes a rule unto himself and to succeeding generations, but if we were to grant to every person the right to turn prophet and revolutionist, all organization would speedily perish from the earth. What the state has an undoubted right to ask—and this, as I understand it, is what the American of the Roosevelt type means by this somewhat misleading phrase—is that, in all large questions of national policy it is a man's duty to defend and support the active measures of the government, whether he personally approves of them or not, provided, of course, that his support is in any way necessary to their practical execution. Or, to put it negatively, it is one's duty to refrain from any action that would tend to hamper the operations of the government under whose protection one lives. By "defending and supporting" would be meant, in a general way, the cheerful payment of taxes, the bearing of arms,

and the refraining from embarrassing criticism.

Of course this doctrine does not preclude an unlimited amount of pertinent and timely discussion. To deny that right would be to sweep away one of the fundamental safeguards of popular government. The good citizen seeks by all proper means to deter his government from entering upon a policy which he believes to be a mistaken one. Even after such a policy has been undertaken he may continue agitation, if it be purely educative and not of such a character as to retard the material execution of operations already in process. Here, of course, we are venturing upon dangerous ground. It is not discreet to establish general rules too near the border line. Each case must be decided as it arises on common-sense grounds. If, for example, a majority of the voters in a New England town meeting were to vote to build a bridge in a certain place, and work should have been actually begun, the time for criticism and opposition would obviously have passed. It would then become the duty of all good citizens to exert their undivided energies toward getting the best possible bridge at the smallest possible expense. But up to the latest moment at which reconsideration were practicable, it would be the duty of all citizens who disbelieved in the wisdom of the undertaking to use every reasonable device for opposition and obstruction. Or, to take a familiar historical example: after President Lincoln had entered upon active measures for the preservation of the Union, it had ceased to be a question for party re-

crimination and debate; it had become the national policy. The so-called "Copperhead" faction of the Democratic party was merely keeping up a factitious opposition after the die had been cast. Some of them were traitors; others were only foolish. In a great crisis like that the canons of patriotism demand that the good citizen shall tread a rigorously straight and narrow path. The case of the Filipino insurrection, on the other hand, was like in kind but different in degree. The situation was by no means as grave as in the time of the war for the Union, and the undivided support of the nation was not so vital. There was no crisis. No one for a moment doubted the power of the government to restore order within a reasonable length of time. Nevertheless, troops were already in the field; a definite policy for the forcible restoration of order had been entered upon. Right or wrong, wise or unwise, this was the American policy. In any way to impair the efficiency of our own movements, or to give false encouragement to the enemy, meant increased cost, to both peoples, of blood and treasure. Under these circumstances there is not the least doubt that Mr. Atkinson and some of his colleagues, in their excess of zeal, dispatched treasonable literature to the archipelago. It is equally true that many others, who were shown to have been in correspondence with the insurgents, went far beyond the limits of legitimate opposition. Some of the political partisanship, in and out of Congress, has also transcended the bounds of patriotism. The same is true of a portion of the

press. But it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule as to where legitimate partisanship leaves off and technical treason begins. In this country and in Great Britain and her colonies the governments pass over much that by a strict construction would fall outside the limits of freedom of speech, in order to avoid stirring up party violence. It is the part of wisdom generally to let such utterances go by unnoticed and charge them up to the effervescence of democracy—the trifling price we pay for the advantages of representative government.

This license that minorities receive in their opposition to government measures has perhaps led us to forget that under modern representative systems the government always stands for the will of the majority of the people, and that its acts are always the acts of a majority of the people. Of course this receives added emphasis when an election may have been recently held in which the controverted point has been an issue. But for practical purposes it is true at any and all times. To deny this would be to paralyze the entire mechanism of orderly liberty. It would be to deny the authority of the police and the military; it would be to refuse obedience to the tax collector and the custom-house officer. It would be to exalt treason and to put a premium on revolution. At first thought it might seem plausible for the individual to assert: "My conscience shall be my guide; when that forbids, no government of men shall dictate my acts." But the supreme test of this rule, as of any other, is its general application. If you were to

give the same right to every other man, how would it work? Anarchy would result. There must be a responsible authority somewhere. Undoubtedly minorities are often right; sometimes individuals standing practically alone may be right; without doubt governments by majority often make serious blunders and commit grave injustices. But not to acquiesce in their decisions is to invite a still greater train of ills. Until human ingenuity, based upon the experience of the race, shall have devised some better mode of administering the affairs of organized society, the will of the majority as expressed through the agency of its representatives must remain the working standard of right and wrong in the relations between the individual and the state. Either this, chaos, or a dictatorship.

As a matter of fact, what are "right" and "wrong"? Who shall define their application to any particular case? Are they not mere relative terms, with as many applications as there are individuals? In cases of difference of opinion between bodies of men, what shall be the court of appeal? In the practical relations of life—and it is solely with them that we are dealing—there can be no absolute standard except by the arbitrary interposition of some such authority as the government. Perhaps there may be a speculative sense in which these terms could be called absolute; it may be that they are such in the conscience, whatever that may be, of the individual. Those who hung the witches evidently thought so. Conspicuous violators of the law often think so. Leon Czol-

goss claims to have thought so. So, too, do many highly devout and exemplary people hold to this belief. For this latter reason, and doubtless for many others, the absolute right and wrong of the individual conscience is an ideal that it were as unsafe entirely to lose sight of in private life as it would be revolutionary to carry into rigid application in public life. But the inherent unreasonableness of permitting eighty million civic standards of action for a nation of as many million people, need not, it is to be hoped, be further commented upon.

Right here we may remark that it seems to be the fashion among a certain type of sentimentalists (and it is not always easy to speak temperately concerning them) invariably to take the side of the country that is opposed to their own in any international controversy; as though the old-fashioned patriotism of our fathers were a sort of plebeian virtue. They seem to think, especially when the people in opposition shall happen to be physically and mentally our inferiors, that to criticize the acts and motives of their own government indicates a distinctly superior tone of morality. They are "cosmopolitan" in their sympathies. For the strong indignation that speaks in trumpet tones against international injustice no man of healthy moral sense can have anything but unspeakable admiration. It is an infallible index of national vigor. It is always rational in the choice of a time for expression, and for that reason effective in the accomplishment of results. But to keep up a fusillade of peevish criticisms against any and all measures that one's

government may undertake in the preservation of order, merely because they involve the employment of force against a weaker adversary, is neither good morals nor sound common sense. As a matter of fact, the wholesome-minded citizen stands up for his own country on the plain grounds of ordinary gratitude. He supports it on the ground of reciprocity. He sustains its acts because he expects it to sustain his acts. If he wishes to invest his savings legitimately and safely in Venezuela; if he wishes to preach the gospel in China; if he wishes to travel in Asia Minor; if he wishes to be treated with courtesy and respect in the great cities of Europe under the protection of his country's flag; he must in turn give back to his country his intelligent, unwavering, and whole-hearted support. If he expects his country to be ready to go to war for him, he must stand ready to go to war for it. Every citizen, of whatsoever party or belief, enjoys the full benefit of his country's laws. Like the rain from heaven, they fall upon Democrat and Republican, radical and conservative. The man who solicits and accepts the favors of his government and then tries to embarrass or discredit it, is an ingrate. Such is the judgment of society in private life, and such is the unwritten compact between citizen and state. The state finds release from it only when the citizen commits some crime or indiscretion abroad, by which under the rulings of international law it becomes compelled to disavow him. The citizen finds release only in the inalienable rights of revolution and expatriation.

A few general considerations, by

way of conclusion. The primary difficulty with the political notions of a large class of people is that they are enamored of the pleasing art of generalization. They seem to think that true statesmanship consists in the process of establishing certain broad (the broader the better), and eternally true, maxims of government and in making all the world square with them. For instance, many of them, having observed the beneficent results of popular government in this country, have rushed to the conclusion that the ideal form of government for all peoples is that of an independent republic; and they are eager to see it put in universal application, irrespective of the intelligence or political training of the peoples to which it may be applied. Others have become so infatuated with the prospect of universal arbitration of international disputes as to be eager for the immediate establishment of a tribunal of nations, whose decrees shall be binding upon all the world. Even the visible reminders of the four years of warfare that were required in their own country to weld together a stable union out of a people naturally homogeneous, do not seem to suggest to them the insuperable impediments to any form of world league that might be framed among nations speaking separate languages and inheriting diverse customs, laws, and prejudices. On the vague promises of some such Universal Tribunal, they would oppose placing an insurance upon the national peace and security by means of an adequate standing army and a navy large enough to defend our tactical position and widening commercial in-

terests. Others, as we have seen, have established the general principle of government by "conscience," and would commit treason and invite anarchy to carry out their individual theories of right and wrong. Illustrations might be multiplied almost without limit. Uniformity is the vice of dreamers. Nine-tenths of the political vagaries that beset the path of constructive statesmanship may be traced to this shallow type of generalization. Of course the value of right principles,—of what Burke called a "plastic" principle—cannot be overestimated; but in all the practical affairs of men *experience* is the only infallible guide. Government is a matter of convenience, of expediency. The final *desideratum* of any system is not that it is philosophical, or even consistent, but that it shall *work well*; that it shall promote justice, avert disorder, foster education, and stimulate reverence, better than any other form would do under like circumstances. Just as there was no "divine right" of kings, so is there no "divine right" of democracy. The great quest is for a set of working formulas; and among those which, in the long experience of the race, have been tried and found good (for us) is that of majority rule. It serves its high purpose better than any plan that has been heretofore devised. So long as it remains it must be obeyed. The phrase "one's country, right or wrong," is not a happy one. It sounds overmuch like a challenge to personal freedom. Like some people, it suffers from a forbidding visage; but, at heart, it is soundly moral and eminently patriotic.

# WHAT "THE MAN WITH THE HOE" IS LEARNING

BY ROSCOE WILLIAMS GRANT

**I**N national economics the character of a country's population has more to do with the nation's growth and progress than almost any other one element. Political economists have written volumes as to the lines along which a population under normal conditions will rationally move. Movement is presumed to be forward, at least at first; after a time, perhaps, backward. "The Rise and Fall" is the history not alone of the Roman Empire. It is the record, perhaps, of all peoples that have ever attained prominence or that are ever likely to. For, with nations as with individuals, all do not attain the distinction even of a Has Been. A nation that misses its opportunities, like its individual unit of population, may belong to that hopeless class of the Never Was. Still, the normal nation has its era of greatness at one time or another, be that greatness enduring or fleeting. The normal nation is marked by growth and progress. It grows more before it grows less, and at some time in its history progresses by comparison with its neighbors. For progress is relative, and it is only by comparisons, even though they be odious, that we estimate a nation's worth and rank.

To-day, by comparison with its sister nations, the United States is in the front rank of progressive civilization. It has moved along normal lines, for the most part, but at a phenomenal rate of speed. It has matured quickly—almost too quickly thoroughly to appreciate as it went along every ele-

ment of its own strength and relative importance. Beginning small, and as an offshoot from the mother country, England, it has now outstripped the parent land itself in up-to-dateness, resources, and population. But small as that beginning was, the impress of the mother country's character on population has been permanent and marked. Through all the growth of the United States the peculiar qualities of the race that for want of a more suitable name we call Anglo-Saxon, have been ever prominent and even dominant, antagonizing elements to the contrary notwithstanding. After all, as was said in the beginning, it is the character of a country's population that counts. And the character of the population of the United States, taken as a whole, has been, and still is, high. It promises to be even higher.

Populations, however, whatever innate promising elements for success they may possess, cannot perform miracles. There must be some substantial natural basis upon which they may ground their endeavors; and the ground itself, Nature's treasure-house, if sufficiently resourceful, often furnishes that which makes it possible for a population to grow rich and prosperous. The United States has been blessed with a wonderful soil, as to quality wealthy and varied, as to quantity extending over thousands of square miles, millions of acres. Why, then, do we read of "abandoned farms," the drift of population from

the country to the city, and of other evidences of dissatisfaction, apparently, with conditions that have in the past been the very backbone of the nation's power? What is the reason for this nomad disposition seemingly uppermost?

Upon this subject some very interesting information is furnished by Prof. Milton Whitney, Chief of the Division of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture. Prof. Whitney, in a recent government publication, goes into some detail in regard to the causes of this exhaustion and abandonment of the soils, particularly of large areas of land in the New England and Southern States, and in certain sections of the West. He ascribes abandonment to exhaustion, development of new areas and new industries, attempts to grow crops unsuited to particular soils, unfavorable climatic conditions, scarcity of water in desert country, alkali and seepage water, flooding and inundation by storms and tides, labor and expense of maintaining proper physical conditions, transportation conditions, social conditions, and deterioration of soils. On each of these causes he has something to say, but space will not permit reprinting at length his instructive observations. Among other things, however, he states:

"The exhaustion of the soil is due, in my opinion, to changes in the chemical and physical properties of the soil rather than to any actual extraction of plant food. A soil, to be productive, must render annually, as the crop needs it, a sufficient amount of food material in a form available to

the plants. A fertile soil is one in which weathering effects come in at such times and to such an extent as to render available to plants a sufficient amount of this plant food. If that weathering does not take place and the food material is not brought into a condition in which it is available to the plants, the land is as poor as though it actually contained no plant food. I have never in my experience seen a case in which one could say with any degree of certainty, or even of probability, that exhaustion was due to the actual removal of plant food. It is perfectly safe to say that the condition of the so-called worn-out soils in the South is due, not to an actual extraction of plant food, but to the chemical condition in which it now is, in which it is unavailable to plants, and that the restoration of the fertility of that land must be, not necessarily in the addition of plant food to the soil, but in bringing about such changes in the physical conditions or in the chemical combinations as will encourage that natural weathering of the soil which brings the plant food into a condition in which the plant can get its support.

"To emphasize this statement, which may appear at variance with the general ideas concerning the exhaustion of soils, I would call attention to the many cases in which soils have been cultivated for hundreds and thousands of years. So far as we know, within historic times they have been constantly cultivated, and cultivated in the same crops. We have the case of the soils of India, which traditions say have been cultivated for two

thousand years, under primitive methods, without artificial fertilizing, and which still give fair returns of the common crops of the country. We have the case also in Egypt of lands which have been cultivated since history began and where the soils are as fertile as ever. We have all through the southern countries of Europe, and still later in the countries in the north of Europe, in Holland, in Denmark, in France, in England, records of the continuous and profitable cultivation of soils for five hundred years—away back to the time when history first opens up our knowledge of these countries.

"There is one phase, however, that it would be well to dilate upon here, namely, that with our increase in density of population and with the competition that has been going on, we are no longer satisfied with the yields that are naturally obtained from many of our soils, and we have resorted to the practice of fertilization in order to force plants to produce far beyond what the natural fertility of the soil will give.

"There are historic experiments that have been going on in England for the past fifty years in which a crop of wheat has been grown continuously without fertilization, and the yield has steadily fallen from what it was at first (I forgot the figure) until it now produces about 12 or 13 bushels per acre. For the past twenty years there has been little or no difference in the yield, except slight fluctuations due to seasonal conditions, and it is believed that the yield that is now obtained measures approxi-

mately the power of the soil to produce a crop under perfectly natural conditions. It will produce annually, so far as we know, for hundreds of years 12 or 13 bushels per acre. \* \* \*

"The second cause of the abandonment of soils arises from the development of new areas and new industries. There is no question that the opening up of the western country, the great corn and wheat producing States of the central West, the wheat lands of California and of the Red River Valley of Minnesota and Dakota, has had a great influence upon the agriculture of New England and all our Eastern States, and has done much toward bringing about the conditions that are now prevalent.

"In the line of the introduction of new industries I would cite the case of tobacco: Before the war tobacco was grown very generally in the State of Maryland, and since the war it has been grown extensively in the southern counties only; but with the introduction of the White Burley tobacco in Ohio and Kentucky—which produces a large yield and which can be produced with profit at a comparatively low price—the tobacco industry in Maryland has been largely given up, and the effect of this change on the farmers of Maryland has been very disastrous, because tobacco has been one of the staple products of that portion of the State.

"Another instance that I should cite is the development of the truck industry. Fifteen or twenty years ago the truck industry was in a very flourishing condition in Maryland. Truck was grown very extensively on certain

classes of soil which were not adapted to other lines, and there were certain localities in which the people were extremely prosperous. But with the development of transportation facilities, with the opening up of truck areas in the South, in South Carolina and in Florida, and with the production of those early vegetables which could be rushed up to the Northern markets in the winter and early spring, the industry has languished in certain localities to such an extent that it has been given up. That is the cause of the abandonment of farms in certain sections of the Atlantic coast States.

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"Another very important contributing cause to the abandonment of lands has been in the unfortunate ventures that have been made in bringing a people from a distance to settle a region with which they are unfamiliar, and to grow crops with which they are themselves acquainted in the localities from which they come, but which they have no appreciation of as adapted to the localities into which they are going. \* \* \*

"Yet another contributing cause of the abandonment of lands has been in the selection of localities in which there are unfavorable climatic conditions. It may be observed that the semiarid region of the country extends generally from the one hundredth meridian to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and embraces in my definition such areas as have from 15 to 20 inches of rainfall per year, but so distributed that only occasionally are the seasonal conditions favorable for crops. When they have a favorable season, or two in suc-

cession, as they frequently do, they get fine yields and make good returns, but in three years out of five, when they have their disastrous droughts and get nothing, the profits of the two successful years are entirely used up.

"With less than 15 inches of annual rainfall lands are seldom or never successfully cultivated, so far as I know, except in certain areas in Washington and California. With 20 inches of rainfall (that is half what we have in the East), provided it is fairly well distributed, good crops can be grown in the semiarid regions; but it is the uncertainty of the seasons which renders farming unprofitable. It is the uncertain and unequal distribution of the rainfall that has caused so many disasters and has been the reason of the abandonment of so many farms.

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"Another cause for the abandonment of lands is found in the scarcity of water in our desert countries. The public lands of the arid States amount to 560,000,000 acres. Only 3,600,000 acres were irrigated in those States in 1889 and only 74,000,000 acres are capable of being irrigated, according to the most careful estimates of the Geological Survey. We have, then, the difference between the possibilities of 74,000,000 acres and the actual extent of 560,000,000 acres, which are used to some extent for grazing lands, and upon which living is, at the most, extremely precarious. Many areas have been abandoned which have once been settled, simply because of the extreme scarcity of water and the impossibility of producing crops or promoting agricultural interests.

"Another important cause of the abandonment of lands is found in the alkali and seepage waters of the West. I would call attention to Salt Lake County, Utah. This was one of the earliest settlements where irrigation was tried in our modern civilization of this country. When the Mormons first settled the place they naturally took up the richest bottom soils along the Jordan River. The soils were naturally filled with salts, but with the drainage that was started and from the character of the soils themselves the salts were quickly removed and the lands were in splendid condition for agricultural use. In the further settlement of the country, in the increase in the density of population, as the settlers moved up on the high lands and the water applied at higher elevations, the seepage of water from the canals accumulated in the low places and brought with it the salts, which accumulated to such an extent in the low places that the first lands, the most fertile lands of the valley, were rendered entirely unfit for cultivation. They were wet and swampy, and they were filled with alkali, and the history of this once prosperous community has been that the people are moving up onto the bench land, and are abandoning soils which were once the most productive in the State. \* \* \*"

"Another cause of the abandonment of land is flooding and occasional inundations by storms and tides. We are well aware of the enormous losses from floods in the Mississippi Valley and from floods in Texas. But I would call your attention also to the vast extent of the tide marshes and

inland swamps of the United States. It is estimated there are 168,000 acres of tide marshes along the Atlantic and the Gulf coast; and on the Pacific coast it is estimated that there are several million acres of tide marshes. These lands, if protected from the tide and drained, would be of value in agriculture. Some of the inland swamps of Illinois which were selling originally at \$1 to \$5 an acre have a value now of from \$60 to \$100 an acre. It is estimated that one-fifth of the area of Michigan is swamp land, which, if drained and reclaimed, would be of great value for celery and corn and potato crops. The tide marshes have also an indirect effect upon the values of adjacent lands, because of the prevalence of disease and the prevalence of mosquitoes. \* \* \*"

"Another cause of the abandonment of lands, at least a contributing cause, is the expense of maintaining the proper physical conditions. The trouble and expense of clearing the stones off the New England fields have been so great and so laborious that they have had something, at least, to do with the abandonment of lands in that locality. The simple expense and labor involved in getting the fields into condition and maintaining them in condition to cultivate in competition with the large areas of the fertile Western plains have been so great that they have unquestionably been a contributing cause to the abandonment of the soils. And the labor and expense and risk in maintaining the proper conditions of rice lands of South Carolina have been so great that there also these factors have

operated against the continuance of the culture of the lands, and have been an insurmountable obstacle to the reclamation of what were once fertile and well-cultivated soils.

"I would mention also the effect of transportation facilities. While cheap transportation has opened up new and important markets, it has also been the cause of the development of extensive areas of new and exceedingly fertile country. The effect of this cause alone in the New England States and in the South has been very great, and will be referred to in a later place.

"Another cause has been unquestionably the discrimination in rates and the high freight charges which have prevailed in certain localities. It is not my purpose to go fully into this question, as the commission has had in evidence before questions touching this important subject, but in my experience the commercial value of farm lands is often controlled to a considerable extent by the rates of freight which are locally applicable to these areas. It may be that the lands are situated at such a distance that cheap transportation cannot be offered; it may be that there are conditions of expense in the marketing of the products, but certain it is that the possibilities of building up industries, agricultural industries, on certain soils and under certain climatic conditions which in themselves would be favorable, is prevented by the impracticability of marketing the products with any profit under the prevailing conditions.\* \* \*"

"To come now to one of the most important problems—the social condi-

tions and growth in manufactures, and the increase in wages. I shall take up, first, the cause of the deterioration and abandonment of lands in New England, about which so much has lately been said. So far as I am aware, there is no evidence to show that the New England soils have any less plant food than they had when first cultivated. That is to say, that so far as the chemical analysis would show, they have all of the essential ingredients for crop production. I do not mean to say, however, that the soils are in as high a state of cultivation as they were, because I do not think that is universally the case; but the exhaustion of soils as it is usually considered has not contributed to any great extent to the present condition of the agricultural lands of New England in the two hundred years in which they have been cultivated. It would be impossible, with the record we have of Eastern countries, to conceive that in two hundred years these soils could be so impoverished by the actual withdrawal of plant food by the crops that have been marketed as to make them markedly deficient in plant food. We must remember that the country throughout the New England States has generally a rough, hilly, and frequently a stony soil, with rocks and bowlders and gravel, left from the Glacial period. The expense of clearing and cultivating these rough and rocky soils is considerable. With the development of the fertile lands in the West, with the ease of cultivation and the methods that can be employed, the cost of production has been reduced. The New England farmer

can no longer afford to grow the staple farm products. When wheat was bringing \$1.25 and \$1.50 a bushel, as it was a few years ago, and when hay was correspondingly valuable and cattle a correspondingly important industry, the products from the New England farms were profitable. There is no question that the New England farmers made a comfortable living; but with wheat as low as it is at present, with cattle as cheaply raised as they are in the West, and with hay and grain as abundant, they have been unable to compete. The contributing cause of this condition has been the small areas which they could devote to any particular crop, and the labor and expense of cultivating and caring for their land. The development of transportation facilities, the lowering of freight rates in the rail and lake and canal transportation, has made it possible to bring products from the West at such a low price that it has been impossible on the rough and rocky New England soils to compete.

"Another very important contributing cause has been in the increase in the number and size of factories. It is unquestionable that the social conditions of New England have changed in the past few years—that the growth of the factory system, that the increase in wages, that the lesser cost of the products of the mills, the increase in the number and variety of articles considered necessary for comfort and health, the general increase in the cost of living, the general feeling of discontent, and the unwillingness to remain in the quiet and laborious life of the farm have all had their influence.

"It seems to me that of all the causes that have contributed to the abandonment of the lands in New England there is no other factor that has been more potent, more important than this one, of the success of individuals in the commercial and industrial lines, and the apparent ease and comfort and luxury of their lives as compared with the laborious and simple life of even the successful farmer.

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"I come now to the cause of the deterioration and abandonment of lands in Maryland and Virginia. The exhaustion of the soils, of which we have heard so much in Maryland, Virginia, and the Southern States, is due, unquestionably, to improper and injudicious methods of cultivation and cropping. This will be referred to more at length, under the head of fertilizers, when we come to speak of remedial measures. It is also due to the decrease in value of farm crops, due in turn to the cheaper production in the West and to the reduced cost of transportation, as has been referred to in the case of the New England States; also to the increase and the development of special industries in other localities—for example, in the production of the White Burley tobacco in Ohio, which yields more per acre, is grown at a less cost per pound, and can be sold at a cheaper price than the Maryland leaf, and has largely taken the place of the Maryland leaf in the foreign markets, particularly in the French and Belgian markets. Furthermore, the changes in the social conditions due to the civil war and the mortgages which are still outstand-

ing against the lands have been a contributing cause to the abandonment or to the deterioration of many of these areas. It has been found possible in many portions of Maryland, with the prevailing crops and methods of cultivation, to obtain a fair interest on the labor and expense of cultivation, but it has been impossible to obtain a living from the land if at the same time the interest on mortgages, which have been running since the war, has had to be met. And I know of once prosperous communities in southern Maryland where they could still be successful, where they could produce sufficient to maintain families without stint and with a fair degree of comfort, but where nearly all the farms are mortgaged as an inheritance of 30 years ago, and it is impossible to support the families and to pay off the mortgages at the same time. Areas now are being abandoned from that cause throughout Maryland and the South.

"One of the most important causes of deterioration, however, and I think I should put this first of all, is the method and system of agriculture that prevails throughout these States. The Division of Soils made a careful soil survey with soil maps of two of the counties of southern Maryland this year—St. Mary County and Calvert County—and of Lancaster County, Pa.; and the study of the conditions which have prevailed and the methods, particularly, which have been used in these two areas has been a matter of considerable interest to me. In the first place, I would state that the soils of southern Maryland are in no way

exhausted in the sense that that term is generally used—that is, a chemical analysis shows that they have sufficient plant food for innumerable crops and that there is apparently no lack of plant food in the soil. Unquestionably the soil has been abused, the methods of cultivation and of cropping have been injudiciously selected, and the soils are not now as productive as they should be. This soil in St. Mary County sells for from \$1 to \$3 per acre in forest, as it usually is, or for about \$10 per acre where it is under cultivation, while the soils in Lancaster County sell now at from \$125 to \$250 an acre. The Maryland farmer grows on soils in good condition from 15 to 20 bushels of wheat; he grows clover; he grows tobacco, and he gets from 6 to 10 cents a pound for the tobacco. The Pennsylvania farmer grows from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat; he grows clover and grass, as in Maryland, under good treatment; and he grows tobacco, for which he gets from 6 to 10 cents a pound also. He gets the same price, but a larger yield. It is heavier tobacco. Now, from consideration of the crops that are obtained from this southern Maryland area, and of the staple crops and of the yields and values obtained from the soils of Lancaster County, Pa., it seems to me evident that the soils of southern Maryland ought to have a relatively higher value; and the reason why they have not is largely, in my opinion, because of the social conditions and the methods of farming. If you go into the home of a Lancaster County farmer and sit down to dinner with him, he

has an abundance of food in great variety. Everything, the chances are, has been grown upon his own farm. The meat has been raised by himself, the vegetables have been grown in his garden or in his fields, the preserves, or whatever they may have for their dessert, have been made by their families from the products of their garden. Even the sugar, the chances are, has been produced on the place, and actually nothing but the tea, coffee, salt, and pepper have been purchased that goes to make up the family meal. The families as a rule are large. They have a good many children. The boys and girls are all brought up to work on the farm. It is the rarest thing that any of them leave the community or leave the farm. They stay there and they marry. It is a common thing for them to settle on a portion of the farm or on some neighboring farm. The farms are small, and labor is all done by the owner and his family. The girls are all brought up to look after the house. There is no expense for servants. They have their garden and their fruit. They put up their preserves and their apple-butter, and such things for their winter use. We find that very few products are sold from Lancaster County; very few things are sent out of the county except tobacco and stock. And they not only feed up all their corn and hay that they grow to the stock, but they import it often from other States and from other countries, so that they can raise more stock and make more beef and mutton. Most of the products of the farm, including the wheat, which is

ground up for flour in adjoining mills, are used on the farm or manufactured there into some sort of product that is sold or is used up in the district. There are manufactures and industries which require to be kept up in the large city of Lancaster and many smaller towns, in which there is a ready market for everything that is produced in the county, and the interesting thing is that this supply and demand is nearly equal, so that very little is sent out of the county and very little is brought in. The result is that it is a happy and contented and prosperous community. The lands have been handed down from generation to generation for ages and people seldom think of leaving the place. They are a contented and happy and prosperous people.

"In Maryland the methods are altogether different. In the first place the Maryland farm is seldom worked by the man who owns it. There is for some reason an unfortunate prejudice which prevails in many localities, at any rate in Maryland, against a man who actually goes into the field and works his land. He usually has an overseer, a man who is paid to look after and direct his interests instead of doing this himself. Frequently he has not even so much control over his interests, and lets his land out to a tenant farmer who farms it in his own way, by his own methods and for a portion of the crop, and occasionally for a money consideration. The crops grown are the ordinary staple crops of general agriculture. They have corn, wheat, and tobacco. The competition from the West and the low prices of

wheat and corn make them scarcely profitable. The competition with the Ohio tobacco and the general specialization which has taken place in the tobacco industry, and the necessity of producing something that is peculiarly adapted to a certain market or to a certain demand, has lowered the price of the Maryland tobacco. Now, after the Maryland farmer has raised these three things he has done, as he thinks, the best he can and he has nothing further to consider for his development. The corn is fed mainly to his work stock, and it all goes to that and his own labor. The wheat is sold and sent off the farm in exchange for flour, which he buys at a considerable increase in cost over what it would have cost him if he could have had it ground in his own neighborhood. The tobacco, of course, is sold and goes out in exchange for productions of all kinds for himself and his family. He buys his meat, he buys his groceries, and he frequently buys the vegetables that he should have raised in his garden.

"There is no comparison with the conditions in a prosperous community like Lancaster County and the improvident methods that prevail in some of our Maryland counties and Virginia communities. There is no comparison whatever in the economical methods that are employed, and it seems to me that one of the most important contributing causes to the abandonment and impoverishment of the lands in Maryland and Virginia and of many of the Southern States is due to this one fact, that they do not use the same thrifty methods that

have marked the success in Lancaster County and in many other counties of the Northern States."

As to deterioration of soils in the Southern States, Prof. Whitney says, among other things:

"The system of cultivation that prevailed for so many years in the South was satisfactory under the conditions prevailing some years ago, but certainly, with the rapid and phenomenal advance and improvement in industrial lines and in the improvement of transportation facilities, the old methods are no longer applicable. The trouble in this case, it seems to me, is a lack of business method, want of appreciation of changed conditions and of business perception of opportunities that could be taken up and made productive.

"In the States farther south than Maryland and Virginia there have been other causes which have operated in this same direction. In the first place, the kind of crop and the clean cultivation that have been given to the cotton crop have caused a tremendous oxidation and loss of the organic matter, and the soil is left relatively poor in these organic substances that are necessary for the normal weathering of the soil material and the preparation of the plant food into a form that is readily available to plants. It has also caused in many areas the erosion and washing of lands that has proved destructive to very considerable areas in the Southern States. There is one condition which has also prevailed against the competition with the South in certain lines of general agriculture—that is, the unfavorable climatic

conditions for grain crops. The normal yield of grain in the South is about one-third of what it is in the Northern States. This is due to the fact, so far as we can see, that the greater humidity and larger rainfall are bringing about conditions favoring extensive leaf development rather than the production of grain. In the Northern States the cold, frosty nights are liable to occur about the time the plant has obtained its full development, and this condition favors the production of fruit, as is well known in all life functions. Where there is danger of the destruction of the plant it tends to reproduce itself in the formation of seed. In the Southern States, with the more equable climate, with the higher temperature, higher rainfall, and generally higher humidity, there is a persistent effort to the production of vegetable growth and a distinctly less chance of the production of grain and seeds. While this is natural, it is by no means necessary, for the largest yield of corn on record is from South Carolina, where there was an abundant growth—abundant vegetative growth—which was checked by methods of cultivation at the proper time—that is, the tendency to vegetative growth being checked, the plant produced seed in proportion to the vegetative growth, and the yield was phenomenal; and it has seemed to me at times as though by a change in the method of cultivation—by some mechanical checking of the growth—that the vegetative growth could be checked and the yield could be largely increased. However that may be, the

fact remains that the climatic conditions in the South have never been favorable to a large yield of grain."

With regard to methods for reclamation of abandoned or uncultivated areas, Prof. Whitney suggests and briefly discusses as means: fertilization of the soil, rotation of crops, specialization of crops, reforestation, more thrifty business methods, drainage, protection of property by levees, and—that greatest of all problems in the West—irrigation.

There is not room to go further into the subject of the discussion by the Professor, interesting as it is. The whole subject, however, is one of growing importance. In foreign lands, in many places, a far higher degree of cultivation of the soil is maintained than has so far even been attempted in the United States. As the population of the United States continues to grow greater, the problem of economic scientific cultivation of the soil will become more pressing. Necessity of greater improved methods of agriculture and horticulture will be evident as time goes on, and soils as yet practically unscratched will be bound later to bear their just burden of the country's needs. We have improved machinery, improved mechanical processes of manufacturing, improvements of many kinds; but, after all, it is from the soil we get most all our food, without which life itself becomes extinct. It is to the soil we must look for an ever-increasing supply of food. We cannot ignore, we should not despise, "The Man with the Hoe."



THE LOWER TEMPLE, OR THE TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS.

## A TRIP TO THE SEVEN PAGODAS

By T. M. SUNDARAM AIYAR AND N. GOPALASWAMY

IT was Christmas time. We had arranged for a short trip to the ruins of Mahabalipuram, or "The Seven Pagodas." Our party consisted of young men who are the members of an association in Mylapore, a suburb of Madras. We fixed Sunday for starting, and, as we had previously arranged for a boat to take us there, we set out at 6 o'clock in the evening. Some of us had never been in a boat, and that was why we preferred a boat journey to railway traveling. Unfortunately, we had no moonlight to enhance the beauty of the scenery

around us. We felt quite at home in the boat as it moved on, and some of us could not believe it when told that the boat was on the move. It was nearly dusk when we reached the village called Brahmins Choultry, and after passing the locks we were once more on the canal, enjoying the beauty of nature. The sails were hoisted and the boat was moving at the rate of four miles an hour.

The night advanced and the whole canopy above was obscured by darkness. The tall trees on the banks appeared like ghosts gibbering at us,

and we all crouched in our traveling beds to make the boat trip as comfortable as possible. We divided ourselves into groups of four or five, and spent the night in conversing upon various topics, political and religious. When it was nearly eleven, we all went to sleep, but sleep in its real sense none of us enjoyed. Fear of being plundered by the robbers slowly broke in on us, and it chilled our veins, especially when we came near Covelong, a town noted for its salt-pans. Near it the canal joins the sea (the Bay of Bengal), and here we saw a large expanse of water stretching far and wide, with no speck of land visible at any distance. In fact, we were in deep water. The boatmen might turn pirates themselves—as it was famine time everywhere—and our lives were in their hands and through them in the water below. Every one of us was praying in Sanskrit, and happily we crossed the junction and at last we were once more on the canal water. Night was gradually declining and the signs of morning were slowly becoming visible in the east. The soft zephyrs were gently blowing upon us, and we felt refreshed after the sleepless night.

The night was over, and the cock and the crow soon announced the presence of dawn. Slowly and steadily the sun sprang up, a red ball, over the horizon, with its effulgence. The silvery beams of the sun fell smilingly upon the universe and upon our boat, cheering our hearts with an ardent love toward the Almighty. We did not hear the buzz and the turmoil of the waking town, but a serene calm-

ness spread all over the atmosphere around us. The boat was moving very fast and seemed to be cleaving the water into two halves. Happy, indeed, was our lot then, for where else could we get such picturesque scenery around us? Some of us got upon the deck with opened umbrellas to protect us from the sun, which, though invigorating at first, soon scorched us mercilessly. For miles we saw no signs of human habitation except an occasional toddy-shop, to supply drink to the wearied and clumsy boatmen.

It was nearly eight in the morning when we reached Mahabalipuram. We began to pack our goods, which lay scattered upon the deck, and before the lapse of a quarter of an hour we found ourselves upon the bank. Though all of us were ready to go to the village, we sent our cook and some of our friends fit for hard work to find out a lodging for us, where our meals (breakfast) could be prepared before we ascended the hill, while we, the rest of the party, strolled along the banks to have a bird's-eye view of the whole locality.

What first struck our minds was the impression of the old ruined caves and the monolithic cars on the shore, which rudely stared at our faces the moment we got down from the boat to have a grand view of the ruins. What beautiful and lovely scenery around us! What a picture of natural beauty met our eager eyes! A proud city, once rearing its head in magnificence, is now a straggling village of ruins, possessing a wealth of rare sculptural specimens only to be admired by architects and sculptors and epigraphists.

The village, which is thirty-three miles from Madras by the canal, contains only a few houses, belonging mostly to Vaishnava Brahmins, who are the sole masters of this place. They are very kind to the travelers. The houses appear to be very solemn and serious. There is a Vaishnavite temple here dedicated to Vishnu, and it is managed by Vaishnava trustees. When we considered its gloomy aspect, pity for

farmers were all that could be seen there. After depositing all our articles in the charge of the housekeeper we took our breakfast of coffee and bread, and a few minutes after were seen on the rocks, visiting the temples and caves. It is impossible to give a detailed account of the rock-cut caves and temples in this short sketch, and our readers ought to be content with what a tourist can give.



THE TANK AND THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL.

the village now in ruins overpowered us, and we did not know why it was so.

Our cook soon returned with the good news that lodgings had been procured and that we could march on to the village. Our way lay through a foot-path among bushes of prickly pear and brambles, and we slowly reached the gloomy village. A few Brahmin houses and some huts of the

The sculptural rocks of this place may be divided into three groups: (1) caves, (2) temples, (3) cars. The first stone-work that becomes visible to the eye of the tourist when he enters the village is a rock called Arjuna's Penance, which faces the sea directly behind the Traveler's Choultry. It is nearly ninety feet long and thirty feet high, and on it are engraved

beautiful figures of men, beasts, and birds. The artistic workmanship of the figures is indeed highly admirable, though worn-out and weather-beaten they appear to be. The reason this beautiful piece of sculptural work was called Arjuna's Penance is that Arjuna, with his body reduced to a mere skeleton on account of his severe penance, figures prominently among these animals and birds. He is seen dancing out of great joy on account of his success in winning the celestial bow from Siva. We next visited Krishna's mantap, hewn out of a single rock. The whole story of Sri Krishna's lila is well illustrated by these figures cut out on the side-walls of the mantap. On one side is seen Krishna playing upon the flute, surrounded by all the cows, which listen to the sweet music. Far away from him are seen shepherdesses carrying milk-pails upon their heads, and children playing, with all mirth and merriment. Our next visit was to the cave of Sesha sayi. This is also a specimen of the monolithic caves for which this place is noted. There is a Siva temple in the middle, and on the side-walls is seen the "Death of Mahisha sura," illustrated by means of figures. Parvati, wife of Siva, is seen attacking the ferocious giant, who is defeated and has fallen to the ground. The scene appears to the naked eye not as a picture, but as a real combat between two rivals. A short turn from the Krishna mantap brought us to the Ganesha cave. It is like the other caves in its workmanship, but beautiful inscriptions written in Pallava characters cannot fail to strike our eyes. The other cave is called Varaha

cave. Here is seen Vishnu rescuing the world by assuming the form of Varaha (boar). Then he is seen humbling down the proud and greedy Maha Bali by assuming the form of Vamana (dwarf). On one side, Lakshmi, wife of Vishnu, is seen bathed by water poured from golden vases held in trunks of elephants.

We returned from visiting these monolithic caves at one o'clock. Unaccustomed, as we were, to climb these rocks, we became very tired and were all eager to return for our dinner. Our meals were prepared by our cook, who was assisted by the owner of the house, an old landlady. She welcomed us and provided us with all her utensils and also ministered to our wants by giving us hot water for bathing. The provisions we had brought with us were supplemented by curds and milk obtained from that place. There was much fun in preparing and taking our meals, the amusement being participated in by three young men who were assisting our cook. Dinner over, some of us went to the mantap to take a short rest, while some others were content with lying upon the pial, kept neat by the landlady. Tiffin time approaching, we partook of some light refreshments, with coffee, and then started for the temples.

The temples are situated upon the seashore. They are two in number, one smaller than the other. They appear to be in a very much dilapidated condition, and the gopuram (tower) of the smaller is in a slanting position, which shows the gopuram will soon fall to the ground. These temples are not built of mortar and brick, but from

top to bottom the whole structure is cut out of a single rock. The bigger temple is dedicated to Siva and the smaller to Vishnu. Here the images are no longer worshiped, and the temples are a heap of ruins. Ages have passed away, and with them the patrons of these artists and the artists themselves! Where are their successors? What has become of their science? The sea is not merciful to the work of the mortal man. It has no pity, and it has come nearer the temples and has washed away all their beautifully cut rocks. The images do no longer get Abishekam (purification by bathing), but, instead, the sea bathes them at the interval of every minute with its huge waves, which dash upon them incessantly. Even as we were standing on the shore one rushed furiously toward the temples and, rising to an enormous height, dashed upon the rocks which are strewn on the beach, and the whole mass was soon split into innumerable particles of water which, owing to their prismatic forms, shone with the variegated colors of the rainbow. The peculiar characteristic of these temples is that the gopurams (towers) are higher and more of a dignified appearance than the prakavas (walls) which surround them. They are thus unlike the modern temples in their structure, which generally have the gopuram (tower) of the Garbagriham (inner shrine) lower than the prakavas, or walls, which surround them.

We then visited the so-called monolithic cars. These cars are situated on the southern side of this place and are five in number. They are not really

cars, but temples cut out of single rocks in the form of cars. These show the last forms of Buddhist and the first forms of Dravidian architecture. Of these five, one is at a little distance from the remaining four. According to *Vasthu bodha Sastra*, its form is styled Gajaprishtakriti, i. e., form resembling the back of an elephant. This car is nearly eighteen feet long, twelve feet broad, and sixteen feet high. This is a monolithic car and is called the car of Dharmaraja, one of the five pandavas. There are several inscriptions, glorifying the fame of the builder, in beautiful Pallava characters. The remaining four cars are called after the names of the four pandavas: Shaha-deva, Nakula, Bhima, and Arjuna. In front of these are two figures, one of an elephant and the other of a lion, cut out of two single rocks. In the back there is a bull similarly cut, and it has a majestic appearance. Some of these cars are left in an unfinished state—the reason is not sufficiently plain. Man has not cared for these beautiful structures, while Nature, a kind mother alike to all, has also disregarded them by allowing the lightning to strike them mercilessly and leaving them to the cruel hands of the elements. The gopurams of these cars resemble more or less the pyramids in their structure, and they are the oldest of all the monolithic caves and temples of Mahabalipuram.

The principal buildings of this place are a lighthouse and a dak bungalow for the accommodation of travelers. There is another lighthouse which stands on a rock towering above all

the innumerable rocks of this place. This lighthouse is built upon a small temple which surmounts another temple entirely carved out of this single rock with bas-reliefs in the interior. This temple is called Yamapuram temple. We visited the above temple and lighthouse on our way to our lodgings during the first part of our visit.

After surveying the whole place to our hearts' content we returned to the banks of the canal where our boat was lying. It was nearly sunset and we all sat down on the green grass to take a short rest after a hot day's wandering. We soon returned to our lodgings, and, having performed our evening ablutions, we went to the temple of Vishnu. This temple seems to be of later origin, and here we miss the artistic workmanship of the sculptors, which is well manifested in those monolithic caves and temples.

At three in the morning we started for Puncheri, a village on the other side of the canal, where there is a road which leads to Thirukkalukkunram, or Pakshithirtham. This is a well-known sacred place, and on the summit of the hill there is a temple dedicated to Siva.

We reached the top of the hill at a quarter past eleven, in time to see the two eagles for which this place is noted. Before giving an account of the legend connected with these birds, it is well, perhaps, to narrate what we actually witnessed. At about half past eleven the priest, a *Pandaram*, ascended a slightly elevated rock in the vicinity of the temple and, facing the east, prostrated himself. Mean-

while, food for the eagles had been brought and placed on the rock by a servant. The *Pandaram*, after performing his *Namaskara*, took his seat on a plank placed behind the vessels containing the food and blessed it. For five minutes previously we had been observing two eagles on the crest of an adjacent hill, and, as soon as a few words were muttered by the priest, the two birds started from their places and alighted on the rock where the priest was. We were only about ten yards away from the rock and we observed the eagles pretty accurately. The birds have white bodies and white wings. Their necks and talons are yellow. The priest tells me that there were three cross-marks on their foreheads, which none of us were able to notice. They are good-sized birds and appear to be quite young. The priest took some of the food in his hand and the birds then partook of the offered meal. The meal consists of *sakkari pongal* (sugared rice) and *ghee*, and, it seems, the birds would take nothing else. As the two birds were taking their food, a third eagle, having white neck and talons, intruded upon them, but was pursued and driven away by one of the former birds. The two then stayed for about fifteen minutes, and, finishing a hearty meal, flew away.

The legend connected with these birds is very interesting and well worth knowing. In days gone by, eight Rishis made penance to attain to *Sarupa*, but, when the Almighty appeared to them to grant their wish, they asked for *Sayajya*, which they had not made penance for. So *Iswara*

got angry and uttered the word *Kanka*. Immediately all these Rishis were transformed into eagles. But they subsequently repented and implored God to point out to them a way for salvation. He commanded them to worship Him at the temple on the top of the hill already mentioned. Tirukkalukkunram got its present name—

each of the three former Yugas. *Sambhubudhan* and *Mahabuddhan* attained to heaven in the first Yuga, in the next Yuga *Sampati* and *Jataya*, two personages well known to readers of the *Ramayana*, had their salvation, and in the third Yuga came the turn of *Chandan* and *Prachandan*. In the present Yuga, namely, Kaliyuga, the last of the



THE PRIEST FEEDING THE BIRDS.

which means "the hill of the beautiful eagles"—only through its association with these birds. Originally the name of the village was *Vedachalapuram*, and its sanctity as a place of pilgrimage was well attested by the fact that it was celebrated as Dakshina Kailasam, the Kailasa of the South. Of the eight eagles, six have already attained to Swarga, two in

four pairs, *Pasha* and *Vidata*, are striving to work out their salvation by worshiping God at this place. These birds, moreover, are said to have their Snana in the Ganges at Benares; they take their food at Tirukkalukkunram, have Swami Dharsana at Rameswaram in the evening, and their night abode is Chidambara. They perform this circuit every day, so I was told.

The present *Pandaram*, from whom I gleaned this interesting information, tells me that the worship of these birds has been conducted in his family for the last twenty-nine generations.

This *Pandaram* also related to me a story which I give for what it is worth. It appears that during the lifetime of the present *Pandaram*'s grandfather a certain European visited the place and tried to entice the birds away from the priest by pieces of flesh thrown upon the rock. The birds arrived at the usual time and, deeming that the ground had been polluted by the bits of flesh, would not alight on the rock. At last they perched themselves on the shoulders of the priest, and, having partaken of their usual meal, made their exit into the sky. My informer added also that for this sacrilege one of the eyes of the European was struck blind, and he recovered his sight only by making the circuit of the four mountains for one Mandala, or forty-five days.

The four hills, to which I have referred, are said to be the four Vedas, and the God at the top is accordingly named *Vedagiriswara*, the Lord of the Vedic Hills. *Parvati*, it appears, did not wish to tread on the Vedas and, consequently, she has a temple to herself at the foot of the hill.

Our way down the hill was easily accomplished, but one of the party was waylaid by a number of female beggars, who are a pest here as at *Tirupati*. We stayed at the place only for two or three hours more and, after that time, retraced our steps to *Punjeri*. I have given the legends for what they are worth.

At *Punjeri* we got into the boat again and began the return journey. It was not as pleasant as we expected. It was monotonous and wearisome, as the wind was against us. We did not admire the beauties of nature, for the whole atmosphere was immersed in thick gloom. But yet we were not quiet. We admired the wonderful exhibition of phosphorized water below us, as one of us stirred the water when the boat was making its way against the headstrong current. Monotonous as it was, our journey would have been pleasant, nay, most pleasant, had it not been for the impudence of the lock-openers at each of the four or five locks. Our landing was delayed for four hours, and we had to undergo the suffering ourselves, for who was there to hear our grievances? They are the absolute masters there, and on one occasion our secretary had to go in the scorching sun to request them to open the lock, as we were all hunger-pressed and wearied with the long journey. We reached *Mylapore* at half past two and were once more in our own homes, relating our adventures to all our ardent listeners, who cheered us with great enthusiasm.

A careful study of the inscriptions written in Pallava characters leads one to think that this village must have been once a flourishing town, ruled by benevolent kings. Under their rule, they seemed to have patronized sculpture and that to a very great extent. Mr. Fergusson, in his "Cave Temples," says that these temples must have had their origin between 600 and 700 A. D. The inscriptions in the

Ganesha temple give us an account of the kings who ruled Mahabalipuram and from them we learn that Athyanthakama was then the reigning prince under whose supervision all these sculptural works took place. The kings belonged to the Pallava Dynasty, and their reign lasted during the fifth and the sixth centuries. They trace their origin from Brahma, and Pallava was the chief of them. From him came Elgradanda, or Lokaditya, and from him Athyanthakama, and from him Mahendravarma. They were in constant war with the kings of the Chalukya Dynasty, and once Lokaditya defeated Ranarasika, a Chalukya king. But after the sixth century their ascendancy came to an

end, and they were defeated by the Chalukyas, who occupied Conjeevaram, the capital of their opponents. Pandit Hara Prasao Sastri, in his "History of India," says that the Chalukyas, though they occupied Conjeevaram and made themselves masters of Kanchi, never ventured to destroy the sculptural works, but, instead, they preserved them, out of pity for their vanquished foes. Thus we see that these magnificent works were left without any protector, and the result is plain enough.

With these remarks, the account of our tour ends. On the whole we were very much benefitted by our visit, as it gave us much to think of.

*Madras, India.*

## NOTES FROM LAKE ROSSEAU

BY JAMES CLELAND HAMILTON

**T**WO vivid meteors passed over Toronto on the evening of the ninth of July. The second of these I saw in Rosedale about 10.15 P. M., when it glided like a rocket, not far from the horizon, over the trees in a northerly direction, leaving a fiery trail behind. These were assumed to be the forerunners of the expected annual Perseid showers, as to which articles have appeared in the published proceedings of the Toronto Astronomical Society.\*

I spent from the third to the six-

teenth of August on Bohemia Island in Lake Rosseau, which is 497 feet higher than Lake Ontario and 744 feet above the sea. The sky was clear at night for most of the time. Venus was a beautiful object for an hour after sunset. Jupiter, with father Saturn at his right, was double the size as viewed in Toronto. The same may be said as to the fixed stars. The Great Bear, Cassiopeia, and other constellations were well defined on the deep blue sky. Arcturus and Capella were very brilliant; the Milky Way, a diamond-studded path, observed with admiration by former inhabitants of this romantic region, as well as by those of our day coming from smoke-obscured cities. Here many an old Nokomis

\* Dr. E. A. Meredith's papers on Meteors, Toronto Astronomical Society Transactions of 1897 and 1898.

W. F. Denning's on Perseid Meteor Showers, 1894, p. 124.

The late learned R. G. Haliburton also refers to these meteors in his essay on Flood Traditions and the Pleiades.

pointed little red folk to the fateful path:

"Shewed the broad white road in heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows."

We were not so fortunate this season as to see the Aurora Borealis, though I have formerly witnessed its weird dancing and heard the whizzing noise its electric motion makes over these lakes in August, but more clearly after the frost sets in. The Algonquins' conception as to the Aurora was similar to that of the Milky Way as above depicted by Longfellow. They called it *chibayag nim'i dewag*, meaning "the dead are dancing."

Chippewas from Rama daily pass in canoes before us, patiently trolling for lake trout with long weighted lines.

Perseid and other shooting stars were seen during each of these clear nights between eight and twelve o'clock, and so frequent as to be the subject of general remark. Some of them appeared to dart toward Perseus, but they sprang from all parts of the sky. Persons from whom inquiry was made counted from four to six in an evening—one who had been out until midnight in an open boat, alleged that he observed twenty during his trip. A lady who has since come down from the lake informs me that she saw five fine meteors on the night of the twentieth. These objects, commonly called shooting stars, were lately observed elsewhere in Canada, and it may be found that their occurrence was general from nearly the beginning until the 21st of August, when the moon entered on her first quarter, and most

pronounced in the high regions. A traveler from Lake Megantic, Quebec, a place between hills 3,000 feet above the sea, informs me that during the two middle weeks of August meteors were there frequent; that on the night of the sixteenth, and early hours of the next day, the "sky was full of them," and that the general direction of the shower was northwest. Mr. E. B. Lefroy, of Toronto, states that he was touring in Lake Tamagaming between the fifteenth and the twentieth of August—the weather was fine and many meteors were seen each night, but no count of them was taken. This lake is drained by the Sturgeon River into Lake Nipissing.

On the evening of the thirteenth a wonderful phenomenon was presented, which was witnessed from the upper end of the lake as well as from Bohemia Island. A party of Toronto ladies agree that they also saw from their skiff near Maplehurst what we will attempt to describe. The sunset in the west was rich in varied tints, but not unusual in this high and pure atmosphere. Across the lake from Wrenshell's Point is a broad bay with the verdant Euché, or Blue-berry, Islet at the south end, and having as its easterly boundary a broken shore of seamed granite studded with moss, trailing vines, and wintergreen. Above is an opening giving a glimpse of a clover meadow, then a burnt clearing; dark pines and white birch, among great boulders and Laurentian walls, home in their season of the partridge and red deer, occupy a few rods. Next Lismore is passed, a pretty cottage in a wooded nook. *Vi'en* comes Monyca

Island at the entrance to Skeleton Bay, in which is the modest hunting-lodge of Lord Aylmer. Below is the black water mirroring in its placid depths an ever-moving panorama, the rocks, the trees and vines, the clouds, the changeful moon, the kindly planets, and the distant stars.

This was the background of the picture, over which banks of almost stationary clouds facing the glowing west took on the semblance of an Eastern walled city. At the southwest end of the structure was a great round tower, while bastions, steeples, cupolas, and minarets rose nearby. High walls entirely surrounded a large space, glowing with a varied sheen of gray and opal, studded with gold, ruby, and sapphire, while we gazed with admiration to see the inhabitants and their works. At the north and east of the fairy picture were other towers and battlements, some little higher than the walls, others soaring above them. Each part of the cloudy wonder remained long enough to allow the observer to judge of its proportions and enjoy the harmony and beauty of the scene.

Thus a quarter of an hour passed, when Boreas, with grim giant's head, his body swathed in a dark flowing cloud, came down from his caverns in the chill Northwest, over Ross-Moyne, Judd-Haven, and the Muskoka Royal. It was a masterful sphinx-like figure, relentless and insensible to the charms of beauty, on which the sun's red rays fell.

"What seem'd his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Then did our eager eyes feast on the scene and impress on memory its features and moving tints, more fair than brush or pen has ever depicted. We felt that the irresistible power, approaching in silent majesty, was akin to the lightning and the thunder, yet we prayed for a little respite. Even for one short hour, spare our City Beautiful! This you may surely do unless like Samson you are blind and on destruction bent!

Onward with Titanic force as of a mighty wave or avalanche, calmly advancing, he overturns our glowing palaces. The towers and shining walls are rudely shaken, razed, and driven into rosy rolling masses with as little ceremony as a child's house of cards, and go tumbling over the lake and the pine-trees.

Did they go to make a gorgeous pathway for Maia, Alcyoné, and their royal Pleiad Sisters, now moving up to the eastern horizon, and in a few hours to look down on us after their summer wanderings under the earth?

Some of the fortunate observers suggested that a mirage had, by its magic mirror, brought before us an ancient Eastern city. A smiling fair one said, "Do we look on the Pan-Celestial, or is this our castle in Spain?" Others are content to believe that Nature, all bountiful and beautiful, had ended her day's work with a panoramic display from her store of wonders.

# THE GENESIS OF ANARCHY

BY EDWIN RIDLEY

Only perhaps in the United States, which alone of all countries can do *without* governing—every man being at least able to live, and move into the wilderness, let Congress jargon as it will—can such a form of so-called “Government” continue for any length of time to torment men with the semblance of it when the indispensable substance is not there. For America, as its citizens well know, is an “unparalleled country,” with mud soil enough, and fierce sun enough in the Mississippi Valley alone to grow Indian corn for the extant posterity of Adam at this time. What other country ever stood in such case? Speeches to Bunkum and a constitutional battle of Kilkenny cats, which in other countries are becoming tragical, may there still fall under the comical category. If America should ever experience a higher call, and begin to feel diviner wants than that of Indian corn, with abundant bacon and molasses, and an unlimited scope for all citizens to hunt dollars—America, too, will find that caucuses, division-lists, stump oratory, and speeches to Bunkum will not carry men to the immortal gods.

—“LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS,” THOMAS CARLYLE.

**T**HIS citation from one among the many notable works of that great English writer, whose deep human insight and startling philosophy—“startling” because expressive of sentiments which had well-nigh become obsolete in the world of English thought and letters at the time Thomas Carlyle’s name and writings first became famous—electrified and penetrated the hearts and minds of his fellow countrymen, may not appear to have immediate bearing upon the subject which the caption of this paper would indicate as about to be treated of. But that it *has*, the writer believes, and hopes to make quite manifest. In speaking of the “genesis” of Anarchy, the term employed must be somewhat qualified, since it is not intended that it should be quite literally construed—as implying the intention of the writer to trace it to its actual fountain-head—because, while he is convinced that Anarchy, or the “anarchic instinct,” has been ever strong in man, from primitive times downward, yet to attempt in all seriousness

to define precise limits to its prevalence and dominance, as a distinct human issue and social propagandum or as an organized order, would be a task that none but an Ignatius Donnelly, perhaps, would pretend to undertake. Let it be plainly understood, then, that by the heading of this paper is implied no more than the desire of its author to show how it happens that Anarchy—as a recognized and reprobated political and social society and “school of thought,” or promulgator of political and social doctrines and tenets which have violence and murder for their roots and axioms—should ever have become established in this republic, and then to trace and analyze its progression and “principles,” in their more obvious bearings and aspects on relation to society and the permanence of free institutions.

In the first place, What is Anarchy? This: It is the embodiment of insen-sate *egoism*; it is the condition of mind peculiar to one who has so long brooded over his *wrongs* (real or imaginal, or both), and whose mental

and moral powers (if he ever had any) have become so deranged and subverted, on account of such broodings and perpetual introspections, as to have rendered him a practical madman. In other words, the anarchist, whether by temperament and convictions or by infection and accident, is to all intents and purposes a dangerous lunatic, and his order is a menace to the Commonwealth. And why? Simply because he, the anarchist, thinks of none but himself—cares naught for the good of others and schemes and works only for the destruction of society and of all Government. His one plea is for *perfect* "freedom"; for freedom to do whatever *he* pleases or chooses—perfectly regardless of the consequences to his fellow-men of his whatever act or course of conduct. It matters only that he may gratify his every whim and passion. So, it is plain, the "freedom" of the anarchist is neither more nor less than *license*.

And yet, the professed anarchist—the anarchist, that is, who has the courage of his convictions and who plots in season and out of season for the destruction of all social barriers and distinctions, or restrictions, and who regards *all* Government as iniquitous—the *avowed* anarchist, be it repeated, is by no means a *rara avis* in our community; nor is Anarchy proper confined to a single class or section of it (of foreign extraction, merely), as many believe. It is true that the avowed leaders and disseminators of the anarchical society, or "school" and doctrines, are mostly either foreign immigrants or of foreign extrac-

tion, as their names imply; but these men are not nearly so dangerous as are their less outspoken but far more vindictive "brethren" in an unholy cause, who are native-born Americans of quite another class and race—men who, for the most part, are disgruntled and embittered professional men, who, because they have not succeeded in becoming wealthy, or out of sheer spite and spleen, on account of what they deem the inequalities of fortune and "want of opportunity" for the display and development of their superior faculties and powers, are prepared to go to any lengths or to support, indirectly, any movement which appears likely ultimately to destroy existing institutions and to revolutionize society and the common order. -

It is surprising how inconsistent men are, so commonly—even men of more than ordinary intelligence—or it would be, were we not aware how much the passions and envy have to do with the warping and shaping of man's opinions and sentiments and in resolving his political and social associations and destinies.

But, to continue: We have seen what Anarchy actually is and what its devotees and advocates actually mean and intend by it. It is, indeed, a madman's scheme for the "reconstruction" of society and of political procedure—utterly devoid of principle or reason and at complete variance with every recognized and established moral precept and law of life. It necessarily follows, therefore, that those who espouse its doctrines, and who, overtly or covertly, support and agitate its mischievous principles and

operations, must be either self-deluded and ignorant or else downright vicious. There can be no escape from this conclusion.

But if Anarchy is commonly regarded as of no especial account as an element of American politics, or as an "organized conspiracy" against the Commonwealth, the fact remains that the anarchical instinct is very common and is a very potent factor in the body-politic and social, since its most characteristic trait and main dominating characteristic is *violence*, or license of the passions. And is not violence, or license, or a certain lawlessness of nature, which finds constant vent in violent outbursts of the popular mind and passions, as manifested, primely, in the lynching and torturing of negroes and of horse thieves—a quite common feature and characteristic of our civilization? . . .

To our shame, be it said, this lawlessness of the common mind, thus frequently and, indeed, habitually manifested in a number of States of the Union, is peculiar to our civilization and a most painful and humiliating characteristic of it—in foreign opinion—a lawlessness and a disposition of the human mind which is exceedingly indicative of primitive conditions or of a low order of civilization, actually, and which is essentially anarchical in its tendencies and relations. . . .

Nor are such exhibitions and ebullitions of the public mood and temper confined only to certain States and sections of this Republic, for so infectious and pollutive of the minds and morals of the populace is this malady which afflicts the national body that

even this our own proud "Imperial State" of New York has only recently displayed shameful evidence of mob-violence in its most accentuated form and virulence. True, the provocation was great; the intense feeling evoked by the outrage of the assassin Czolgosz was so spontaneous and so provoked that but for the restraints which a high order of civilization always imposes on the citizen of a free State and of an enlightened Commonwealth, what, under normal conditions, must be regarded with extreme repugnance and discredit (to wit, public violence and turbulence), might be less seriously regarded. Nevertheless, the interests of humanity and regard for the dignity and supremacy of the law, render it compulsory to objurgate and denounce mob-violence, and every breach of the law and every deed of violence and licentious outburst, in very positive terms.

The crime of the assassin of our beloved President was a heinous one, but there can be no legitimate excuse for such outbursts and attempted violence as marked the turbulent and vindictive denunciations of the mobs in Buffalo and Auburn both before and after the trial and sentence of the demoniacal assassin in question. What the writer desires most of all to impress upon the minds of his readers, however, is the far-reaching and deadly menace to society of Anarchy in its whatever form or manifestation. The fact is that, despite our national supremacy, in commerce, in manufactures, in national intelligence—or in the general diffusion of a certain order of intelligence—there is a

great deal of force and truth in the findings and application of the words of Carlyle, as cited in the preamble to this paper! For there is, indeed, more "semblance" than reality to our governance, or to our vaunted freedom and self-governance, as a people and as a nation—hence, the relevancy of the excerpt thus improvised.

But now to change the subject. In the minds of very many there is much confusion in regard to the supposed relations of Anarchy to Socialism. To most minds, in effect, Anarchy and Socialism are synonymous terms. But this is only a delusion, for, in reality, or in so far as the two are to be properly regarded as two distinct social forces or "schools of thought" and ultimate purpose, they are wide as the poles asunder and are, in truth, diametrically antagonistic both in thought and tendency. Anarchy seeks to destroy, never to rebuild, whereas Socialism seeks less to destroy than to re-organize and to re-build, on solider, because humane and (as the Socialist believes) *equitable* and *permanent* conditions, the entire fabric of society and of Government. The one is a distinctively nihilistic, or *negative*, factor and tendency, while the other is positively *affirmative* and bases its whole system and propaganda on sound principles of equity, justice, and humanity.

That there are Socialists (or those who imagine themselves such) who advocate radical and incendiary measures of so-called "social reform," and who confound a certain degree of present violence with those principles of ultimate justice and permanence of

Government which chiefly animate the consciences of their more intelligent and conscientious leaders and exponents of the cause of Socialism, no one for a moment doubts. But the former compose a pitiful minority; and were it not that the writer desires to afford as little provocation as possible to the tender susceptibilities of those who regard all Socialism with abhorrence, by reason of their confusion of Anarchy with Socialism, he would fain enlarge more freely upon this aspect of the situation.

Enough has been said already to make it quite plain that he desires to deal out at least justice to a wrongfully implicated and misunderstood cause and class of fellow citizens. As was implied from the outset, it is with Anarchy that this paper proposes to deal and to diagnose, and to Anarchy it will be mainly confined. Let us see, then, how Anarchy ever came to be transplanted and to thrive at all in this free and great republic—let us discover its genesis, in brief.

Anarchy is the product of evil times—of Godless times, when men's minds are steeped in darkness and when avarice and violence reign supreme—when the pride which comes of privilege and unworthiness, and the lust of gold and greed of gain which come of wars and commerce, and the hatred and envy which come of injustice and unequal privileges, harden men's hearts, sear their consciences, and foment all manner of social ills and disasters; and anarchists are the evil progeny of disordered times and disturbed social and industrial conditions—just as the electric

storm is caused by the conquassation of mighty air-currents abnormally driven. But this, in a general sense: Anarchy, as commonly understood, is a comparatively modern revolutionary social innovation in America—a social disorder, in effect, which denotes a diseased state, or disordered social and industrial conditions *within* the body politic; and not until the perpetration of the dynamite outrage in Chicago in 1887 did our people realize at all what Anarchy actually meant or to what extremes of devilishness anarchists were prepared to go. Indeed, not until that fearful crime had been perpetrated had the American people an intelligent notion of the existence at all of an organized anarchical body amongst them. The discovery was a shock, to be sure. "How is it possible," people asked, "that Anarchy can prevail in a free country like this? Those wretches are none other than ignorant foreigners!"

But, alas! Anarchy, or the anarchic instinct, and anarchical propaganda, had, long before the Chicago outrage, prevailed and been disseminated in and throughout this Republic—an instinctiveness and a propaganda bred and disseminated only as all social ills and disorders are bred and germinated, that is, from the iniquitous loins of inordinate material *desires*, prompted and promoted by material wrongs and arbitrary and unrighteous social and industrial practices and conditions.

Strange though it may appear—that Anarchy, in its most revolting form, should assume such an aggressive attitude in a purely democratic

country—the fact confronts us that, within a period of less than half a century, three Presidents have fallen at the hands of anarchist assassins—a dreadful sacrifice to the "cause of liberty!" For whatever the indignant protests of those who insist that the assassins of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield were in no wise "anarchists"—because, forsooth, they were not identified as being connected in any way with an anarchist body of conspirators against the Commonwealth, as Czolgosz was—yet the writer contends that the anarchic spirit was strong and essentially dominant in both Booth and the miscreant Guiteau: Booth may have been mad, and no doubt was at the moment he committed his crime; but it was a madness born of unbridled passion and inflamed by the licentious egoism of his nature—a passion and an egoism peculiar to the anarchic temperament, and in strict accord with anarchical tenets and principles. As for Guiteau, it is impossible to account for his blood-thirst and criminality otherwise, since his nature and character were essentially vicious and criminal.

In brief, and to repeat as it cannot be repeated and insisted too emphatically and persistently, Anarchy is, in reality, no "new" phase and feature, or innovation and transplanted germ of social or political crime and disease in our country, as is commonly supposed. The germ is indigenous—its cultivation only has been happily retarded in the past by virtue of the more fortunate circumstances and ampler opportunities of our people to better their *material* conditions, as well

as to cultivate their moral and intellectual capacities and endowments. For Anarchy becomes rampant only where and when tyranny and human darkness most commonly and cruelly prevail; and not until the industrial and mercantile conditions and interests of the producing classes of our country became perceptibly disturbed and inverted—and the hardships and privations entailed thereby were correspondingly and palpably inflicted and experienced—was the Medusa-head of Anarchy reared in the American community or were its foul progeny and vile mission nurtured and propagated to any appreciable extent.

And here a few words about immigration and our immigration laws and increment. To those who are prone to solace their wounded patriotism by cherishing to their bosoms the conviction that *all* anarchists are aliens, or of foreign parentage, at worst, it is with reluctance that the writer feels constrained to dispel the glamour from their vision and to insist that while the professed leaders and "apostles" of anarchy are, no doubt, for the most part, actual foreigners, or immigrants from other lands and aliens to our race, yet that our most dangerous and inveterate anarchists are neither foreign immigrants nor an alien race, but are Americans of Anglo-Saxon lineage! And this, because they are more intelligent and therefore more covert in their designs and methods, and more unscrupulous. But when that is said it remains to sound a warning against the abuses of immigration and of the laws which are supposed to regulate

and prescribe its limits. The tide of immigration still runs high, and, were it of a desirable *quality*, its *quantity* would be a source of assurance that all is well—seeing that there is yet room, and to spare, for millions of the human race, provided they are honest *producers* and of a desirable class and nationality—so boundless still are the natural resources of this vast country, and so alarming is the waste of the vital energy of the nation, on account of the wear and tear and the pressure and abuses of the national life and the exhaustion of the native-born element in consequence—so that, were it not for the constant inpour of Northern immigration, whereby the enduring powers and mental energies of the people become recuperated and fortified so many fold, our sands must necessarily be soon run out!

But, unfortunately, the inflow of immigration is not any longer, in the main, of the desired quality. The great body of immigrants who now press to our doors consists chiefly of the *non-producing* excrement from all countries, and of South European and other alien races in particular, who crowd into our already overcrowded cities and who aggravate a hundred-fold the industrial and social disorders of the nation. It is true we have immigration laws and salaried immigration officials in plenty. But the laws are inadequate and frequently ineffective: they do not perceptibly restrict the volume of undesirable immigration, while they frequently turn away, or annoy and discourage, a desirable class of immigrants. In short, the letter of the

law is pretty generally obeyed, but its spirit is quite often flagrantly violated.

Moreover, laws which discriminate, to all intents and purposes, solely against the illiterate and the unfortunate, must be radically defective. For it should be remembered that what this country most stands in need of in the way of immigration is a class of *producers*—men of brawn and muscle, farm laborers and domestics—and, preferably, men and women of Northern extraction and race. The country is already full enough of clerks, salesmen, agents, politicians, peddlers, small dealers, loafers, and beggars, who can at least “read and write!” Yet, such is our inconsistency—or that of our legislators—it would seem as though our immigration laws were specially framed with a view to encourage this kind of immigration, and to bid welcome to a foreign excrement, while, with like perversity, they tend to check the inflow of the more desirable working classes. For a man may be ever so ignorant and yet be honest and industrious, or a producer and the progenitor and forerunner of a long line of worthy and intelligent American citizens; whereas, on the other hand, the non-producing classes from abroad, who find it an easy matter to evade the nominal restrictions of the immigration laws, too often prove poor material and base material for the building up of the nation—a distinct detriment, in effect, and they but aggravate and intensify the social and industrial conditions and interests of the community at large. As it is, there is really little or nothing in our immigration laws seriously to

retard the influx and to safeguard American interests against the machinations and evil designs of these foreign anarchists who are constantly being driven from abroad to our shores.

A man may readily enough supply himself for the nonce with the requisite personal funds which our immigration laws in their wisdom call for a showing of, and yet not have in him the first element of *producing* capacity or the saving faculty, either; and he may be ever so intelligent and yet a knave. In a word, common sense and common prudence alike render it imperative that, in a matter of such vital import to the nation as the restriction and regulation of immigration, more enlightened views should prevail and greater rigor and discernment be displayed in the enforcement of such laws as a wise and discriminating administration *may* enact in behalf of the Commonwealth.

The gravity of the situation is doubly enhanced by the inverted proportions of the present tidal-wave of foreign immigration to this country; since, whereas, in the past the bulk of our immigration came from the northern parts of Europe, the situation is now reversed in great measure: the bulk now comes from those countries in Southern Europe where Anarchy is most pronounced and from which the most dangerous and inveterate anarchist leaders are continually being driven by the remorseless vigilance of Government spies and the rigorous laws of countries such as Italy and Austria, for example.

But for relentless space limits the

writer would take advantage of the opportunity which treatment of such a subject as immigration affords to treat also upon certain abuses of the enfranchisement, in direct relation to and regarded as a concomitant of immigration. Howbeit, since neither time nor space permits of an exhaustive review of so weighty a subject, he will but cursorily remark upon a few of the more obvious defects and abuses of our franchise laws in connection with the naturalization of aliens. For is it not a distinct menace to the stability of our institutions and to the peace and prosperity of the nation, that so many thousands of foreign-born, foreign-bred, and foreign-raised people should every year become "naturalized Americans," with privileges equal to those of native-born and more educated and intelligent citizens?

These men—the purely foreign increment, or immigrants of an alien race and language—cannot possibly become fitted for the exercise of intelligent and sympathetic citizenship for some time; no matter how capable of reading and writing in their own language; neither is it reasonable to suppose that their natures and prejudices can become so transformed and modified within five years as to render them entirely reliable and consistent Americans. Besides, apart from mere educational disqualifications and considerations and regardless of their educational bias and racial prejudices, it is safe to affirm that the more intelligent among them will quite frequently be found more antagonistic to good government and more dangerous

political factors than some of their more ignorant and less discerning fellow-countrymen. It is from among the leaders of revolutionary agitation from abroad that those doctrines of social discord and of Anarchy primarily originate and by them they are disseminated. It would therefore seem self-evident that not only should more drastic methods be adopted in order to check and regulate the volume of foreign immigration, but more discrimination should likewise be displayed by the authorities where professed functions are assumed to be thus directed.

In brief, the industrious and intelligent classes from all countries should be gladly welcomed here, and their way should be made smooth, but the non-producing classes and the shiftless and vicious—no matter how intelligent—should be turned back or their way made exceedingly hard. We do not want these latter; yet there is nothing in our immigration laws, practically, to stem the torrent of this class of immigration.

And so, also with their enfranchisement. If they must come, let us at least exclude them, as far as may be, from the exercise of the franchise—by an extended probationary period, so to speak. In plain words, let them prove their fitness first, as evinced by their ability to earn an honest living or by their general good conduct. Let the test be that of industry, temperance, and common intelligence.

It now remains but to chronicle, as briefly as possible, the advent and dark deeds of Anarchy and of the anarchists in this country. It is a hateful

subject, for the leaders are, and always have been, such a sorry set, and their tools and instruments, or their emissaries and means employed, such depraved wretches and so utterly infamous that one's soul revolts at the mere prospect of having to treat of them at all impartially and seriously. But it is a plain duty. To begin, then: From what may be gathered from the contents of a little book by Félix Dubois, entitled "The Anarchist Peril," it would appear that America is indebted (?) to one Prince Michael Bakounine for the propagation of anarchical principles here. At all events, this Russian *aristocrat* and refugee was for a number of years—ever since 1841—one of the most notorious of anarchist leaders in Europe; and him we must regard as the founder of the anarchist party—as its organizer—and as the chief promoter and disseminator of anarchical doctrines and tenets. Others there have been, and are, in plenty, who were as infamous as this man, but none, perhaps, quite so mischievous or of such deadly peril to the human cause and to human progress. Suffice it, then, in connection with Bakounine's name, to say that he died in Switzerland in 1876.

Among other anarchists who have done so much to make the name of Anarchy hateful to all right-minded men are Élisée Reclus, Kropotkine, and Brousse, the last-named two of which triad edited the first (official) anarchist organ, published in 1878, under the title of the *Avant-Garde*, the checkered career of which, however, was happily cut short within a year

But Kropotkine, it appears, was something of an author as well as a journalist. Besides numerous incendiary pamphlets and brochures written by him, there was a book, "The Battle for Bread," published in 1892. But bullets and dynamite were much more congenial to this man's nature than "bread" ever could have been—no matter how sensational his "battle" for it.

It will be observed that many of these anarchist leaders are Russians, and, quite often, men of rank. "What, then," it may be urged by some one, "has all this to do with Anarchy in America?" Only this: the founders and disseminators of Anarchy everywhere nearly always flee to England or to America, where they sedulously prosecute their nefarious work unmolested, and, by reason of their knowledge and use of the English language, they perpetrate their devilish work not only in their own but in our language. For these men, the leaders of this revolutionary organization, are men of more than ordinary intelligence—such as it is—and therein consists, to the writer's thinking, the danger to the Commonwealth of our immigration and naturalization laws, which actually encourage—to say nothing of allowing—the importation and *enfranchisement* of such men. We know what happened in Chicago, and what has since happened in Buffalo. We must know, also, if we will but think of it at all seriously, that, in view of the fact that so many thousands of ignorant foreigners have found asylum in this country, it must be little short of willful madness

to admit incendiary leaders of this class on the mere assurance of their ability to "read and write," who have means enough to satisfy the inquiries of immigration agents and officials, and who cannot be actually identified as "non-political" criminals or ex-convicts. Something more should be required than vouchers and certificates of this nature. Immigrants should be made to prove their social and industrial fitness and qualifications, or else be sent back where they came from.

So much for organized Anarchy and ostensible anarchists. To conclude: The roots of Anarchy exist within our-

selves, and sensationalism and violence are their commonest and most certain modern manifestations. The dime novel and the yellow journal are even more pollutive of the minds and morals of the youth of the nation, and more corruptive of the imagination and the understanding, than the most incendiary anarchist literature can possibly be. What opium is to the Chinese, so are sensational literature and yellow journalism to the American people—in an inverted sense. The opium deadens the intellect and conscience, while the stimulant deranges the faculties and saps the understanding.

## SHALL THE CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT GO?

By WESTERNER

THE reënactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act, among other things, it is said, will take up the attention of Congress when it meets again. Already considerable opposition to restricted Chinese immigration is reported manifest, and Southern Congressmen in particular are said to be possessed of kindlier feelings toward the little yellow men of the Far East. Chinamen may be invited to settle in the South, and in a large measure supersede as agricultural laborers the negroes, who have of late years apparently abandoned the country for the cities, to which they flock in such numbers that they are beginning to be a disturbing element in municipal economics. The theory is that Chinese would be likely to do well

in the places heretofore held, but now deserted, by the blacks. John Chinaman is now being looked upon as a possible means to the future salvation of Dixie.

This new programme, however, is likely to find as determined opposition as ever from representatives of Western opinion. The Pacific Coast is not in the least worried over the fact that since 1890 there has been a loss of Chinese population in the United States of 7,728, or 6.1 per cent. Such statistics, on the other hand, are pleasing. In addition to sectional prejudice, labor circles generally are also to be found lined up squarely against unrestricted Chinese competition in America. They fear the outcome should the present barriers against

Chinese industrial invasion be removed.

One argument against ameliorating the present law would seem to be that in those localities where the Chinese are most populous they are least popular. The strongest opposition comes from those who are most intimately in contact with John Chinaman in America.

Yet is it quite fair to make United States immigration laws aim in their negation so exclusively at the Chinese? Are there no other menacing immigrants than those who come with queues? How about the low-class Italian immigrants, the Polish Jews, and other ignorant Europeans who find in New York their Mecca? What shall be done about the French Canadians, who are such an important element in the factory cities of New England? In California are there not the Portuguese and the Japanese, the former having to a large extent driven out the Chinamen themselves in truck gardening and fishing, for instance, and the latter becoming more and more a disturbing element in the life of the cities? In other words, why, for example, should a Portuguese, who can live more economically than even a Chinaman and do more work, be welcomed, and a Chinaman, just because he is a Chinaman, be excluded?

More than any other one reason, perhaps, the Chinaman in America is disliked and distrusted because he so obstinately persists in retaining his Asiatic ways. He will continue to wear his Chinese clothes; he will retain his peculiar queue; he will buy, where possible, almost exclusively of his own

countrymen in the mercantile world; he will associate clannishly only with his own people; he will send all the surplus money he makes back to China; he always comes to the United States with the intention only of returning to his native country after he has made his fortune here, and if in the meantime death happens to overtake him he will not even be buried, if he can help it, here, but must have his ashes taken back to the land of his birth; and he will not become an American citizen. Of course, under the existing laws he cannot be naturalized if he would, but the precaution is an empty one—he would not avail himself of the privilege if he could. His preference is to be always an alien.

Furthermore, in his own country he maintains doggedly that conservative exclusiveness of which he, it would appear inconsistently, complains in regard to others. Only the middle of last month the Pekin correspondent of the *London Times* reported the Chinese having "raised the question of the residence of foreigners in the capital for purposes of trade. The Chinese have reminded the Ministers of the powers that the agreement of November, 1858, stipulated that foreigners had not the right to live in Pekin for such purposes." And another dispatch says: "Prince Ching has written to the Ministers of the powers requesting the withdrawal from Pekin of the foreign business establishments. He says that Pekin is not a treaty port, that foreign business houses have been illegally established here, and that all such

houses should be moved to treaty ports. He desires the Ministers to secure their removal."

If China herself will be a little more liberal in the treatment of foreigners dwelling there; if the Chinese abroad will endeavor to adapt themselves a little more closely to modern civilized conditions; and if it can be convincingly shown that the existing provisions of the Chinese Exclusion Act are

not only too burdensome upon the Chinese but unwise for the best economic industrial development of the United States—then the Exclusion Act will have to go. But until there is evident some change for the better in the Chinese themselves, both at home and abroad, the necessity of any revolutionary reversal of American attitude toward Chinese immigration is not altogether apparent.

# IN DISTRICT No. 1

*(An Economic Novel)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

## CHAPTER XLIII—*(Continued)*

THE LITTLE NIGGERS IN THE FENCE

looked down upon him.

"We have come to see the trial of your riveting machine, Mr. Simms," said Lydia, pleasantly. "I hope we are in time.

"Time and tide wait for no man," replied Simms; "but Time always waits when there is any prospect of a pretty woman being tied."

"Isn't that a little labored, Mr. Simms?" asked Eliza.

"*Labor omnia vincit*," observed Merritt, strutting.

"Isn't that a little show-offy?" retorted Simms. "Plain folks should stick to plain English."

"Won't you make an exception in favor of French, Mr. Simms?" asked Lydia. "We Americans ought never to forget the aid of our friends in France."

"Not knowing French any more than I know Latin, I have no option but to decline both. I don't find 'em practical. But now, ladies, if you wish to see something that is practical, come with me."

They followed him to the open space in front of the bridge, where some pieces of iron had been placed together in position for being riveted. A small apparatus was standing near,

WHEN Lydia and Eliza rode up to the bridge works that afternoon, the sun had, at length, condescended to shine a little, but the sunlight was not a brilliant success. The men were all moving about in a languid, exhausted manner. There was no laughing or gayety. Once that afternoon there had come a terrible peal of thunder, similar to the crashes that had interrupted the commemoration proceedings of the previous day, and, at intervals, other ominous, but distant and muffled, rumblings were heard.

Colonel Birnie was absent. He had been summoned to another part of the township to decide some pressing questions as to work in progress.

"Good-day, ladies!" cried Merritt, running toward them, hat in hand, followed by Simms in a manner exuberant of ease.

"Good-day, Mr. Warner! Good-day, Mr. Simms!" said both of the girls, extending their hands, which were respectfully shaken by the men, Mr. Simms first removing his glove with great ostentation and eying, with unusual boldness, the pretty faces that

which Simms lifted with ease and applied to the iron plates. One little jaw, descending through a rivet hole, was curved so as to support the tail of a rivet placed in the adjoining hole, and a second jaw, descending upon the hot projecting stud, immediately pressed it closely home. In a second or two, when the iron had become black, the machine was removed and showed a tight-driven, well-formed rivet head. From hole to hole the apparatus was shifted, and rivet after rivet was closed, the work being done with far greater rapidity than by hand-hammering and with hardly any exertion. Some of the rivets, indeed, were completed by the weak little hands of Lydia and Eliza, who found it an easy matter to move the projecting lever.

"How's that, boys?" asked Simms of the workmen who were clustering round and watching, with the greatest and most criticizing interest, the trial of the machine.

The reply was a volley of cheers, in which Simms suddenly and vociferously joined, greatly to the amusement of everybody.

"Mayn't I say 'hurrah' too?" he meekly, but with mocking gravity, observed. "Ought I to be ashamed of my own work? And mayn't I 'hurrah' Nature, that's going to do your riveting while your muscles stand and look on and don't ache? Ain't that practical enough for me, or must I stand deaf and dumb while you do all the opinioning and yelling?"

"You're a rum un!" cried one of the men.

"Rum's poor liquor," answered

Simms. "What d'ye say if I start some Nashville topaz all round? Birnie's away, and this little nigger"—here he patted the riveting machine—"will catch up fast enough with the work."

As by common consent the men rushed at him, shouting and hallooing, and, hoisting him somehow on their shoulders, they carried him off in the direction of the camp—and canteen.

"We'll walk, Mr. Warner, if you will kindly lead our horses," said Lydia; and the party marched away to Merritt's tent, where the two ladies sat on the bench outside and drank iced lemonade, while Simms was royally carrying out his own suggestion.

At length, they saw him coming toward them, and Merritt brought forth a camp stool, on which the inventor seated himself in smiling, though humble, dignity.

"Simms, you're a wonder!" cried Merritt. "That little nigger, as you call it, beats even your overhead cranes and things?"

"You talk as though *you* were overhead in—in lemonade, Mr. Warner. What are you being pleased to give me now?"

"Why, all the big overhead machinery and arrangements for carrying things about."

"That you say I've invented?"

"Yes."

"I feared the little nigger would be too much for him, ladies, or, has it been a week of topaz?" remarked Simms, in a doleful tone, to Lydia and Eliza, significantly tapping his forehead as he spoke.

The gesture and the smiles which

Merritt detected on the faces of the ladies, were very galling to Merritt's proud little spirit.

"Do you mean to say you have *not* invented any such things?" he asked, in a manner intended to be curdling.

"That is what I mean to say," replied Simms, in a manner which showed that the sweet milk of his human kindness was not in the least soured.

"D— it, sir!" roared Merritt, " it's only a fortnight ago yesterday since I saw 'em with my own eyes. They didn't simply exist; they swarmed, in all the big works at Newport News."

Inly was too much excited either to remember that he was speaking in the presence of Lydia and Eliza or to notice the baleful gleam that appeared for a moment in Mr. Simms' eyes.

"And you are quite sure that the swarms came from this hive?" asked that gentleman, gently patting his own head.

"Of course I am. Didn't I ask all about 'em? Wasn't I told 'John Simms,' 'John Simms,' 'John Simms,' until I got tired of John Simms? Wasn't I told I should see him at Clyde? Isn't this Clyde, and ain't you John Simms?"

Here Lydia and Eliza looked at each other and laughed merrily, while Simms, in spite of the humble gravity he was affecting, could not quite conceal a grin.

"Mr. Warner," said Eliza, subduing the young man with a glance from the dark eyes, "you are laboring under a slight misapprehension. The Mr. John Simms whose inventions you saw at Newport News is our

depot-master at Clyde. He is a very distinguished man and stands high in the estimation of all the Legion authorities."

Merritt's jaw fell.

"Then who's he?" he asked, pointing to Simms.

"A—a coincidence, I believe," replied Eliza, with her handkerchief to her mouth.

Simms' grin was openly manifest by this time.

"I'm the plain, humble John Simms. The other fellow's the distinguished John Simms. Now do you catch on, friend Warner?"

Inly looked as he felt—sheepish.

"I guess I'm the sport of a new 'Comedy of Errors,' ladies," said he; "but I certainly was unaware of there being two *Dromios* in our play. In future I shall endeavor to avoid any mistake by thinking of the depot-master as Mr. Simms and of our friend here as Mr. Seems. How'll that do?"

The sheep was now quite leonine—such is the virtue of even the smallest joke upon its author! Nay, the smaller the joke, the bigger the lion, as a rule.

"We all have our seamy sides," observed Mr. Simms; and then, correcting himself with confusion, he added, looking humbly at Lydia and Eliza:

"Except the exceptions."

"Would you like me to show these ladies the seamy side of your little nigger, Mr. Seems?" asked Merritt, scornfully, and perhaps jealously.

"Very much indeed."

"Well, before I do so, I want you to tell the ladies just what you con-

sider the prime key-note of the contrivance."

"As a plain, humble, and practical mechanic I consider the arrangement of those compound knee-levers the heart of the little device."

"And you won't deny having invented *that*, anyhow?"

"It is a poor thing—but mine own—my very own."

"You hear, Dr. Blauenfeld? And you, too, Miss Drax? Excuse me for a moment." He ran into the tent and quickly reappeared with some bright object in his hand, which he tossed to Simms, exclaiming: "Catch!"

Simms caught it deftly enough. It was the little nickelum silver hand-vise. Mr. Simms let it fall, and bent his head down, as he stooped to pick it up, with a movement of diminished celerity. Lydia, Eliza, and Merritt all noticed the nape of his neck. It was very red; and, when he once more sat upright, his face was still flushed with stooping.

"Look at that, Mr. Seems," cried Merritt, exultingly; "and tell us whether you still claim to be the inventor of that arrangement of compound knee-levers. For my part, it doesn't look to me either poor or your own."

"Have you had that made since I gave my sketches into the machine-shop here for the riveting-machine, Mr. Warner?" returned Simms, quickly suppressing another baleful gleam from the watery eyes, and maintaining his humble demeanor.

"That herring won't work, friend Seems. The scent lies too strong," said Merritt, sticking his thumbs into

the armholes of his waistcoat and lolling against the pole at the entrance of his tent in his very superbest attitude.

"I've had that little instrument in my valise," he continued, "ever since last Saturday week—"

"When it was given or sold to you by John Dillon, the foreman of Astor & Tevis, in Pittsburg," calmly observed Simms.

It was now Inly Merritt's turn to become intensely red and confused.

"How—how do you know that?" he asked.

"Because the invention, though a poor thing, is mine own. I communicated it to but one person, my oldest, nearest, and best friend, Mr. Sanford Tevis, of the firm of Astor & Tevis. The first two or three vises had just been made when I left Pittsburg. I left on the night of last Friday week by the Ohio boat. Mr. Tevis was on the same boat with me. I therefore know that it must have been that—that John Dillon who gave or sold you the vise."

"John Dillon told me it was Sanford Tevis himself who invented the arrangement of the levers."

"I have always been quite content for Mr. Tevis to take credit for anything that I show him how to do."

"I don't call that very 'practical' on your part, Mr. Simms," said Merritt, sneeringly.

"We don't all see alike in those matters, Mr. Warner. Some squint."

The word was as a sudden flash of light in Lydia's mind. She thought of poor O'Brien's white face and glaring eyes, with the awful squint. She shuddered.

"Eddie," said she, "the storm is coming up. I feel it in my bones. We had better be going; and I will stay all night with you at the Farm. If Mr. Warner and Mr. Simms will kindly bring our horses we shall be greatly obliged."

"I thought you ladies were going to umpire between Mr. Warner and myself," said Simms.

"I am afraid we are not qualified to enter into all these technical questions," replied Lydia; "but I admit being interested in one feature of the matter. I am a dabbler in chemistry, and I find my little knowledge at a loss in the presence of the metal of which this vise is composed. I don't recognize it. What is it?"

"The firm of Astor & Tevis call it nickelum silver," replied Simms, "and they tell everybody it is an alloy of nickel and aluminum."

"I judge from your tone that *you* know it to be something different, Mr. Simms."

"Yes. I call it a new metal altogether."

"Dear me! How interesting! And I declare the very *spring* seems to be made of this metal, instead of steel!"

"Your 'dabbling' seems to 'get there,' Dr. Blauenfeld. That new metal is a daisy. It'll *temper*. I can make springs of *any* strength out of it. And the elasticity is perfect! Why, a spring of this metal, when released, strikes a blow like a hammer. It'll drive——"

Here he paused in his little speech, the enthusiasm of which had quite exploded all veneer of meekness. He seemed to suddenly recollect himself,

and, resuming his humble manner, he added, with a deprecating smile, which was belied by a cruel, gloating glance, which he could not entirely subdue.

"It'll drive you crazy to hear a crank of an inventor brag any more."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged for your explanations, Mr. Simms, and I hope when we're gone you and Mr. Warner won't quarrel too dreadfully."

"We'll soon find some subjects on which we can agree. We'll dabble together in topaz, and we'll plot."

"Plot?"

"Yes; we'll discuss how to steal and enjoy some fine peaches."

With that Simms suddenly turned away, and went with Merritt to fetch the horses.

When the ladies had gone, Simms said to Merritt:

"Warner, my boy, I *am* Seems. But there's no need for us to be unfriendly. I'll tell you all about myself to-morrow morning. Let's go and drink topaz and talk peaches to-night, and leave all niggers and vises alone."

Merritt was willing enough to dismiss the incipient quarrel and to postpone thinking out the sinister ideas that were beginning to obtrude themselves in his mind. Accordingly, he and Simms proceeded to the canteen, where they took their share of the circulating topaz and joined in the general hilarity.

In the large open space around the canteen little round tables were stationed wherever a shadow was cast by the trees of the grove. Inly and Simms chose their seats at the furthermost of these tables, and Simms, who faced

Inly, could see all that was going on. When they had been sitting and chatting for half an hour or so, he laid hold of a bottle and was about to replenish Inly's glass, when, happening to look up, over Merritt's shoulder, he saw something that caused a momentary forgetfulness of what he was doing.

"Look out, man," cried Inly, "you're pouring the beer all over the table."

"Gad! so I am."

"*That ain't practical, you know,*" added Merritt, laughing.

"I believe I'm growing shortsighted. I shall have to take to spectacles," said Simms, joining in the laugh and putting his hand to his head, in apparent perplexity, but in a manner which Inly might have remarked, had he not already been mentally dulled by reality of topaz and vision of peach.

"Here's an A1 cigar," said Simms. "While you're quietly smoking it, I'll saunter round and see that everything's all right, so that old Birnie shan't have occasion to shoot off that witty mouth of his too much when he comes back."

"All right. Go along!" replied Inly, lighting his cigar.

Simms strolled off in the direction of the river, where several of the men were bathing. There was a perpetual passage of men between the camp and the river, and, here and there in the wood, solitary individuals or groups could be seen sitting or lying on the grass under the trees. Some of them were legionaries engaged under Colonel Birnie, and some were visitors from the Burgh, or strangers who had

come to see the place, the camp on Pigeon River being one of the "lions" of Clyde.

Simms turned in among the trees, and presently threw himself down nonchalantly on the grass. A gentleman, who seemed to be wandering about without any particular aim, happened to choose a spot close by.

"What brings you here, Ri?" said Simms, who was lying on his back, with his arms under his head, and, to all outward appearance, preparing for a doze.

"The spy you were sitting with just now," replied the strange gentleman, who, of course, was Terence Foley, on the reconnoitering expedition he had agreed with Boreen to make.

"What do you know about him?"

Foley gave an account of Merritt's doings, as seen through the spectacles of the Macca T——; and Simms responded by a narrative of the little reporter's visit to Pittsburg, and his subsequent doings at Clyde.

"That's how you find *me* here," said Simms. "I wouldn't trust the job of following him to any one else; and as Boreen doesn't know me personally, I was able to work in my own way without interference. I've got everything ready for soothing; but, of course, I'll give way to the T——. Tomorrow morning was the time I had fixed."

"That'll do well enough for me-silf."

"I'll get him away from here at seven o'clock. He'll go across the ford up the hill and then by the road to the Burgh."

"That's the way I came here this afternoon. I know it intirely."

"Well, he *may* take it into his head to walk around by the park, instead of keeping to the high road. So you had better be in observation near the top of the ascent from the ford, and then you can follow him whichever way he goes."

"'Tis comprehinded. And have ye spotted the money?"

"Yes. He's put it in a safe deposit company's vault in Washington. I've seen his key. When he's soothed, Michael Smith's representative can come forward and claim the money."

"The idintical ijea of Ri Boreen himself."

"You mustn't slip up to-morrow morning. He's as artful as they make 'em. Think of his planting the eagle and the note on young Spinks, and sending the note from *here* with the initials H. W. to Rose!"

"Devil a bit will I slip. Sind him along the road at sivin o'clock, and I'l sind him to the ould gentleman before eight."

"Agreed. And now I must be going back to our man or he may be starting out to look for me."

That evening, after supper, when Inly had become sleepy-eyed and was about to retire for the night, Mr. Simms said that *he* didn't feel sleepy in the least and should go for a stroll in the moonlight, as he had already done on several previous occasions, for the purpose of tiring himself and making sure of a good night's rest. As he passed the canteen he entered, and, procuring a sheet of paper and an envelope, wrote the following note:

"Pigeon River Camp,  
"July 5th, 1907.

"Friend Westeron:—Meet me to-morrow morning on the road through the park, near the main avenue, at half past seven. I have made some important discoveries and wish to consult with you. INLY MERRITT."

This he placed in an envelope, which he addressed to Captain R. Westeron, at the Vagrant's Home, Burgh of Clyde, and marked "confidential."

Placing the note in his pocket, he lighted a cigar and strolled forth into the luminous, ghostly haze that did duty for moonlight under a sky of faint green in the center, shading off into deep black on all sides, and revealing here and here a blood-red star. No storm had yet broken, in spite of Lydia's apprehensions that afternoon; but there was a portentous moaning amid the trees.

On reaching the river bank he entered the boat belonging to the camp and, casting loose, sculled quietly down the stream for a short distance, to a point at the foot of the hill below Hodeslea Church. Here he ran the bow of the boat into some bushes on the western bank and struck the water three times with his oar.

A young man, who had lain concealed behind the bushes, at once stood up.

"Take this letter," said Simms, advancing to the bow, and stretching forth his hand to the newcomer, "and deliver it to-night at the Vagrant's Home, in Clyde, with the usual care. Are the Macca in the *cache*?"

"Yis, your honor."

"Let them march, armed and mounted, to the church on the hill here

to-morrow morning, where I will meet them at half past seven exactly. Tell them I will take command and will not stop until their sea-legs are wanted."

"Tis the good news you're afther giving us, your honor," said the young man, in the same low tone that Simms had adopted; and, twirling a formida-

ble cudgel in his hand, he relieved his feelings by some prodigious capers on the silent sward.

"Good-night," said Simms, pushing off and sculling his boat up-stream.

"Good-night till the blissid good morning of the morrow," rejoined the young man.

## CHAPTER XLIV

### A CONFIDENTIAL PARTING

Inly Merritt and John Simms tumbled out of their hammocks at six o'clock the next morning.

"Dr. Blauenfeld wasn't a good weather-prophet," said Merritt, throwing aside the tent-flap and looking out.

"The storm's due to-day," replied Simms, looking at Merritt's back with a glance of cruel ferocity.

"Ugh! It *does* look and feel ugly," responded Merritt, coming back and hastily dressing. "There's a mist which isn't a mist, and a black sky which isn't black. The trees are sobbing and sighing, and yet there's no wind to speak of. I never saw anything like it before."

"And never will again, you bet! The weather's faces are twins to our own—no two alike."

"I say, Simms," said Inly, after awhile, "you promised me last night that you would tell me all about yourself this morning. Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm Sanford Tevis."

"Wha—at!" cried Merritt, dropping his outstretched leg and his half-

indued boot, and sitting very limply on his camp-stool.

"Yes, and you are one of the distinguished Seems family, too."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because you are Inly Merritt, and not Charles Warner."

"The devil I am!" said Inly, assuming a scornful manner, and a very tottering strut.

"Don't *act*! Thespis wasn't one of *your* ancestors. Didn't you own up, yesterday afternoon, that you were in Pittsburg on the day after I left there, and hadn't you given your name to John Dillon the night before for him to make an appointment with me?"

It suddenly dawned upon Merritt's mind that his "idea" as to cornering Mr. Simms about the invention had worked the wrong way.

"I'll admit I didn't quite live up to my character," said he, with an attempt at a laugh. "But, after all, I was pretty square with you. I told you about the still-hunt I was on after the murderer of Smith. And Captain Westeron, of course, knew my real name from the start."

"Oh! that reminds me." cried

Tevis, cordially. "When I was coming back from my stroll last night, somebody had just called for you at the telephone. So, as I knew you had gone to sleep, I went to the box. It was Captain Westeron, who asked me to tell you to be sure to meet him without fail in the park, at the corner of the main avenue, where the Pigeon River road branches off, at half past seven this morning."

"Did he say what he wanted to see me about?"

"No; he only said it was something very particular."

"All right. Thanks."

Merritt thereupon expedited his ablutions and dressing, wondering very much in his mind as to what Westeron could possibly want to see him for.

"I suppose he wants some evidence from me about young Wyndham," said he.

"Young Spinks, you mean," replied Tevis. "That was rather a fine scene when the Captain touched him on the shoulder in the Motehouse, wasn't it?"

"Gad! I hardly knew where I was."

"The peach brandy had been too much for you. Yum! yum! What armfuls!"

"More than that, Simms—or Tevis! My *mind* was feasting, as well as my senses."

"Stuff! Your mind wouldn't have feasted if the organ had been played and the oration delivered by *men*. It was the *women* element that did it, my brick. Which was the peachier, eh?"

"I'm d—d if I know. When I look at Miss Drax I get the creeps, and when I look at Dr. Blauenfeld I get the shivers."

"There's rather *more* of Miss Drax. And then—just give your imagination its head—red hair and dark eyes! What do they spell, eh? Young Wyndham's learning. I told you he was on that little game. Did you see his arm round her waist?"

"Curse him!" exclaimed Merritt, viciously. "I'll give him something else to think of. The Spinks business shan't save him from swinging if I keep him on his track."

"And if I help you. That proved to be a pretty good idea about searching his clothes, didn't it? I wormed out from Colonel Bernie that, at the private inquiry after the meeting, some of Smith's money was found in young Spinks' pocket."

"Good! D—d good!" cried Merritt, performing vigorous evolutions with a pair of hair-brushes. "But, I say, Simms—or Tevis—what made *you* so ready to help? Oh! that's rather a stupid question of mine, too! I see! He was your partner!"

Merritt did not see the effect these simple words produced upon his comrade's face.

"You're speaking of Michael Smith, I suppose?" said Tevis.

"Yes, of Michael Smith—another of the Seems family—Waldorf Astor. I can understand it all now. You're here on the same errand as I am. But how on earth did you hit on Wyndham's trial so quickly?"

"I might ask you the same question."

"My detective instinct did it," said Merritt, strutting, and choosing to forget that the rankest of chances had brought him to Clyde.

"And mine, too," rejoined Tevis, laughing. "We're birds of a feather, Merritt."

"*Arcades ambo*," spouted Inly.

"D— your Latin. Let's be practical and pull together. I've got a plan for picking both peaches and then we'll toss up for 'em. How does that strike you?"

"Down to the ground. And now, as we're solid, I'll ask you a straight question. What the devil *was* that million of money drawn by Smith before he was murdered?"

"His own, of course. A million isn't much for an Astor to have."

Merritt looked closely at Tevis, but could not see any sign of hesitation. A luminous idea occurred to him. He would take this crafty man by surprise.

"I think a good deal of it was collected by Dr. Boreen," said he.

"And what makes you think that?" asked Tevis, whose face did change color slightly.

"It's now *my* turn to say 'Don't act.' Come, Simms—or Tevis—let's be frank with each other. There's nothing so dreadful about the lottery laws, after all."

"I'll match you for frankness, Merritt, any day and as often as you like. But, before we begin, I want you to tell me one thing."

"What is it?"

"I want you to tell me how to cross an Irish peat-bog."

Merritt's wits were at their best on that particular morning. He was in the arena. His blade was engaged. Every sense and faculty was alert. He had deliberately chosen to adventure upon mysterious, and possibly dangerous, ground. Accordingly he felt prepared for *any* surprise, and even the terrible allusion to the "peat-bog" did not throw him off his balance. He experienced a sickly, sinking feeling, it was true, in the pit of his thorax, but his mind came up to time, smiling, and it was with outward calm and easiness that he replied:

"That's a large order, Tevis. It'll keep till I come back. I've only got time for a hasty cup of coffee at the canteen, and then I must be off to meet Westeron. We'll pick up the threads of our conversation this evening, when I dare say I shall have a good deal to tell you."

"I don't think you'll tell me much," said Tevis, in a tone which struck Merritt as being strange.

"And you think I'll tell Captain Westeron a good deal more than I tell you, eh, old man?"

"I'm quite easy as to what you'll be able to tell Captain Westeron this morning."

"Well, good-bye for the present."

"Good-bye!"

And, as Merritt moved away in the direction of the canteen, Tevis added

"Forever!"

## CHAPTER XLV

## IN THE PARK

Inly Merritt set off at a brisk pace from the camp and soon reached Pigeon River Farm. Lydia and Eliza were already up and dressed and were in the garden.

"Good morning, ladies!" exclaimed the little man. "Have you any message for the Burgh?"

"No, thank you," said Lydia. "We ourselves shall be going there immediately after breakfast."

She and Eliza had advanced to the fence, on which they were now leaning. Their faces were so fresh and lovely—Eliza's bright with exuberant happiness, and Lydia's sadly sweet—and their forms were so charmingly outlined by their trim morning gowns, that Inly felt a wild longing to make mad love to both. It really required the whole of his mental strength to prevent him from breaking out into some desperate and foolish speech. He forced a smile, however, and said:

"I think both of you are desirous of adding to the happiness of the world."

"What you say is very true, Mr. Warner," replied Lydia, smiling in return.

"Then I will make bold enough to ask each of you for a flower."

There was something so earnest, so serious, so pleading, in Merritt's tone and glance, that the ladies went without a word to the nearest rose-bush and picked two half-opened flowers, which they gave him.

"With my complete good will," said Eliza.

"With my wishes for your happiness, here and hereafter," said Lydia.

"I would sacrifice any hereafter for this 'here,'" rejoined Merritt, as he placed the two little roses in the buttonhole of his coat.

"'Pleased to the last' you'd 'crop the flow'ry food,' Mr. Warner," said Eliza gayly.

And so, with an interchange of kindly words, with sweet music lingering in his ears, with his heart throbbing, with a solemn chord faintly, almost unconsciously, vibrating to the touch of Lydia's grave words, and with a tender, fragrant memento of two beautiful faces, Inly Merritt passed on.

The river seemed to be a little swollen, although the stepping stones were not fully covered. Rain, probably, had fallen away in the southeast Clouds, dense and threatening, hung overhead, and dimmed the glancing of the water. The mist lay no thicker along the stream than up on the hill-sides. It was, as Inly had remarked to Tevis, not mist-like. It was rather some universal thickening of the atmosphere which blurred all objects fifty yards or so away and rendered them unrecognizable in detail, although the view was not completely obscured at any distance. The boughs and leaves of the trees were still swaying and rustling in the windless air. Frequent rumbling of thunder came from afar beyond the Burgh, and the deep black canopy of the sky in that direction was, ever and anon, quickly and briefly illumined. The temperature was more sultry and oppressive than it had been on the Thursday.

Merritt slowly ascended the hill from the ford. He could just distinguish a horseman, a blurred dark figure on a blurred white horse, pausing as if uncertain whether or not to ride down the hill, and then proceeding slowly on. He caught himself thinking of his childish days, of his little feats at school, of his fond mother and father, and their glistening eyes when he would boast to them of what he would do when a grown man. He wondered why he should think of those far-off days and scenes of the past that was so dead, and yet lived so green in his memory. This led him to think of the future, and the glorious eyes of Dr. Blauenfeld, as she had given him her good wishes for the hereafter. Why did she say that? What made her so divinely sad-looking? And Miss Drax, too, the rich, ripe, luscious peach that the carpenter bee had watched and worked for until the splendor of last Monday's sunset, before which all other glamour had faded! Was she really loved by, did she really love, this young Wyndham—or Spinks? Curse him! Yet, stay! What was the story of noble heroism, of dauntless courage, of a generous aversion to slaying, which had been told by the thrilling, matchless voice of the blue-eyed maid? The hero of Bahia Honda and of the lighthouse on the Morro point—had *he* done foul murder upon an old man for money? It did not seem very probable. But if not *he*, who, then? Who would have known of the money? And who would have been able to visit Waldorf

Astor as a friend and drink grog with him? Astor! Astor & Tevis! Sanford Tevis! There was the chain! Those were the links! Sanford Tevis had been away from Pittsburg at the very time of the murder. And did he not pay a large sum in new gold and promise a still larger sum in international notes to the Treasury at Newport News? Then, too, *he*, Sanford Tevis, was a man capable of the deed. No scruples, no generous sentiments would weaken *his* arm. He would mock on, even while murdering!

By this time Inly had reached the point where the road through the park struck off to the left, while the highway to the Burgh continued straight on. He entered through the open park gates, and, excited by the tragic current of his thoughts, stepped out briskly along the wooded way. In the hazy condition of the air he could not see clearly to the end of the road as usual, and, therefore, was unable to notice whether Westeron was already at the appointed spot. Nor could he see down the bosky slope on his left to the terraced walk beside the river. No one was in view.

The footfall of a horse sounded close behind him. He mechanically turned his head to notice the rider, and then uttered a yell of affright that rang far and wide through the park.

The horseman was the black-browed individual who had so nearly pushed him from the Hygeia Pier. There was an uplifted cudgel in his hand. In his glance was death.

(To be continued.)

## Personal and Incidental

### "THE AMERICAN INVADERS"

In this extraordinary age a fashion of self-depreciation sweeps over certain nations. A few years ago, says the *New York Journal*, it was France that went through it. One Frenchman wrote a book on "The Grandeur and Decadence of the French," and another one wrote on "Anglo-Saxon Superiority." Now it is England's turn. Everything English, from the army to the morals of society, has been weighed in English balances and found wanting. Commercially, the foreign terror loomed up with the publication of "Made in Germany;" but it did not reach its most appalling proportions until the German ogre was superseded by one from America.

It appears now that a veritable panic is reigning in England over American competition in trade, and, moreover, there is good reason for it. The latest book on the subject—"The Invaders," by Mr. Fred A. McKenzie, of the *London Mail*—is jammed with startling facts. There seems to be no line of business in which Americans are not crowding Englishmen off the track in their home markets. It is not merely the purchase of a steamer line by J. Pierpont Morgan. "The real invasion," says Mr. McKenzie, "goes on unceasingly and without noise or show in five hundred industries at once. From shaving soap to electric motors, and from shirtwaists to telephones, the American is clearing the field. To-day it is literally true that Americans are selling their cottons in

Manchester, pig iron in Lancashire, and steel in Sheffield. They send oatmeal to Scotland, potatoes to Ireland, and our national beef to England. It only remains for them to take coals to Newcastle."

But it is not what Americans **have** actually done, but what they may be **expected** to do, that is most portentous. The things Mr. McKenzie describes are the mere beginnings of a new experiment. They are our first tentative gropings after a foreign trade. Moreover, this invasion of European markets **has** taken place in a boom time at **home**. Most of our greatest manufacturing **establishments** have been fully occupied in supplying the American demand. It **has** been only a little surplus energy **that** could be used in attacking new markets abroad.

Finally, the goods we have sent over to England thus far have been mostly sent in British ships, on the terms of British ship-owners. But that is **about** to change. Mr. Morgan's purchase of the Leyland line is only one symptom of our determination to do our own **carrying**. The rush of work in American shipyards is a more important one.

And now how will it be when our **experiment** has been fully tested, when **our** footing in the foreign markets **has been** definitely won, when the **home demand** slackens so that we shall have to **export** enormously increased amounts to keep our mills busy, and when we shall have a fleet of American steamers able to

carry our goods abroad in any quantities at the most favorable rates?

These are points that may well make foreigners think.

#### AMERICA THREATENS ENGLAND'S SOUTH-AMERICAN TRADE

The interest felt by the great manufacturing countries of the world in the growth of exports from the United States and their invasion of new fields is illustrated by a recent official report of the British commercial agent at Chicago, in which he discusses the export trade of the United States for the last fiscal year.

"The trade returns," says Mr. E. Seymour Bell, the author of the report, "show evidence of a considerable increase in exports to Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies. There are many indications that an attempt is about to be made to capture the trade of South America. Shipping facilities are being improved, though slowly, and every effort is being made to draw more closely the commercial relations of the two American continents. Particular attention is being paid to the needs of buyers and the conditions of trade are being closely studied.

"Everything that can give satisfaction to buyers is being done. Close attention is given to packing of goods, and price lists are circulated in Spanish with, in many cases, prices quoted in the current coin of the country per one hundred kilos. The advantage of this to the customers cannot be overestimated.

"The States on the Pacific coast have chiefly benefited by the increase of trade with South America. The new steam-ships trading between Pacific ports of South America and Pacific ports of the United States, due, perhaps, to the new interests acquired in the Pacific Ocean,

greatly facilitate the trade between the several countries. The development of railways in Venezuela, Colombia, and Argentina, often with American capital, has also greatly aided the expansion. In all probability this increase will continue, especially if the plans of certain American investors are carried out.

"The whole of South America only takes about three per cent. of the total exports of the United States, but its share is increasing. The increase in trade with Chili is considered particularly gratifying, as it was unexpected. Chili is recognized as one of the most prosperous and most progressive countries in South America, and it is expected to have a great future. The desire to increase trade with South America is very keen, and there is probably no part of the world where greater efforts are being made to obtain a supremacy. Not only has the trade been very small, but in most cases the South American republics have been selling to the United States more than they have been buying.

"Particular attention is being called to the trade in cotton goods. That the United States should have only sold in 1900 to Mexico, Central and South America cotton goods of the value of \$3,605,269, while the United Kingdom sold to these same countries similar goods to the value of \$38,007,564 causes amazement, taking into consideration the fact that the United States sold to the United Kingdom raw cotton worth about \$100,000,000. I merely mention this in order to indicate an important line of goods where severe competition may be expected."

The report also discusses the growth of the export trade from the United States to Japan, which, it says, "is becoming an important importing country of American goods." The report gives

tables showing the total imports of Japan and the total from the United States and United Kingdom, respectively, at quinquennial periods from 1881. The imports into Japan from the United States have risen from 1,781,108 yen in 1881 to 62,761,196 yen in 1900; and that the imports into Japan from the United Kingdom have only grown from 16,364,740 yen in 1881 to 71,638,219 yen in 1900. Thus the United States exports to Japan were in 1900 more than thirty-five times as large as in 1881, while those of the United Kingdom to Japan were less than five times as large as in 1881.

Commenting upon these facts, Mr. Bell says: "If we make a comparison between the quantities of certain merchandise exported this year with those exported the year previous many a useful lesson may be learned. That the United Kingdom makes such a poor showing in competition with the United States is due almost entirely to the use of more perfect and more economical machinery in this country. By improvements in methods of manufacture and close attention to the wants of buyers, there should be no difficulty in competing with the United States.

"As regards heavy steel goods, such as rails, structural material, etc., the abundance and cheapness of raw material in the United States makes competition more difficult. For finished articles, such as machinery, etc., it is more a question of economy of manufacture and design than in the first cost of material. In this country of high wages and in many cases long railway carriage, the only way to be able to compete with other countries is to cut down expenses as much as possible by the use of labor-saving machinery and general economy. If this is possible in America it ought to be equally possible in other competing countries."—*New York Journal*.

### THE DOMINION'S COMMERCIAL POLICY

Mr. John Charlton, a member of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission, in a recent address on "The Past, the Present, and the Future of Canada," spoke in part on the Dominion's relations with the United States:

"Within the last few years," said Mr. Charlton, "there has been a rapid growth of imperial sentiment in Canada. It is not probable and not desirable that organic union of Canada and the various colonies with the central power, Great Britain, should be the result. The union between Great Britain and her colonies is now and should remain a bond of sympathy and voluntary union. It is not improbable that the trend of movements will draw powerfully toward the adoption of imperial zollverein."

He then spoke, says the *New York Times*, of the two great Anglo-Saxon commonwealths on the continent, and the great disparity between their comparative developments, and the much smaller disparity between their respective resources. Natural tendencies as to trade have, however, he said, been dwarfed by thirty-four years of repressive fiscal legislation, for since the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty in 1866 the tariff of the United States seemed to have been designed for the purpose of discouraging and destroying Canadian trade.

Canada's policy toward the United States in the period has been a moderate and reasonable one, and at the present time Canadian duties upon total imports from the United States are only half in percentage of those levied by the American Government on Canadian imports.

"There is a lack in our country," Mr. Charlton continued, "of diversity of employment, and unless the United States will consent to reasonable concessions,

and the adoption of a trade policy that will meet our own, some other course will have to be taken. Canada is pretty strongly imbued with the policy of protection, and the adoption of the American scale of duties for the purpose of securing the manufacturing in our own country of the enormous amount of manufactured goods we now import from that country will be pertinent and proper answer to the refusal on the part of the United States to grant an adequate modification of their own trade policy toward us. If such refusal is given, the adoption of the course indicated would be something more than protection. It might properly be called self-protection."

#### AMERICAN IRON-WORKS IN AUSTRALIA

A special correspondent of the *New York Times*, in a letter from Sydney, N. S. W., says: "It is not improbable that an American offer to establish iron-works in New South Wales will be accepted by the Government of that State, which has caused the following letter to be published:

"We are requested by several gentlemen now in Sydney, who represent an American (United States) syndicate, to place the following matters before you and ask a favorable reply:

"(a) The syndicate are willing to invest a sum of \$5,000,000, and probably \$10,000,000, in the erection and equipment of an iron and steel plant in this State, such plant to be of the most modern and up-to-date description.

"(b) To undertake the production of iron and steel rails, equal in quality, and possibly superior, to those produced in any other countries.

"(c) To as far as is practicable manufacture such productions from coals, limestone, fluxes, iron ores, etc., as are mined in the State of New South Wales.

"(d) To recognize the minimum wage of 7s. per day, and the trade union rates for skilled labor prevailing at date of signature of contract. At the same time it should be understood that no similar contract will be

given by the Government of the State of New South Wales to any other person, firm, or syndicate, except under the minimum wage proviso.

"(e) To work strictly under the Shops and Factories act or acts now existing in this State.

"In return for this will you please reply to the following question:

"(1) Will the Government of New South Wales guarantee to place an order for say 200,000 tons of iron or steel rails, made under the foregoing conditions, with the syndicate at London or New York rates, plus freight, lighterage, wharfage, insurance, and other charges; deliveries to be received of not less than 25,000 tons per annum?

"(2) All deliveries to be taken from the works unless otherwise mutually arranged."

The State Government has decided not to move in the matter until the Federal tariff has been passed, when, providing its clauses are favorable, negotiations will probably be opened without delay. Should the proposed works be established, the proprietors would have little difficulty in securing a monopoly of iron production in the Commonwealth."

#### CANADIANS AT ODDS WITH LORD MINTO

It is said Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada, is likely soon to resign. Either that, or he must give in to the demands of the Canadian Cabinet, with whose members he is at odds over various matters of more or less importance—of sufficient importance, at least, to have caused relations to become greatly strained and the situation critical. Among other things, the conferring of certain honors upon the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, and the selection of militia regiments to be in attendance at the celebration, have been potent in accentuating the differences between the present Governor-General and the present Ministry.

If Lord Minto chooses to resign—perhaps upon the plea of Lady Minto's

health—his most probable successor is said to be Lord Blaquier. The latter, while an English nobleman, was born in Canada and is of French Huguenot extraction. He inherited his title as a member of a collateral branch of the English family. He is a pronounced Protestant, and the circumstances attending his marriage served to show the strength of his devotion to the Protestant Church. Baron De Blaquier married Miss Lucienne Desbarats, of Montreal. Her family was Catholic, and insisted that the marriage ceremony be performed by a Catholic clergyman, and that the children be reared in the Catholic faith. To this proposition Baron De Blaquier opposed an absolute refusal, with the result that the marriage took place in the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral. Not a member of the bride's family was present, and the French of Montreal were indignant over the incident. De Blaquier also secured from his bride an agreement that their children should be educated in Protestant schools. So pronounced a display of strong Church feeling served to endear Baron De Blaquier to Protestants in Canada, and the fact that he is native-born has increased his popularity with all classes.

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#### NEW YORK'S ALFRED MILLENARY BANQUET

The banquet in commemoration of the millenary of King Alfred was held in New York the evening of October 28th. From the *Times* of that city the following report of the dinner is taken:

A banquet to commemorate the millenary of King Alfred the Great was held at Delmonico's last night under the auspices of the Societies of St. George, St. Andrew, St. David, and the Historical Society, in accordance with the suggestion of the Society of American Authors.

The Mayor of Winchester, Alfred Bowker, was the guest of honor. He sat at the left of ex-Surrogate Rastus S. Ransom, who acted as toastmaster, Sir Percy Sanderson, through diplomatic precedent, being to the right. The Mayor of Winchester was arrayed in the red coat of a Captain of British Volunteers, and wore about his neck a gold chain, the badge of his civic office. The banquet hall was lavishly decorated with American and British flags, and in a prominent position was the flag of Wessex, with its stripes of red, white, and green and a big golden cross. The menu was printed in Saxon. The souvenir was a beautifully bound volume of Walter Besant's "The Story of King Alfred."

When the toastmaster proposed the health of the President of the United States the company standing, the orchestra of several pieces, accompanied by a harp, attempted to play "The Star-Spangled Banner," but failed toward the concluding lines. The toast to King Edward VII. was accompanied by the air "God save the King," and was successfully rendered to the last bar. Mr. Ransom, in introducing the Mayor of Winchester, said in part:

"It is fitting to this occasion to remark that to-day in England the largest cruiser in the world was launched and christened with King Alfred's name. The English-speaking world knows him best for his poetry, his philosophy, and his greatness, which regenerated the world. He believed in and re-enacted the Ten Commandments. Alfred saved England from foreign domination and for a Christian career."

Mr. Bowker in response said in part:

"We of the other hemisphere recognize the vast progress of the people of America. We watch the rapid rise and immense expansion brought home to us continually by the development of the

cities of the United States. Our debt, and great it is, for the example set us, we fully recognize and appreciate. Winchester, the ancient and royal capital of England, was unquestionably the cradle of the greatest of the English-speaking race. Our home celebration was not entirely free from great shadows of distress, of sorrow, and we deeply lamented the terrible end of your much-respected President, Mr. McKinley. He had written to me in the early days of this commemoration, and expressed his personal and cordial sympathy with the movement. The proceedings on the day of the funeral were at once entirely altered in character. This severe blow was not the only one sustained during the arrangements of our celebration. Our own beloved, great, and good Queen Victoria had passed to her last rest midst the mourning of the peoples of the civilized globe. The record of the lives of Victoria and McKinley and of the life of King Alfred will be an ever-treasured memory and far-reaching influence for good. May the example of King Alfred's career remain ever before our peoples. May the present good feeling existing between the United States and Great Britain endure throughout the ages still to come. The success of our celebration was largely due to American sympathy. Your Secretary of State, Hay, told us that your history did not begin with the landing of the *Mayflower*, but with the beginning of American history, and so we have celebrated King Alfred together."

Gen. Stewart L. Woodford followed. He referred to the Saxon monarch as the father of the English navy, and added:

"He learned the art that he who conquers an enemy must make a friend of him. I hope the lesson will not be forgotten in dealing with Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines."

Gen. Woodford was followed by Sir J. G. Bourinot, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada. He said in part:

"Alfred the Great should be compared with George Washington. They were both truth-tellers. Alfred was a great man and Washington the greatest man in the revolution against England. The tributes we paid to our Queen and your President I hope will be the spirit of our future 'compromise and fair play.'

Hamilton W. Mabie and Gen. Wager Swayne delivered brief addresses in eulogy of King Alfred.

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#### THE LATE PRESIDENT'S ANGLO-AMERICANISM

President McKinley was steadfastly Britain's friend and strove earnestly for a better understanding between the two branches of the race. It was not a case of Anglomania with him, nor mere political expediency. He recognized that it was to the interest of his country, and to the interest of the world, that the two most civilized and progressive powers should be in accord, and he acted on that conviction. His policy rendered him unpopular in some quarters, but he cared nothing for that, being too much of a man and patriot to court favor with the canaille at the expense of his duty. The improvement that has taken place in our relations is largely due to the late President's personal example and influence, and the best people of the two countries will forever hold him in grateful and admiring remembrance, if for this alone.—*British Californian*.

---

#### THE UNITED STATES SUGAR TARIFF

As a good deal has recently appeared in print regarding the consumption of sugar, and as this article is a food in

which every individual is concerned, the following figures furnished by Messrs. Willett and Gray, publishers of the weekly *Statistical Sugar Trade Journal* of New York, must necessarily be of interest. And this, too, regardless of the arguments for free trade in sugar that the statisticians seek to build upon the figures presented.

## RAW SUGAR.

Tons.

Total consumption, U. S., 1900 (Willett and Gray) .....	2,219,847
Add 6.34 per cent., average annual increase in consumption last 19 years....	<u>140,738</u>
Consumption for 1901.....	2,360,585
Of which Tons.	
Louisiana produces .....	350,000
Beet (domestic) produces .....	150,000
Hawaii (free) produces .....	350,000
Porto Rico (free) produces .....	<u>150,000</u>
	1,000,000
	<u>1,360,585</u>
Paying duty at an average of say \$36 per ton (Equivalent to \$40 per ton in granulated.)	\$48,981,060
(Price increased because of tariff, \$36 per ton.)	
Total consumption, 2,360,585 tons @ \$36...	<u>\$84,981,060</u>
Additional, people taxed annually and pay to provide \$49,000,000 for revenue.....	<u>\$36,000,000</u>
Viz.:	
To Louisiana planters on 350,000 tons at \$36 per ton.....	\$12,600,000
To domestic beet planters on 150,000 tons at \$36 per ton.....	5,400,000
To Hawaii planters on 350,000 tons at \$36 per ton.....	12,600,000
To Porto Rico planters on 150,000 tons at \$36 per ton.....	5,400,000
	<u>\$36,000,000</u>
Remove duty and the whole	\$84,-

981,060 accrues to the public. On October 8, the quotation for Cuba centrifugal sugar, 96 per cent. test, free on board Cuba, was 1.96 cents per pound, and the duty on same amounted to 1.685 cents per pound, which is equivalent to 86 per cent. ad valorem.

## A BRITISH PROPHECY

Time, 100 years hence. Scene—Liverpool. Aged British Inhabitant (pointing to liner steaming out of harbor)—That boat, sir, is one of the most remarkable vessels in this country.

Stranger—Indeed; how is that?

British Inhabitant—It's the only British steamship that doesn't belong to an American syndicate.—*London Fun.*

## EDITORIAL JOTTINGS

THE United States Government finds itself burdened now with too much money. Why not divide it up? Not among the several States, as was done once before, but among the people this time. You wouldn't find many to object to this proceeding. If Mr. Rockefeller or a few other good men did, there are others who wouldn't. Even Weary Willie would probably accept without demur, providing his little dividend were delivered to him and he did not have to go after it. What a great scheme that would be, anyway! It is a wonder some happy-thought utopian paper has not suggested it long ere this.

NO MORE fitting comment was made by a British paper on the outcome of the *Columbia-Shamrock* races than that of the *London Daily News*: "John Bull may console himself with the reflection that he has been beaten by one of his own family, and that Uncle Sam has proved himself worthy of his origin."

THE courts have decided that to "loop the loop" is too dangerous to be permitted. Admiral Schley, also, found it dangerous—not only to certain Spaniards but to himself. The Spanish are constitutionally opposed to *Brooklyn* loops, and the Americans to those at Coney Island.

IN a game played between Capt. Bo-sanquet's team of English cricketers and the Gentlemen of Philadelphia near the latter city on October 7, the Englishmen were defeated by 229 runs. And cricket is Britain's national game, too.

WILL Lord Minto resign? There is, undoubtedly an element in Canada that

dislikes him; but will a Lord De Bla-quiere be likely to prove any more generally popular?

AMERICA, not long since, literally "carried coals to Newcastle." Now it is reported that "Australia wants American iron works." What iron-y is this!

ACCORDING to an official census bulletin there are in the United States still more males than females. And there are more still males than females.

IT used to be "the power of the press." Now it is "the power of the purse."

RICHARD Croker's presence in politics marks how much it is a Want-age.

## Book Notes

### SETON-THOMPSON'S ANIMALS

Ernest Seton-Thompson's new animal book, which, by the way, will be as big and as full and as substantial as his "Wild Animals I Have Known," contains, in the author's phrase, "a true account of the doings of five quadrupeds and two birds." The contents are as follows:

1—Krag, the Kootenay Ram; 2—A Street Troubadour, being the adventures of a cock sparrow; 3—Johnny Bear; 4—The Mother



Teal and the Overland Route; 5—Chink, the development of a pup; 6—The Kangaroo Rat; 7—Tito, the story of the Coyote that learned how; 8—Why the Chickadee goes crazy once a year.

The curious cover design shown here is Mrs. Seton-Thompson's idea. The eye represents the spirit of cruelty to animals. The hand stands for the growing modern spirit of kindness. It is held in the "good luck position" of the Italians and, pointing to-

ward the cruel eye, is intended as a counter to the evil influence.

### NOTES

"Individuality and the Moral Aim in American Education," a report presented to the Victoria University and the Gilchrist Trustees, February, 1901, by H. Thiselton Mark, is among the announcements of new works issued by *Longmans, Green & Co.* The report embodies a fairly representative series of answers to the questions, What is it that you personally are aiming at with regard to the children or the students in the school or college? and How are you seeking to accomplish it? One authority, who is frequently quoted in the book and whose name has long been held in high honor by English educationists, Dr. W. T. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, has said referring to the moral aim in education, "The English and American school is founded on the idea that moral education is more important than intellectual." As to the principle of individuality, reviewing the last century, Professor C. H. Herford says, "The nineteenth century has assailed, but has not seriously modified, the stubborn individualism of the English mind. On the contrary, it has seen the English mind persistently seeking philosophic or scientific justification for its own instincts."

Among the many artists of the present day who are doing excellent work as illustrators, there are but few, comparatively speaking, who have captivated a strong personal following, either by long years of endeavor in this field, or by their own distinct, remarkably original individuality. Among the artists whose fame has resulted largely from a peculiar originality of touch is Mr. Peter Newell, whose work can be

recognized anywhere by anybody whether it is, or is not, accompanied by the artist's signature. Like many of his fellow-craftsmen, Mr. Newell is not given to over-appreciation of his own productions, and when the Harpers suggested to him that he should make a new set of illustrations for "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," that they might publish it this fall, his first thought was a reluctance to attempt a piece of work already so admirably done by Sir John Tenniel. Tenniel's pictures of Alice and her friends leave little to be desired, but whatever deficiency existed has been admirably supplied by Mr. Newell, whose pictures seem destined to be the final illustrations of this immortal story, so humorously and sympathetically do they fulfil the intentions of the author.

The London *Publisher's Circular* takes a very optimistic view of the Boer war in connection with the prosperous condition of the book-trade. It states that while John Bull has paid out immense sums to support his military operations, he is likewise receiving and apt to receive considerable commercial profit therefrom, the writer of the article declaring that the British are fighting for their own benefit, and that commerce, and hence book-selling, follows the British flag. He adds that "last year's unequalled activity in the book market in the United States has caused the production in this country [England] of many books which would not otherwise have seen the light, and this increased demand from America has helped to lessen the bad effect which the South African war may have had." The writer then proceeds to advocate the establishment in America of an English printing house, which he believes would accrue largely to the advantage of any English publisher who would have the enterprise to establish it here. He admits that American publishing methods are more progressive, and that England could reap many benefits from such close connection with the American market. Is "American

invasion" now to be offset by English invasion?

A new, complete and unabridged edition of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole, is announced by *T. Y. Crowell & Co.* (New York). This edition is in three volumes. Also, for those who do not care for the finer set, there is a cheaper one-volume edition.

Among the musical contributions called out by the international yacht races this year is one entitled *Shamrock II. and Columbia*. It is dedicated to Sir Thomas Lipton, the words are by E. Roberton, and the music by C. Schuckle. Mrs. Roberton is an enthusiastic Anglo-American and a resident of New York.

"The West Indies and the Empire" is the title of one of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's works of travel. The author is H. de R. Walker. He, like all travelers in the West Indies, devotes much of his space to the sugar question, but confines himself to the West Indian point of view. Other industries are then discussed, with special reference to the work of the Imperial Department of Agriculture. The author also considers the position of the negro and the coolie, as regards education, the possession of land, their aptitude for the exercise of the franchise, and their general prospects. Finally, he treats of the system of taxation and administration, and touches upon the relations of the West Indies with the British Empire and the United States.

"Minette," by George F. Cram, is a tale of the Crusades, and pictures the stirring events which culminated in the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey. The author has woven history and romance into a most beautiful and fascinating story. The style is dramatic, the diction elegant, the sentiments pure and lofty, and altogether one is impressed in its perusal as by the symmetries and colorings of some noble painting or masterpiece of music. It is illustrated by Waldo Bowser and F. D. Schook; the publishers are *John W. Iliff & Co.* (Chicago).

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The

# Anglo-American

## Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST  
OF ALL WHOSE LANGUAGE IS ENGLISH

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Anglo-American Publishing Co.

NEW YORK  
99 Nassau Street  
25 Cents

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50  
FOREIGN, \$3.00

LONDON  
59 Chancery Lane  
1 Shilling

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## **ANNOUNCEMENT**

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A striking short story written for the Anglo-American Magazine by the famous novelist Henry James, will appear in the January number. In order to be sure of a copy of this issue, which will contain a number of exceptionally interesting features, orders should be placed at once in advance, either with your news-dealer or with the publishers, 99 Nassau Street, New York. Twenty-five cents a copy: \$2.50 a year.

THE  
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1901

NO. 6

THE POET MARKHAM AND HIS WORK

BY HUDSON MAXIM



EDWIN MARKHAM

THE name Edwin Markham is fast becoming a household word. This is because his ideas and ideals are becoming household ideas and ideals. His masterpiece, "The Man With the Hoe," placed him at a bound eminently above all others as a poet of the people—the bard of the working-man. "The latch-string hangs outside the front door" of the American home for Edwin Markham; and there

is welcome for his good words. Mr. Markham is full of exalted purposes, and his handsome face lights up with enthusiasm. He is the people's poet.

When Napoleon was crossing the Alps, and marching on foot in advance of his columns, he met an old peasant woman who rushed up to him and excitedly asked when Napoleon was to pass, as she was very anxious to get sight of him. Bonaparte asked her what the people had gained in Na-

poleon, for, truly, had they not merely exchanged one tyrant for another? The old woman was puzzled for a moment, and then quickly answered, "Louis was the king of the *nobility*, while Napoleon is our king. He is the *people's* king." Napoleon afterward remarked that this simple statement of the old peasant woman embraced the whole truth in a nutshell.

Edwin Markham is the people's poet. He is the bard of the great, struggling, seething human mass, and his sympathy goes out to all those who faint and fall by the wayside. He gives them encouragement. He reaches down and lifts them, while at the same time he congratulates and does honor to the successful and sings of their triumphs and their victories.

Shakespeare held "the mirror up to nature" and made us "see ourselves as others see us." He pictured human nature better than any other mortal, and as "the greatest study of mankind is man," it is altogether fitting that earth's greatest poet should have been the bard of human nature.

Milton was the poet of sublime thought and wonderful sentential construction. He did not write so that "he who runs may read," but so that all who read must translate in order to get his meaning; and in this mental exercise lies much of the true pleasure in reading the works of that great poet.

Robert Burns was the poet of the heart. Human loves and afflictions were his themes, and he touched the heart as none other has ever done.

Edgar Allen Poe was a literary inventor and a philosopher. He dis-

covered before Herbert Spencer did many of the true underlying principles of the philosophy of style and the fundamental laws governing poetic construction. He punctured the great wind-bag of conceit known as the poetic frenzy, and his masterpiece, "The Raven," the most imaginative of all poems in our language, and one of the most beautiful as a literary composition, was produced, as he himself has stated, entirely without the aid of any frenzy, although it is the one poem par excellence of poetic fancy. He went about the matter coolly and calculatingly. He believed that a true poem should not exceed a hundred lines, that the writer should begin with the stanza containing the climax and then build the rest of the poem to fit that. Edgar Allen Poe was the inventor of that class of detective stories made so successful by Conan Doyle, and which have caused the name of Sherlock Holmes to become the common appellation of the shrewd detective.

But, more than any other poet, Markham, as he himself says of Lincoln, has "the color of the ground in him," and "the tang and odor of the primal things." He is of the "Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth," and which has "Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy."

Lincoln broke the last shackles from the limbs of slaves and raised the whole world higher in its own self-respect. Fettered by chains of circumstance, labor still pleads for greater freedom of opportunity, and Markham is its staunch advocate.

The world has been raised from that

condition where man can buy and sell his fellowman, and no one can longer make his fellows chattels. Archimedes said, "Give me the where to place my feet and I will lift the world." America has been a footrest for Freedom, and she has lifted the world, and slaves have been made men, and labor has been exalted breast high. But justice will not be satisfied until Freedom has raised the world still higher and labor has been placed upon her head and becomes her crown. This is Markham's mission.

It is a curious fact that "The Man With the Hoe," on its first appearance, was misunderstood by many. Some considered it a reflection upon labor and a charge that labor is degrading, while the exact opposite was the purpose of the poem. Millet's "Man With the Hoe" was interpreted by Markham as typifying the "Slave of the wheel of labor," and not that kind of labor which, fraught with opportunity, builds and strengthens the body and the intellect, but rather that grinding, hopeless sort which, operating through ages of oppression, defeats the ends of evolution, and makes "A thing that grieves not and that never hopes.

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox."

Witness the strong charge Markham makes in the following lines, when reflecting on this misshapen image of the Creator, in which the light of human reason has been nearly crushed out:

"Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this—

More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
More fraught with menace to the universe."

"The Man With the Hoe" was not produced in a day. It was not the result of a few dreamy moments of half-conscious thought. It was not born of any ecstatic poetic frenzy, but was the fruit of years of scholarly investigation by a philosopher. His views were taken from a high intellectual eminence whose horizon extends far beyond the vision of the common mind.

William Cullen Bryant wrote:

"Deem not the framing of a deathless lay  
The pastime of a drowsy summer day."

For nearly twelve years Mr. Markham kept in reserve his thoughts and ideas embodied in this masterpiece, and he then wrote these lines and the poem was nearly done:

"Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed.  
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
A protest that is also prophecy."

It is a curious phase of human nature that born leaders are few—the vast majority are born to follow stronger intellects than their own. Those who have the ability to judge, coupled with the courage of their convictions, are few. It is easier to be swept along by the multitude than to go independently. Man, like other natural agencies, tends to move on lines of least resistance. Therefore,

when some master mind takes a new pathway and enters a new field of inquiry or research or finds some new way to help his fellowman, he deserves unusual credit. Markham is a pioneer in a new field for a poet. Others have only scratched the surface where he cuts a deep furrow, and the seed sown by him will grow into high trees to ward the burning sun, and into fields of golden waving grain and into beautiful flowers for the food and comfort of future generations.

"Who puts back into place a fallen bar,  
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,  
His feet are moving toward the central  
star,  
His name is whispered in the God's  
abode."

The following, from "The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems," under the head of "Brotherhood," contains a sermon in a nutshell:

"The crest and crowning of all good,  
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;  
For it will bring again to Earth  
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;  
Will send new light on every face,  
A kingly power upon the race.  
And till it come, we men are slaves,  
And travel downward to the dust of  
graves."

I quote the following from "The Sower," one of the gems of Markham's latest book, "Lincoln and Other Poems," and it is a song for the worker:

"He is the stone rejected, yet the stone  
Whereon is built metropolis and throne.  
Out of his toil come all their pompous  
shows,  
Their purple luxury and plush repose!  
The grime of this bruised hand keeps  
tender white

The hands that never labor, day nor  
night.

His feet that only know the field's rough  
floors  
Send lordly steps down echoing cor-  
ridors.

"Yea, this vicarious toiler at the plow  
Gives that fine pallor to my lady's brow.  
And idle armies with their boom and  
blare,

Flinging their foolish glory on the air—  
He hides their nakedness, he gives them  
bed,  
And by his alms their hungry mouths  
are fed.

"Not his the lurching of an aimless clod,  
For with the august gesture of a god—  
A gesture that is question and com-  
mand—

He hurls the bread of nations from his  
hand;  
And in the passion of the gesture flings  
His fierce resentment in the face of  
kings."

Mr. Markham makes a text of Mill-  
let's famous picture, "The Angelus,"  
as follows:

"Pausing to let the hush of evening pass  
Across the soul, as shadows over grass.  
They cease their day-long sacrament of  
toil,

That living prayer, the tilling of the  
soil!

And richer are their two-fold worship-  
pings

Than flare of pontiff or the pomp of  
kings.

For each true deed is worship: it is  
prayer,

And carries its own answer unaware.

Yes, they whose feet upon good errands  
run

Are friends of God, with Michael of the  
sun;

Yes, each accomplished service of the  
day

Paves for the feet of God a lordlier  
way.

The souls that love and labor through  
all wrong,  
They clasp His hand and make the  
circle strong;  
They lay the deep foundation, stone by  
stone,  
And build into Eternity God's throne!

"He is more pleased by some sweet  
human use  
Than by the learnèd book of the recluse;  
Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to Him  
Than the high harpings of the Seraphim;  
More than white incense circling to the  
dome  
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent  
home.  
More than the hallelujahs of the choirs  
Or hushed adorings at the altar fires,  
Is a loaf well kneaded or a room swept  
clean  
With light-heart love that finds no labor  
mean."

The little volume, "Lincoln and Other Poems," just published by McClure, Phillips & Company (New York) is replete with gems of thought most happily expressed. Great cathedrals have been built and their stone floors worn deep by kneeling throngs, wherein the sum and gist of all the sermons preached were of less value in the precepts of the Christ than what this one small book contains.

This is "A Creed," from the new volume:

"There is a destiny that makes us  
brothers:  
None goes his way alone:  
All that we send into the lives of  
others  
Comes back into our own."



## ENGLISH AFFAIRS

BY AN ANGLO-AMERICAN

ANY consideration of English affairs for the past three months must give ample attention to the war in South Africa, which not only dominates every other problem, seriously affects nearly every business, and is the staple subject of conversation, but which also is having an unlooked-for effect upon the temper of the English people. It were a thankless task to enter into the political complexities of the situation as it stands to-day, but one cannot escape the influences of the war. Its protraction into the third year, the admitted uncertainty as to its end, and, looming up in the distance, the greater problems of a settlement once it is ended, the growing doubt that the present ministry can deal efficiently with every situation as it arises, and the repeatedly falsified assertions of the ministers as to its end, have awokened a feeling of unrest where before was confidence, and even the most thorough-going pro-Government journals are pointing out to his Majesty's Cabinet that public confidence in it is waning.

This, to the onlooker, appears one of the most serious aspects of the whole affair, and the possibility that dissatisfaction with the Government's conduct of the war might result in an expression of lack of confidence, nat-

urally attracts attention to the "other side of the House," from which an alternative government would have to come.

In the present condition of the Liberal party in England, or, as it is officially known, the Opposition, there is little prospect that a ministry could be formed that would satisfy the country by an adhesion to and carrying out of any policy for the speedy ending of the war.

It has been said, and, I believe, with a great deal of truth, that the present Conservative-Liberal-Unionist Ministry is not a happy family; but it stands together despite dissensions, and is at least agreed, as individual appeals for the country's patience show, to prosecute the war as long as may be necessary so that the end may mean the subjugation of the Boers and the supremacy of British rule in South Africa.

The Liberals, on the other hand, have a titular leader, many brigadiers who act as if they were commanders-in-chief and — no agreement, no policy. The present condition of the Liberal party affords a most interesting study. Is there any policy upon which the party can be united, a policy, be it understood, which can offer the country relief from the burdens it is now bearing?

If one reads the speeches, the recent speeches, of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and other prominent men in the party, one is puzzled to find where, so far as regards a party policy, they are in **accord at all**. It may be too much to say that the South African war has created as great dissensions in the Liberal party as did Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule Bill, for time alone will show how much this difference of opinion means, and only when the Liberal party is called upon, if it ever is, to take another place than that of disorganized opposition.

Liberal appeals to the country have been, it must be confessed, somewhat hysterical; and whether these appeals have had their logical effect or not, it cannot be denied that the country at large is coming to look upon the South African war with something a little less well-balanced than its previous attitude. A new feeling of unrest is being engendered. There is a suspicion that the Government does not take the country into its confidence, that all the facts are not made public, that Lord Kitchener is not receiving the heartiest support from the Government (the War-Office is being continually blamed for inefficiency), and, above all, the enormous expense involved in the war, and the recent intimation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he will shortly call upon the people for fresh sacrifices — these, and all these, are working to make the coming session of Parliament lively and acrimonious.

There is every evidence that his

Majesty's ministers appreciate this feeling, for there have been, again and again during the last few weeks, speeches appealing profoundly to the patriotism of the country and to its patience. These speeches are scarcely illuminating but they have at least the **weight of authority** and are indicative of the Government's attitude. Parliament meets in December, and it is assumed that the Government will lay before it and the country the exact condition in South Africa at the time (for no one expects the war to be ended by that time), and this statement will form the crux of the session, modified as it probably will be by successes or reverses in the field.

To revert once more to the situation of the Liberals: Lord Rosebery, to whom many appeals have been made to come forward and play his part in the battle, has given an intimation that he will be found in the ranks of the fighters. Liberals at large hail his proposed return to active life but, unfortunately, some of the leaders do not view it with the same enthusiasm, and it is predicted by men prominent in Liberal councils that Lord Rosebery's return to active political life will mark the first stage in the long expected definite split in the party.

Little things indicate the temper of the people, as little straws show which way the wind blows. Englishmen are becoming very sensitive to European criticism of the war. Two years ago they were quite indifferent.

To turn from an unpleasant subject to a pleasant one: The Duke and Duchess of York, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, returned from their

protracted trip to the outposts of the Empire and were received with an acclaim of loyalty which no one could mistake. The political results of this tour will appear from time to time, but Englishmen now are quite right in assuming that the tour has immeasurably strengthened the ties between the mother country and the colonies. It is a platitude to assert that sentiment plays a great part in politics, for in the case of England and her colonies sentiment plays almost the only part. However much the tour may have increased the affection of the colonies for the reigning house, it is scarcely more important than the effect upon his Royal Highness in knowing more intimately the peoples and countries over which he will at one time reign. England's future king forms in himself a bond of union between the mother country and the colonies. Americans may well regret that he could not, under the circumstances, make a visit to the United States, which would have further swelled the tide of good feeling between the two countries.

The return of the Duke of York, his creation as Prince of Wales, and the preparations for the King's coronation next year, inevitably bring up the delicate subject of the King's health. There is a wide-spread belief, though the most emphatic denials have been given, that the King's condition is a matter of the gravest concern. It has been asserted, and denied, that he is suffering from a malignant growth in the throat, which can have but one end. The leading medical journals state that the King's health was never

better and that there is absolutely no cause for alarm. And there the matter may rest for the present.

Meanwhile the preparations for the coronation are going on, and British trade circles are looking forward to a busy season next year. They naturally expect the Americans to contribute much gaiety and cash, and house agents and house owners in London are holding properties at figures that will stagger anybody under a millionaire. Both classes are becoming a little anxious as the days go by and there is no marked inquiry on the part of intending visitors. Some house agents with whom I have talked recently state very frankly that they do not believe there will be any such demand for high-class furnished houses and apartments as has been anticipated, and they say they have advised their clients to be very reasonable in their demands. On the other hand, inquiry has shown me that excessive prices are being asked and there appears to be every disposition to maintain these prices.

English interest in American affairs is visibly increasing, due in part to what is termed the "American Invasion of England," in part to the greater importance of the United States as a world power, and in part to the certain phases of American life, manners, customs, and what may be called national characteristics with which the English are becoming better acquainted. I will deal with the last mentioned first.

New York's municipal elections and the overthrow of Tammany Hall have been fruitful subjects for the English

press and the well-informed for some time. The English papers have not always given the most truthful accounts of New York's municipal condition, erring, I believe, through non-understanding, and not from malice. But whether well-informed or not, Englishmen, and I speak of the class who strive to know something outside of a narrow circle, have watched the fight for good government and have rejoiced that Tammany Hall has received a setback. How much of this elation is due to Tammany Hall's Irish element and pro-Boer sympathies cannot be told, but, at any rate, the English journals have rejoiced over the victory of the fusion force. Englishmen generally confess they cannot understand the conditions in New York. Londoners, blessed as they are with an admirable police force, regard with amazement the New York force, represented, as it is, as allied with, and the instruments of, the most despicable practices and revolting crimes. They cannot believe that the rank and file of the New York force are as honest men as their own pet "bobbies," and they ask why, if the force has to bear the odium of the misdeeds of the men "higher up," the self-respecting element in the second city in the world does not rise in its might and put the wrong-doers where they belong. Londoners whom I have met have argued that if the revelations concerning New York's municipal government are borne out by the facts, the city itself must be entirely given over to the vicious elements and the self-respecting people are powerless. It is difficult to con-

vince them that New York is undergoing a process of development, that the forces of decency have been divided, and that New York generally is quite as safe as London. It is quite useless to argue that the conditions in all great cities are similar, and that New York's prominence is due in great part to the fierceness with which political battles are waged, and the enterprise of American journals. Your Londoner shakes his head despondently, and hopes that New York is not going to suffer the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. At least he did until news came of the overthrow of Tammany Hall. Just now he is hopeful that New York will be spared for two years at least, but in a few weeks he will be gravely speculating, if his attention should be directed that way, as to the impossibility of extinguishing Tammany forever.

The most prominent of the English journals in commenting upon New York's election have intimately associated President Roosevelt with Mr. Low's victory, and, recalling Mr. Roosevelt's well-known efforts for municipal reform, have hailed this victory over Tammany as a happy omen for his term of office. Mr. Roosevelt has fired the English imagination somewhat. They believe that his Presidency will be characterized by a devotion to the higher ideals in political life; they admire him for his courage, which they appreciate all the more in view of the recent attacks upon him. I refer to the criticism and attacks because he invited a negro to his table. The English press has been at some pains to define the color preju-

dice as it exists in the United States, for in England it does not exist, at least to the same degree; and it has also pointed out the possible political effects of the President's action.

Added to this admiration for his courage, is the feeling which has been slowly gaining force that President Roosevelt is quite as friendly to England as was his predecessor, and that he is anxious to make his term of office notable not only for the material advance of the United States but for its greater importance as a world power.

There is every probability that the difficulties attending the last Canal bill or rather Canal treaty, have been overcome, and England is quite willing to see the work go ahead as Americans desire it. Then, too, Pan-Americanism is beginning to occupy the attention of the English press, and this, in its turn, draws attention to the American President.

Like the South African war, "the

American Invasion" is ever present. Again the press has served the Americans a good turn, and columns upon columns have been and are being printed concerning American enterprises and enterprise in England,—really the most valuable kind of advertising. The press has striven to awaken England to the necessity for reform in almost every department of trade, but at the same time in pointing its moral it has awakened Englishmen to the advantages offered by American firms. It is certain that the coming year is going to see largely increased American business in London and England generally, and it will be assisted materially by the American Exhibition to be held at the Crystal Palace next summer. But of this we shall hear much more later when all the plans for the Exhibition are set going.

*London, Nov. 13, 1901.*

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

PARTICULARLY AS TO THOSE MATTERS OF ANGLO-AMERICAN CONCERN

BY THE EDITOR

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S first message to Congress in his capacity as the Nation's Chief Executive, is a comparatively short document, with strength in inverse proportion to its length. Unlike Presidential messages generally, it is by no means wearisome. On the contrary, it is a distinct pleasure to read it from beginning to end, and, as a literary document, it is not unworthy its author. Strenuousness, however, is modified by dignified conservatism, and its reception by not only the American people in particular but the civilized world in general, cannot, on the whole, but be one of approval—even of admiration. His invitation to international action as to Anarchy should be followed by effectual results.

The message, short as it is, however, cannot be reprinted in full in these pages. So far as it deals with topics of international, and particularly of Anglo-American, interest, the following extracts are made.

On the Isthmian Canal problem President Roosevelt says:

“No single great material work which remains to be undertaken on this continent is of such consequence to the American people as the build-

ing of a canal across the isthmus connecting North and South America. Its importance to the Nation is by no means limited merely to its material effects upon our business prosperity; and yet with a view to these effects alone it would be to the last degree important for us immediately to begin it. While its beneficial effects would perhaps be most marked upon the Pacific Coast and the Gulf and South Atlantic States, it would also greatly benefit other sections. It is emphatically a work which it is for the interest of the entire country to begin and complete as soon as possible; it is one of those great works which only a great nation can undertake with prospects of success, and which when done are not only permanent assets in the Nation's material interests, but standing monuments to its constructive ability.

“I am glad to be able to announce to you that our negotiations on this subject with Great Britain, conducted on both sides in a spirit of friendliness and mutual good will and respect, have resulted in my being able to lay before the Senate a treaty, which, if ratified, will enable us to begin preparations for an Isthmian canal at any time, and which guaran-

tees to this Nation every right that it has ever asked in connection with the canal. In this treaty, the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty, so long recognized as inadequate to supply the base for the construction and maintenance of a necessarily American ship canal, is abrogated. It specifically provides that the United States alone shall do the work of building and assume the responsibility of safeguarding the canal and shall regulate its neutral use by all nations on terms of equality without the guarantee or interference of any outside nation from any quarter. The signed treaty will at once be laid before the Senate, and, if approved, the Congress can then proceed to give effect to the advantages it secures us by providing for the building of the canal."

On the Monroe Doctrine:

"The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace, and this Nation most earnestly, desires sincere and cordial friendship with all others. Over the entire world of recent years wars between the great civilized powers have become less and less frequent. Wars with barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples come in an entirely different category, being merely a most regrettable but necessary international police duty which must be performed for the sake of the welfare of mankind. Peace can only be kept with certainty where both sides wish to keep it; but more and more the civilized peoples are realizing the wicked folly of war and are attaining that condition of just and intelligent regard for the rights of others which

will in the end, as we hope and believe, make worldwide peace possible. The peace conference at The Hague gave definite expression to this hope and belief and marked a stride toward their attainment.

"This same peace conference acquiesced in our statement of the Monroe Doctrine as compatible with the purposes and aims of the conference.

"The Monroe Doctrine should be the cardinal feature of the foreign policy of all the nations of the two Americas, as it is of the United States. Just seventy-eight years have passed since President Monroe, in his annual message, announced that 'the American Continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power.' In other words, the Monroe Doctrine is a declaration that there must be no territorial aggrandizement by any non-American power at the expense of any American power on American soil. It is in no wise intended as hostile to any nation in the Old World. Still less is it intended to give cover to any aggression by one New World power at the expense of any other. It is simply a step, and a long step, toward assuring the universal peace of the world by securing the possibility of permanent peace on this hemisphere.

"During the past century other influences have established the permanence and independence of the smaller States of Europe. Through the Monroe Doctrine we hope to be able to safeguard like independence and secure like permanence for the lesser among the New World nations.

"This doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power, save that it in truth allows each of them to form such as it desires. In other words, it is really a guarantee of the commercial independence of the Americas. We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with any other American State. We do not guarantee any State against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power.

"Our attitude in Cuba is a sufficient guarantee of our own good faith. We have not the slightest desire to secure any territory at the expense of any of our neighbors. We wish to work with them hand in hand, so that all of us may be uplifted together, and we rejoice over the good fortune of any of them, we gladly hail their material prosperity and political stability, and are concerned and alarmed if any of them fall into industrial or political chaos. We do not wish to see any Old World military power grow up on this continent, or to be compelled to become a military power ourselves. The people of the Americas can prosper best if left to work out their own salvation in their own way."

As to the United States Navy:

"The work of upbuilding the navy must be steadily continued. No one point of our policy, foreign or domestic, is more important than this to the honor and material welfare, and above all to the peace, of our Nation in the future. Whether we desire it

or not, we must henceforth recognize that we have international duties no less than international rights. Even if our flag were hauled down in the Philippines and Porto Rico, even if we decided not to build the Isthmian Canal, we should need a thoroughly trained navy of adequate size, or else be prepared definitely and for all time to abandon the idea that our Nation is among those whose sons go down to the sea in ships. Unless our commerce is always to be carried in foreign bottoms, we must have war craft to protect it.

"Inasmuch, however, as the American people have no thought of abandoning the path upon which they have entered, and especially in view of the fact that the building of the Isthmian Canal is fast becoming one of the matters which the whole people are united in demanding, it is imperative that our navy should be put and kept in the highest state of efficiency, and should be made to answer to our growing needs. So far from being in any way a provocation to war, an adequate and highly trained navy is the best guarantee against war, the cheapest and most effective peace insurance. The cost of building and maintaining such a navy represents the very highest premium for insuring peace which this Nation can possibly pay.

"Probably no other great nation in the world is so anxious for peace as we are. There is not a single civilized power which has anything whatever to fear from aggressiveness on our part. All we want is peace; and toward this end we wish to be able to

secure the same respect for our rights from others which we are eager and anxious to extend to their rights in return, to insure fair treatment to us commercially, and to guarantee the safety of the American people.

"Our people intend to abide by the Monroe Doctrine and to insist upon it as the one sure means of securing the peace of the Western Hemisphere. The navy offers us the only means of making our insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine anything but a subject of derision to whatever nation chooses to disregard it. We desire the peace which comes as of right to the just man armed; not the peace granted on terms of ignominy to the craven and the weakling."

In regard to the relations of a protective tariff to reciprocity, the President says:

"There is general acquiescence in our present tariff system as a National policy. The first requisite to our prosperity is the continuity and stability of this economic policy. Nothing could be more unwise than to disturb the business interests of the country by any general tariff change at this time. Doubt, apprehension, uncertainty are exactly what we most wish to avoid in the interest of our commercial and material well-being. Our experience in the past has shown that sweeping revisions of the tariff are apt to produce conditions closely approaching panic in the business world. Yet it is not only possible, but eminently desirable, to combine with the stability of our economic system a supplementary system of reciprocal benefit and obligation with

other nations. Such reciprocity is an incident and result of the firm establishment and preservation of our present economic policy. It was specially provided for in the present tariff law.

"Reciprocity must be treated as the handmaiden of protection. Our first duty is to see that the protection granted by the tariff in every case where it is needed is maintained, and that reciprocity be sought for so far as it can safely be done without injury to our home industries. Just how far this is must be determined according to the individual case, remembering always that every application of our tariff policy to meet our shifting National needs must be conditioned upon the cardinal fact that the duties must never be reduced below the point that will cover the difference between the labor cost here and abroad. The well-being of the wage-worker is a prime consideration of our entire policy of economic legislation.

"Subject to this proviso of the proper protection necessary to our industrial well-being at home, the principle of reciprocity must command our hearty support. The phenomenal growth of our export trade emphasizes the urgency of the need for wider markets and for a liberal policy in dealing with foreign nations. Whatever is merely petty and vexatious in the way of trade restrictions should be avoided. The customers to whom we dispose of our surplus products in the long run, directly or indirectly, purchase those surplus products by giving us something in return. Their ability to pur-

chase our products should, as far as possible, be secured by so arranging our tariff as to enable us to take from them those products which we can use without harm to our own industries and labor, or the use of which will be of marked benefit to us.

"It is most important that we should maintain the high level of our present prosperity. We have now reached the point in the development of our interests where we are not only able to supply our own markets, but to produce a constantly growing surplus for which we must find markets abroad. To secure these markets we can utilize existing duties in any case where they are no longer needed for the purpose of protection or in any case where the article is not produced here and the duty is no longer necessary for revenue, as giving us something to offer in exchange for what we ask. The cordial relations with other nations which are so desirable will naturally be promoted by the course thus required by our own interests.

"The natural line of development for a policy of reciprocity will be in connection with those of our productions which no longer require all of the support once needed to establish them upon a sound basis, and with those others where, either because of natural or economic causes, we are beyond the reach of successful competition.

"I ask the attention of the Senate to the reciprocity treaties laid before it by my predecessor."

In the beginning of his message President Roosevelt speaks feelingly and with eulogistic commendation of the late President William McKinley. In conclusion, he appropriately refers to England's late beloved sovereign, as well as to the Empress Dowager Frederick of Germany. The last paragraph of the message is:

"The death of Queen Victoria caused the people of the United States deep and heartfelt sorrow, to which the Government gave full expression. When President McKinley died, our Nation in turn received from every quarter of the British Empire expressions of grief and sympathy no less sincere. The death of the Empress Dowager Frederick of Germany also aroused the genuine sympathy of the American people, and this sympathy was cordially reciprocated by Germany when the President was assassinated. Indeed, from every quarter of the civilized world we received, at the time of the President's death, assurances of such grief and regard as to touch the hearts of our people. In the midst of our affliction we reverently thank the Almighty that we are at peace with the nations of mankind, and we firmly intend that our policy shall be such as to continue unbroken these international relations of mutual respect and good will."

## DEMENTIA AMERICANA

BY ARTHUR ERNEST DAVIES, PH. D.

DR. J. FORBES WINSLOW has written a book entitled "Mad Humanity." In it the sins and foibles of men—and women—are exposed. The subject is not new; its novelty consists in the fact that it is systematically treated and written in prose. This is perhaps characteristic of our age: we are getting out of the poetic stage, but we think that all our prose is science. We are not, of course, criticising Dr. Winslow; but it is well to remark that in passing from the past to the present, the poetic to the prosaic age, we are more serious and have almost forgotten how to laugh. Formerly, there were the humorists, those kindly, genial souls whose mention of our ailment was half its cure; now, insanity is a specialized branch of medical science and a sociological study. Whether the advantage is on our side is a matter of doubt. Certainly the ancients never dreamed they were so persistently mad as we, in the face of the evidence, have not the madness to deny! But perhaps the difference is that they were and didn't know it. We are and know it. Even then we may be allowed that if "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." And certainly, if doctors are to be believed, it is an aggravation of existing conditions for the patient to be

curiously interested in his complaint. The worst form of madness therefore is that which has madness for its special object.

It's a mad world surely: a regular clown's circus in which we tumble over one another in most ridiculous fashion. If you please, its gaiety is painted; its laughter, a hollow sound. Its business is heartless; its pleasures, grotesque. What combination for the comedian; what material for a tragedy. You can do with it what you like; compound the elements as you will, you cannot be untrue to life. All the contradictions of modern life are reflected in its modern literature. Spatter the purples and greens on the canvas, and, behold, a picture which represents nothing but a madman's vision. Jumble the intervals of harmony and discord together on the score, and you have the ravings of the tormented. Half our diseases are imaginary which they cure by surgical operations. Our sins are mostly fictitious, but we prefer the agonizing of repentance to the tranquillity of a decent life. Mad beyond a doubt; we prefer it so: everybody is mad. The description is inoffensive, because it is so general.

Like individuals, different nations have their specialty, so to speak, here as elsewhere. Some years ago it was

the fashion to be put into the confessional by one's friends, and reveal yourself to the world of the fair one's acquaintances through written answers to a series of set questions. The grimdest inquiry, relentlessly staring you in the face, was, What is your pet aversion? You could not answer without revealing your insanity. I have often wondered if nations are not truthfully revealing their "pet aversions" in the fugitive scribble and frothy babbling which goes by the name of criticism of men and events. National policies and international agreements are not free from the same suspicion. "If you only knew him, it is easy enough to get along with him," has a more than individual application; and "to know him" always means to get acquainted with a particular "crotchet."

Let us indulge ourselves a little farther. What truth plainer than that the whole of Europe is mad with an ancient and deep-seated madness? We can, and do, laugh at European machinations, the outcome of this insanity. The Briton, of course, is land-grabbing mad. The German is crazy for commercial supremacy. The Russian, soft-footed as a bear and cold as Siberia, fills his greedy maw with delectable morsels from other people's plates. The Italian emigrates, turns anarchist, and kills kings. France is the home of the dressmaker and—the army. The list might be extended: it is enough to show the tendency of nations to monomania. This is what we all see, on the principle, I suppose, that those who look on see most of the fame. But the

whole world is mad to the mad man, and the asylum the only rational spot in creation! So, after all, our criticism of others may only be the look of the world from behind the iron bars which confine us. Fates protect! At least suspend judgment until we see whether we are not the brilliant exception; or must we recognize a *dementia Americana*?

In case any one may feel a sort of national loneliness in the national family quarrels of the world, some of which have just been mentioned, let him read, not all, but part of Kipling's American Notes. In "Screams from the Eagle," he tells us of a dinner party he attended and the after-dinner speeches, and continues:

"The prince among merchants bade me take no heed to the warlike sentiments of some of the old generals.

"The sky rockets are thrown in for effect," quoth he, "and whenever we get on our hind legs we always express a desire to chaw up England. It's a sort of family affair."

"And, indeed," the author goes on, "when you come to think of it, there is no other country for the American public to trample upon.

"France has Germany, we have Russia; for Italy Austria is provided, and the humblest Pathan possesses an ancestral enemy.

"Only America stands out of the racket, and therefore, to be in fashion, makes a sandbag of the mother country and hangs her when occasion requires."

But, of course, this may be only vulgar British stupidity; but the greatness—the in-itness, if I may

coin a word,—of the country is nevertheless vindicated.

Since he wrote the above, Kipling's narrative has become antiquated: we have, at any rate, changed our diet. Instead of the Englishman, made for the most part of home-manufactured cotton and constructed for the purpose, we have learned to "chaw up" Spaniards and other more or less offensive foreigners, made, as we hope, for some other purpose. The "old generals," and some new ones, have had other employ than to help the youngsters let off toy cannons on the Fourth of July. At any rate they have earned their pay. And all this has been the cause or effect of political changes, reënforced by commercial considerations, which are no inconsiderable part of the history of the past ten years. Whether according to some rational principle or not we cannot say, but the direction and rapidity of our growth politically are unmistakable, and without much hesitation we walk the way the fates—or other presiding divinities—mark out. Here, as elsewhere, we take to new fashions quite easily; and we may notice our very speech undergoing modification. For one thing there are some words we have learned to use without a shudder, empire, colony, and the like; and we are returning some of the sparkle to our borrowed tongue by learning the sound of the vowels from the land of its origin. Of the two, the latter is the more important and significant.

By ill-natured foreigners, we are sometimes accused of living on the

streets, or anywhere else, so long as we keep, individually, in the public eye. This is certainly incorrect. Publicity has meaning only among a people who know what privacy is. Political and social constitutions alike are founded, for us, on other principles than would make this contrast effective. We have only vague feelings of the impropriety of all that goes by the name of wire-pulling and ward-heeling; the futility of it has not yet been brought home to the individual unit. Socially, too, we live on the circumference, or, rather, make all others live there, with ourselves as center. Thus we feel bound to sacrifice home and husband and wife and children, if a social tyrant happens to ask admission at our door at the hour of the afternoon nap. It is a perfect delight to us to sacrifice ourselves to others in this, and an indefinite number of other ways. It is only a sour-grained moralist who would suggest it is an inverted selfishness which spells out Cowardice.

Look, by way of illustration, at our advertisements. Can we not see that our social customs are the prolix mother of the greater part of the appeal they make. An exhausted female, elegantly gowned, indifferent to all that makes life worth living, may serve equally well as the illustration of a quack nostrum, a strengthening cocoa, or an upholstered chair. But why this lady in distress in the first place—a most important consideration. Look further through the columns of the newspaper or magazine and you will find the reason writ large over most of them.

An unnatural, or rather irrational, expectation has been aroused and kept alive by our advertising methods, namely, that you can get something for which you do not pay in business, and the nervous collapse is the result of the moral break-down. The bargain hunter is not only a spendthrift, as a rule, but also a moral bankrupt. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, and a legitimate fluctuation in the market value of given articles may be taken advantage of without suspicion. But this apart, feverish methods of business beget feverish buyers, and this enlarges the speculative element enormously; but when it has assumed the proportion of legitimate enterprise, and this in turn has sunk nearly to zero, trade becomes a gamble and you *must* bargain to escape being "done." Are we not the best dressed people in the world? We are known everywhere by our clothes. We sweep the streets of dirty continental towns with trains of silk and lace that cost a moderate fortune. We ascend mountains and explore mines in an attire that makes these doings dress occasions. We accept as a compliment the greeting, "You must be an American, you are so well dressed." And it is alike everywhere we go—we carry our laundry with us. But it creates a sensation; and we are delighted, for a little, if the maid is mistaken for the mistress. And between acts at the breathing spaces between dances, we hear such hurried exchanges among the fraternity as: "Where *did* you get it?" "H'sh! at \_\_\_\_\_'s bargain store, for a mere song." And

more likely than not it can be duplicated at any moderate sized town in Europe for a fraction of the price named.

We like tinsel, if we cannot get gold; but we prefer it all the time to copper. It is along this line we develop our æsthetics. Æsthetics is show, it is brilliance; it is appearance whether or not it is what it appears to be. Thus it is we marry our daughters, and they are willing, to titles instead of men; providing them with food and servants, leaving it to fortune, which is proverbially indifferent, to supply, or not, the companion. The domestic virtues are very well for the bourgeoisie, but we have no bourgeoisie, and if we cannot all be duchesses, there are other original things we can do, and we do them in this topsy-turvydom we call America. The odd, the grotesque, the sudden, the unexpected, anything that is not ordinary, is American as we are trying to live our lives; versatility it may remain until we find our heels in the place and doing the work of our heads. The danger is we shall become puppets: the Nemesis of all who are without hearts. We have banished all the fairies from the woods because our nurseries are empty; and mothers are rare. It's the typewriter-girl, the bicycle-girl, the golf-girl, and the tennis-girl, in fact, any kind of a girl except the old-fashioned girl of whom we need never be ashamed when we look into the eyes of our mothers. I know they believed in ghosts, and did all sorts of things in obedience to native wit rather than trained intelligence, and there are a

lot of vulgar superstitions making their lives very narrow, to which you and I are wonderfully superior; of education in the modern sense they only heard the name. Those were the days when smartness had not come as a gadfly to sting our fellow mortals, when the only haughty noses were those of nature's making, and the distinctions of society rested upon some more defensible foundation than that underlying the modern structure. Friends are now greater strangers than strangers then who only met once in a life-time. Of acquaintances we know nothing except as a frame to a picture, and we select them on the same principle. These are surely new times which have brought new manners.

One of the things that strikes the stranger is the superabundance in America of women, or, I had better say, the absence of the men. On the streets, at theaters, in churches, stores, and offices, wherever there are others to look on, behold the ubiquitous women! They reform, they ruin, they legislate and break the laws, they preach, practice medicine, study law, are brokers, farmers, stock raisers, at the heads of institutions; they hold conventions and clamor for their rights, and have undertaken in a general way to reform mankind. There is nothing a little energy cannot accomplish, and, unless there is a revolt, we bid fair to see the time when you will have to hunt the attic or the cellar to find the first shadow of a man. America is the woman's El Dorado; but it is purgatory to men. And all this is accomplished on "nerve," of

which there are two kinds, self-confidence and self-collapse, and what the one cannot do the other can. This is the source of our superior intelligence; we make a scene if we fail of our end in other ways. The women have taught the men the trick, only with them it is called "bluster," and it too often succeeds.

Perhaps we are sufficiently aware what the writer means by *dementia Americana* and sufficiently provoked at him for taking so perverse a view of the situation. But, in better form than is at my command, I want to give the view of a man-doctor, or asylum physician, from Scotland, as narrated by Professor James in an essay on the Gospel of Relaxation. This most eminent Scottish physician, Dr. Clouston, said: "You Americans wear too much expression on your faces. You are living like an army with all its reserves engaged in action. The duller countenances of the British population betoken a better scheme of life. They suggest stores of reserved nervous force to fall back upon, if any occasion should arise that requires it. This inexcitability, this presence at all times of power not used, I regard as the great safeguard of our British people. The other thing in you gives me a sense of insecurity, and you ought somehow to tone yourselves down. You really do carry too much expression, you take too intensely the trivial moments of life." Now what struck Dr. Clouston is impressed upon every one who has not become so accustomed to the "irritable weakness" of the American people as a whole as to look upon it

as the normal human condition. "Many of us," says Professor James, "far from deplored it, admire it. We say: 'What intelligence it shows! How different from the stolid cheeks, the codfish eyes, the slow, inanimate demeanor we have been seeing in the British Isles!' Intensity, rapidity, vivacity of appearance, are indeed with us something of a nationally accepted ideal."

In such a case as this, the most pertinent question concerns the durability of the American constitution. Put to such inconsiderate uses, so much being demanded of it, we ask, Can it stand the strain? Is all this vivacity, intensity, and rapidity really significant of higher intelligence or symptomatic of tetanus? Miss Call, in her little book on "Power Through Repose," tells of the grave announcement to the medical world by a German physician who had settled in this country, of his discovery of a new disease which he called "Americanitis." "Americanitis" is only American nervous sensitiveness: a hyper-responsiveness to physical stimulus. You see, then, to the physician, it is pathological, a condition of disease; at any rate, a departure from the normal and a thing, consequently, to be fought against rather than encouraged. In fact, if we were to seek for any secondary description of this feature of social life, we should say find it readily in the constant plea for a new sensation which it signifies. How easily we lionize! Any one whose name ends with —ski, —vitch, —lli, and will dress up to the *sound*

of the name, is sure of our gratitude. But what is our gratitude? as fleeting as time. In this condition we are incapable of attachment. Our friends irritate and their welcome is given to the stranger. Sometimes it seems the only thing that saves us from collapse is the change in fashions. So many people fall over because we all live too near the brink.

I do not pretend to have diagnosed the case completely; many more facts might be adduced to enforce the same view. If the above suggests the necessity of a more serious consideration of things as they are, it is all that is expected. And by calling it a *dementia*—irrational—we may have indicated to the few a more correct estimate. At any rate, one or two remarks, remedial in intention, may be in place in closing.

It is a wise and pertinent saying that "God made the country and man the town." And if we can tell anything from the movements of population, we are getting more and more in love with the works of our own hands. New York stretches out greedy hands to increase her borders, and the absorbed districts find compensation in decreased taxes! It is doubtless a great achievement to mass between two and three millions of people in an area small enough to be called by one name; and if it creates more problems than it solves, does it not leave Chicago behind in the running and make, at the same time, the second city of the world? Size is no doubt the test of greatness and numbers the essential condition of success! Surely we have succeeded or are succeeding;

and if starvation, sickness, and death are incidentals, do we not find compensation in the improved conditions for the study of economic and social problems, and where better place to found hospitals for the advancement of medical science? It is the irony of the situation that benevolence so largely comes in to remedy the effects of our own stupidity and loses half its virtue. Three-fourths of the inhabitants of any of the world's largest cities are deprived of the four essentials of health—light, air, food, and warmth. We cling to our idols and pray for deliverance!

This is only one phase of the question; we make life intolerable and wonder people are not good. I think most of the giddy, irresponsible side of city life may largely be accounted for by a theory of palliation. If you leave people to find their own remedies for conditions they either will not or cannot avoid, it is not surprising if some mistakes are made. The saloon, the dive, the brothel—the bad lands high and low—are the offspring of induced social conditions for which we can lay the blame only on ourselves. It is but to the very few city life is tolerable; it drains the resources of mind and body: narcotics must be resorted to to maintain the pace. There is only one other way: to lay the axe to the root of the tree. This sounds radical; we need something radical, it is a mortal condition we are facing. If the individual stops, he is either run over by the rushing multitude, or if he escapes with his life he is irretrievably lost. Those who have the courage to take

this step cannot afford to, and those who can afford to haven't the courage. It is the profit of it that keeps it going; the multitude has fallen down before the golden calf; well, if there is a Moses on the mount of vision.

The city problem implies a country problem. Over-population somewhere, means de-population elsewhere. New England is a case in point. But it isn't local, the trouble is wide-spread. The progress of America, could we but see it, is dependent upon the development of its unoccupied territory. Farm hands are scarce, although wages are good. Farm lands are plentiful, but there are few who want them; or if they want them and have them, the discontent of the times prevents their peaceful occupation. For the rest, the country is a sanitarium: a place to get well in, not to live in. But of what is this significant but loss of interest in the things which the country stands for? Air and light, and fields of flowers. No narrow words these! They represent realities of magical influence. But we have become hardened, though they are no less potent; we have been narrowed, though they are still broadening. What can we know about any of them so long as we persist in the delusion that brick and stone are more enduring? Our philosophy of profit is altogether wrong until it can spell itself out in terms of the beautiful. Flowers for the table of the man who can pay for them; green grass and trees for the man who can buy them; air and light only sufficient to prevent suffocation

for the majority, to whom these are the free gifts of nature! Do you wonder there are problems which refuse to be solved, discontents which find no remedy? We look stare-eyed at the movements of events beyond our control, and wonder what next tragedy is to mark the beginning of still worse confusion. We call that anarchy which is directed against things as they are and kill the slayers of kings. But we ought, if we had any sense of the situation, or pretense to consistency, hang, draw and quarter that pale-faced consumptive lass who has the temerity to adorn her tenement room with a real, live flower growing from its own root in mother earth. There is a whole revolution in the act. Our only safety is in the fact that it is so rare.

This, then, is all the remedy you have to offer? Yes, that is all; but not for the thing itself, but for what it signifies. The gospel of the beautiful is not out of date because it has never had its say. And when it comes, very much else will have taken place which now seems visionary. For one thing, a new morality, not of convention, but of conviction; not one that exhausts itself in rules of etiquette, but one that is for all the people, because it is based upon what is common and binding rather than on what is exceptional and divisive. The broad human instincts are suppressed in much of our American life, artificial growths have assumed their place, and we resemble, to our confusion, a household where the children play at being grown up, and the grown-ups play at being children. The obedient parent and dom-

ineering child form one side of the contrast: it is not pleasant to look upon, because so entirely unnatural. Nor is it much to boast that nowhere else in the world are women treated with such deference. It is true, every word of it; but for some things you may pay too high a price. Our women are petted, without a doubt, and for that matter, in a sugar-plum fashion; so are the men: but it would be well to remember that pet is English for "petit," which means for the Frenchman little, so that "to pet" really means "to be-little." And it works out that way, too, very frequently. If you treat adults as children, it is not surprising if they display some childish characteristics. And if nothing more serious has come about, the continuance of the play instinct, if it has not made us flippant, has robbed us of that sober sense which, while altogether distinct from moroseness, is the sign of maturity. There is, besides, no *morale* without it.

Flowers, then, in the first place, for what flowers stand for. But mind you, not cut flowers for decoration, but growing flowers for beauty. Ornaments enough and to spare! Not a rose in your hair because it makes you look pretty, and it will even do that, but one in your garden, planted, or at least tended by your own hands, because in that way most surely can you attain the "beauty of holiness." The lesson of the flowers we sorely need to learn. And, in time, there is another which will carry us still nearer to the truth of things—the lesson of the children. The habit of maternity is becoming lost among those who, under

a more rational social system, might be rearing, amid advantageous conditions, the future citizens of the country. Apart from the suspicion that rests upon childless wives, and in many cases the suspicion is too well founded, there are large numbers who do not yet appreciate that their desire of life is little different from the cry of a child for its doll until they have learned the habit of maturity. There is an intimate and subtle connection, which defies the analysis of physiologist and psychologist, between the mental and physical conditions which determine the advent of the child. And, besides, it takes a unique combination of qualities to train and appreciate the unfolding life from infancy to youth and maturity. This is so because, in this matter, we are all very much learners. Mothers' Congresses do not make mothers, although they do a great deal to clear the subject of childhood from irrelevancy. And perhaps we may look to them to perform a very necessary preliminary work in the spread of right views concerning the duty of motherhood. Especially must the subject of motherhood become idealized if there is to be among the youth

healthy thought on a topic which is associated so intimately with their own physiological and mental development. But after all has been said and done in the way of improving the pre-marital relations of the subject, we are, in the essential features of it, just where our grandmothers were, and, with us as with them, it is the child who makes the mother. This lesson no one can teach; it is the secret which first gets expression in the language of a cry, and the fullness of its meaning is not exhausted with the years of dependency, but becomes more beautifully significant until the mother renews her motherhood, in its higher and spiritual possibilities, in the child of her child. This is the method of the Great Teacher in leading us into the kingdom of truth. The leadership here is the leadership of a little child. He sets the little child in the midst, and the lesson is this: "Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of home. What we need most, in view of social aberrations, is a return to our domestic opportunities if we are to realize our individual possibilities.

## OUR ENGLISH COUSINS

AS AN AMERICAN SEES THEM

BY MAUD M. KECK

**S**O much has been said lately of the way in which Englishmen capitulate before American women; of our army of merchant invaders; of our plethoric millionaire with his Gargantuan appetite, that I wonder at John Bull feeling so little curious concerning the American opinion of himself and his country.

Slowness of perception is not a thing of which even our enemies accuse us, and you may be very sure that out of the thousands of Americans who annually visit London a very large percentage are going to carry away with them lucid and decided opinions touching England and the English.

London even is becoming slowly Americanized with new hotels, tubes, elevators, and electrified underground railways. English women wear our shoes and our shirtwaists, eat our American candy, and are acquiring the ice-cream soda habit. When you wish to be amused you shoot our chutes, hear in your music halls our negro rag-time with an English accent—like a Tennessee darky singing the coster songs of Chevalier—and I have no doubt that in time some enterprising manager will give you a bona-fide New York roof garden with all its alluring accompaniments.

You do all this and more: you unbend to us with the amused tolerance

of an elder brother at the antics of the younger son; for you are old, you are settled, your metal has been proved, you are not acquisitive, and you do not desire our opinion, and yet, I assure you, it might not be uninteresting.

I said I wonder at John Bull, but I don't, knowing so well that with our English cousin the point is not so much what we think of him but what *he* thinks of *us*.

And just here I have touched upon a weakness in your armor-plate, for self-sufficiency and insular contentment of spirit are not things that are going to win world-battles in the twentieth century. One comes upon this defect in your character everywhere. This magic circle you draw about yourselves is a distinctly national characteristic. The children grow up believing that just to go on being English is the desideratum. When you are roused to a situation you settle comfortably back, believing that whatever is established is good; but this is the spirit of retrogression, not progression, the country looking to the past, not the country hoping for the future.

One of the most distinguished of English critics has said that Americans think straight. So we do; we think straighter and faster than you do here in England, and we act quicker. And in these modern days it's the man who thinks straight and fast and can act

quick that is the valuable man, the man for the emergency. For, after all is said and done, it's now and it always has been the man behind the gun who wins or loses the day.

I have said that you were self-sufficient and that you did not think straight and fast, and there is just one other thing. To the democratic American, believing, as he does, that if he is clever enough and works hard enough there are few things he cannot reach, your unbounded respect for authority is only less amusing than authority's unbounded respect for itself. The filip of life with us is the possibility, indeed probability, of being very far

up to-day and very low down to-morrow. Authority has no special prerogatives as authority, and there is no such gulf between employer and employé as yawns in England.

When electric lights are no longer spoken of in London as "modern improvements"; when you can get a motor hansom as easily and cheaply as in New York; when roof gardens flourish, where you can hear the last comedienne Française with the stars peering down and iced drinks to cheer you during the intermission; when your biggest city will have capitulated, as your men—then, indeed, you can sing with us *Hail Columbia!*

### THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM

I was dreaming, when you called me,  
Of my home among the hills,  
Of the bloom upon its valleys,  
Of the rushing of its rills.  
Now darkness rests upon it,  
And hope and love have fled,  
And the vine my young hands planted  
Is trailing o'er the dead.

I was dreaming, when you called me.  
Of a mother's tender joy.  
Of her bitter tears at parting,  
Of her fond, "God bless my boy."  
Her sainted heart's full treasure  
Was poured on me, but now  
She has left me for the angels,  
And dust is on her brow.

I was dreaming, when you called me,  
Oh, vision, sweet and fair,  
Of a fane whose rainbow memories  
Enshrined a form of air.  
Those spirit eyes were on me,  
And I leapt to burst my chain;—  
I was dreaming, when you called me;  
Oh, let me dream again.

ALDEN BELL.

# THE GENESIS OF ANARCHY ✓

BY EDWIN RIDLEY

It is the property of crime to extend its mischiefs over innocence, as it is of virtue to extend its blessings over many that do not deserve them; while frequently the author of the one or the other is not punished or rewarded.

—WILHELM MEISTER.

The whole life of Society must now be carried on by drugs: Doctor after Doctor appears with his nostrum—of Co-operation, Universal Suffrage, Cottage and Cow systems, Repression of Population, Vote by Ballot. To such a height has the dyspepsia of Society reached!

—ESSAYS, THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE crime of the assassin of President McKinley was, perhaps, the most daring and vindictive act of madness that was ever perpetrated in an industrial commonwealth or in a civilized age and country: a daring and vindictive deed of madness, inasmuch as the miscreant who committed it was clearly both mad and vindictive; while the daring consisted in the blind and willful infatuation of this anarchist who so wantonly courted certain death—and even death in its most horrible form—at the hands of an infuriated and horror-stricken crowd. In effect, there was method and daring in the madness of this murderer; and there is no inconsistency at all in thus stigmatizing and pronouncing the nature of his crime.

It would be well to reflect seriously upon what such a crime implies. For it implies much: it is significant of a deep undercurrent of disaffection, which unconsciously, because in a confused and inarticulate manner, agitates and disturbs the hearts and minds of more people than it is at all agreeable to believe, or admit to be, thus influenced and agitated—a deep undercurrent of disaffection with the existing order of things, social and indus-

trial, which only occasionally finds vent in overt and covert outbursts of rage and violence, but which is none the less prevalent and menacing.

Now it matters little how misguided and unjustifiable may be the minds and beliefs of this despised social excrement, since it is not to be expected that men whose lives and associations are so unfortunate and abnormal, should be capable of right thinking, or of distinguishing between cause and effect, in serious social and industrial relation; but it matters a great deal when men whose minds are thus steeped in ignorance and subjected to great privations, breed and generate assassin progeny of the type of Czolgosz, who may at any moment wreak the concentrated hatred of his demoniac nature at the expense of the life of the first citizen of a free commonwealth.

Think of it! think of the pity and discredit of such a crime, in all its ramifications and attendant circumstances! On the one hand, we have the picture of an infatuated youth whose life has been warped and disordered from its inception by a process of artificial and spurious "educative" prompting and stimulus, which served

only to excite his imagination and morbid desires, and whose indulgence in dime-novel reading only aggravated his infirmities and intensified his mental confusion, while in later days the inflammatory stuff of our "yellow journals," no doubt, served to stimulate his evil propensities and to add to his general confounding—and so to fit him, or such natures as his, for any desperate enterprise. On the other hand, we have the picture of a man whose life from its earliest inception, was tutored and nurtured on *sane* lines and solid principles—whose educational privileges were not confined merely to public school *media* and "systems," but whose *home* life and surroundings and influences were at once salutary and *normal*, superadded to which advantages was the type or order of *manhood* which William McKinley evinced from the outset of his career as citizen of a great Republic—a type of manhood and a frame of mind and *character* which reflects rare credit upon the nature and quality of the land which gave him birth, and upon its political and social dominating influences and free institutions—despite their many grievous imperfections and abuses. For this man loved his country, and its people and institutions, with a devotion seldom equaled. And why should he not? He *was* one of the people; he rose from their ranks, and he rose on his merits. Still, even William McKinley owed much to fortuitous circumstances—happily adjusted and harmonized.

But there is just this one broad, qualifying difference as between the lives of these two men to be considered

in a proper spirit; for whereas the assassin was born under far less advantageous circumstances and was subjected to infinitely greater disadvantages accordingly, yet *he* never sought to better himself on sane principles, but, with insatiate egoism, sought only to gratify his immediate material desires and every vain and empty prompting, while he discerned naught whatever *beyond* or above these! Had he done so, had he so regulated his life and cultivated his whatever *single* talent, or capacity for useful and honorable human service, he might and would have eventually developed a high order of citizenship, and would have merited, at all events, the respect and esteem of those with whom he associated. On the other side, William McKinley was a man who thought nothing of himself, beyond what self-respect implied and involved, but a great deal of others, and particularly of his fellow-countrymen. In a word, the latter was a man who lived not for himself, yet who in serving others best served himself; while his assassin thought of none *but* himself, and is to-day the most universally damned and detested miscreant on whom the light of day ever shone! Therein consists the object lesson!

But to continue: Czolgosz, after the manner and habit of men of his nature, regarded society as an enemy to *his* particular individuality, and himself as the "chosen instrument" of some unintelligible Power for the regeneration of a corrupt and effete, or a debauched and antagonistic Society. And *his* idea of what consti-

tuted the most likely means for the accomplishment of his regenerative purpose consisted in Violence only. To such a mind the doctrines and propaganda of the anarchists had peculiar attractiveness, and he became one. Hence his tragic ending!

But now let us pass on to the final act: We have seen how this unfortunate wretch pressed on from stage to stage, or was impelled on by his infatuate egoism, and it remains only to relate how—thus possessed and propelled—he singled out the one man who was the most esteemed and best beloved in the entire community, as a sacrifice to his demoniacal purpose—a man who had never done him the slightest injury, and who, least of all, deserved such a cruel fate. It was nothing to Czolgosz that he should thus cut short the life of a man in its very prime and flower—nothing to him the tears and agony of a bereaved and stricken wife—nothing to him the shock and mourning of an entire Nation. It mattered only to such a nature that he should gratify his own inordinate craving for notoriety and insensate egoism, and thereafter pose, for the brief remnant of his days, as a sort of “hero!” . . . At that, let us draw the curtain.

That such a crime reflects most seriously upon our civilization, and upon our Republic, who can question? Unparalleled as it is, for downright wickedness, or besotted malevolence, it is not the only crime which has disgraced the comparatively brief history of our country, in connection with its chief executives.

Three murdered presidents of a free

Republic within half a century is a fearful reflection on the order of civilization which prevails, or else upon a democratic form of government, in a broad sense. For these three assassinated presidents were neither despots nor objurgated “commercial tyrants.” They were, instead, the favored “first citizens” of a powerful Republic, the most popular and best-beloved of presidents—or very nearly so—the chosen chief magistrates of a great nation. How comes it, then, that the hands of base assassins should ever have been raised to cut short the lives of those very men whom the *people* most delighted to honor? It is in vain to urge that these murderers were in no literal sense “Americans,” for they were. It follows, then, that there must be some deep underlying social cause, or radical educational defect, peculiar to our civilization, which conduces to, and is indirectly promotive of, crimes of this nature. For such unfortunate monsters as these are but “the product of their times,” the horrent progeny of the times and conditions which beget them—or of a civilization which is essentially pretentious and artificial and of an age which is pre-eminently superficial and sensational. Such a conclusion would indeed seem to reflect seriously upon our modern civilization, and *does* so; but it is really warranted. It may sound unpleasant to the supersensitive ear, but what is the use of mincing words at such a crisis? Moreover, such a finding reflects as seriously upon our national educational system, which, while undoubtedly and unqualifiedly humanely conceived and formulated, errs griev-

ously in the matter of efficiency and appropriateness and lacks thoroughness. In brief, the whole tenor and tendency of our public schools, or of our educational system, nationally regarded, may be summarized as peculiarly conducive to false ethical and social standards and as violative of fundamental human laws and principles. The perceptions and desires of the pupil are unduly stimulated at the expense of the morals and of the understanding. All pupils, it is assumed, are equally capable of a certain range and reach of intelligence and attainment; and while the endurance and more pronounced capacities and powers of the bright pupil are to be tried and prompted to the utmost, the lower order of intelligence and meaner capacities of the dullard, or inert one, are to be stimulated and artificially regulated and constrained in such a manner as shall "fit" such an one for a future sphere of activity and responsibility entirely beyond and above his or her utmost reach, or qualifications to attain or to fill at all suitably. Hence the mad and infatuate race and scrimmage for positions of trust and emolument, and that insensate greed of gain and craving for notoriety which so commonly prevails among the youth of the nation; hence the inundation of the professions by young men and women who, at the expense and subject to the great self-denials and personal sacrifices of their parents, have been encouraged and permitted to pursue courses of education and to aim for positions in the professional ranks of the community for which they are entirely unfitted, either by natural

abilities or by honest methods and preparedness; hence, likewise, the prevailing mania for novel-reading and novel-writing, which threatens to utterly subvert, as it does indeed pervert, the public mind and all established canons and standards of reason and morality.

Not that all novels are bad; not that novel-reading is in itself a baneful habit to acquire and to indulge to a certain extent, but because, too often, there is no limit to the indulgence and no, or next to no, line of merit or distinction drawn or recognized between the relative worth or worthlessness of the current novel. A good novel is the "spice of life" to many a man and woman of intelligence, whose lines have fallen in either pleasant or unpleasant places—the weary monotony of whose lives has oftentimes been relieved and brightened by a good novel, and whose wills and virtues have been in no small measure fortified and sustained by such recreative *media*. But it is thus only, subject to eclectic taste and conditionally upon the intelligence and judgment of the reader who seeks diversion and recreation of this nature.

Superadded to the novel-reading and novel-writing abuse and source of public confusion is the license of the press and the prevalence of the "yellow journal"—an abuse, or boundless source of evil and confusion of the public mind and morals, which is incalculably calamitous in its influences and consequences. So true is this, and so widespread this evil, that the people apparently ignore and eschew all other news-*media* and methods than the purely sensational. They must have "scare headlines" and flaming

colored pictures or nothing. It matters not how meretricious the latter or how false and contradictory the "news" conveyed, or implied by the former—it matters only that it must be sensational. So, at the present ratio of licentious indulgence of this nature, it is but a question of time how soon all honest journalistic methods and all able journalistic talent and fitness shall become obsolete and any saving vestiges thereof regarded as "anti-quated."

Already our newspapers are often-times conducted, or owned, by vulgar parvenues and social innovators, or else by purely mercenary and political adventurers, who "buy a newspaper" as they would so much "stock in the market," and who employ some mechanical *manager*, on whose *record* they think they may rely for suitable service, and in whom they repose absolute confidence and establish as a sort of potentate—whose appointments and removals are quite arbitrary, whether prompted by mere self-interest or favoritism, or no matter how or what the *motives* and poor judgment displayed by this autocrat and automaton! Or else this (frequently) vulgar millionaire proprietor of a newspaper is actuated by purely mercenary and speculative incentives and instincts, who promptly resolves that "his paper" shall be a huge financial "venture," and that, regardless of all legitimate means and antecedents, it shall attain such a circulation and such a widespread and potent influence over the popular mind, and over the political *wills* and *destinies* of politicians and statesmen, as not only to prove a huge

"financial success, but a certain and effectual source and means of social advancement and degree of absolutism."

Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of this inverted condition of things in newspaper ranks, it is quite certain that it has been already productive of great common mischiefs and disorders. People no longer buy newspapers for information and profit, but for diversion and excitement!

In all truth and soberness, and with but slight exception, the newspaper of to-day is a boundless source of common evil. It does not follow that this is due to any diabolical *intentional* purpose, or to *designs* on the part of those responsible, in the aggregate; but its perverting and contaminating influences are as deplorable as they are phenomenal. *High ideals* are not to be reasonably conjectured, or seriously entertained, as peculiar to the newspaper profession, since the editor has necessarily to confine himself almost exclusively to material affairs and conditions, or to the *chronicling* of current affairs in public relation; and when the newspaper attempts more than this, or, at most, to write and publish articles and to select suitable newspaper matter from other sources, it at once violates its rightful functions and lapses into pretentious journalism; it is no longer a genuine newspaper, but a *hydra-journal*!

Indeed, the newspapers of to-day, in their manner of conduction and enterprise, have to a large extent become revolutionized and degenerate, and sensation and speculation are their stock in trade. Of the truth and force

of this I was recently afforded striking evidence when, while attending the Pan-American in Buffalo, I was one day attracted to the residence of the gentleman in whose home our then dying President was laid, and in the near vicinity of which a group of newspaper men, at that moment being photographed, lounged and posed—a group of beardless youths, whose singularly unwholesome looks and anything but polished manners impressed me as being exceedingly typical of the degeneracy of the modern newspaper! For these cadaverous youths were, many of them, drawing good, large salaries; and *their* observations and reflections upon so momentous a situation as that they were deputed to report and dilate upon, were not only supposed by those who employed them to be quite adequate and sufficiently authentic, but were greedily anticipated by an omnivorous newspaper-buying and credulous public! . . .

There is still another profession to which I must allude, in order the more amply to illustrate how widespread is this objurgated evil, and the more effectually to drive home the application of the gist of my contention and argument. I refer to the clerical profession: to those among the clergy of the land who are unduly given to sensational resorts and practices—whose moral turpitude, and whose utterly irreverent habits and methods adopted for the attraction of crowds and for their own and their churches' material aggrandizement and temporal advantage, are commensurate only with the arrogance and hypocrisy of their claims and pretensions. It is the cus-

tom of apologists for misdemeanants of this class to contend that the clergy are not supposed to be regarded as "better than their times," that the Church becomes purified only in proportion as the laity, or as the "tone of public opinion," or the order of existent civilization, improve and become sensibly exalted; that the clergy are "only human," like the rest of us, and that it is quite "unreasonable" to assume otherwise! Now here is but another instance of the inverted order of mind, and of the subversion of ethical principles which commonly prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land. For what is the sense, or where the *raison d'être*, of an appointed order of clergy if, forsooth, they are not supposed to be better than the commonalty, or laity? As well might we contend that it matters literally nothing whether a horse be put before or behind a cart—provided he and it become attached somehow and somewhere. A thousand maledictions on such subterfuge and nonsense! The clergy should be better than their fellows, or, at least, more consistent, and their lives more exemplary.

Now, while in the Church to-day, or in the churches of our various denominations, there are many priests and clergymen who are men of great eminence and learning, and men whose lives and examples, sincere faith, notable virtues, and eloquent sermons are most salutary and inspiring—the lives and examples of the generality are anything *but* this—are, in fact, most offensive and pretentious and peculiarly denotive of sensuality and imposture. Were the clergy truer to

their high vocation, and more consistent exponents of the doctrines and precepts they *profess* to preach and to inculcate, a strong check would be brought to bear on prevailing social and educational abuses. As it is, however, the Church, or its priests and clergy, too commonly aggravate and intensify existent evils. Sensational sermons, pretentious "classical" dissertations and exhibitions, insatiate desires and jealousies, unworthy ambitions to excel, in a purely wordly sense, and to live lives of ease, are the most common and most pronounced characteristics and manifestations of the moral status of the modern preacher.

But, to conclude: we have seen how the whole tone of society and the order of our civilization have become contaminated and perverted by the false methods and inconsistent lives and practices of those very classes, professions, and educational influences, which should, by rights, guide and safeguard public opinion and the interests of the community. We have seen, or have attempted to discover, the root of the common evil and the genesis of Anarchy, and how conditional upon rightful methods and upon adherence to fundamental principles are the peace and well-being of the commonwealth. Either we must mend our ways and insist upon drastic reforms of our educational system, and effectual readjustments and regulations of immigration and of the body politic, or else we must stand prepared to endure far greater evils. Our present civilization is one of fever-heat and superficiality only—aggravated to an

intolerable degree by commercial and industrial irregulation and abuses. Not, therefore, until we inaugurate a new order of things, and readjust our lives and conduct accordingly, or not until we resolutely shake off those shackles of our own imposition (which at present oppress us), and lead *simple* lives, can we reasonably anticipate a higher and a better order of civilization. At the present moment we do but court national disasters, and involve the evil shades of Lynch Law and of the Assassin.

This particular crime of Czolgosz's does indeed furnish a shocking illustration of the dangers to which Society must be constantly liable so long as it permits of those educational abuses and defects and social and industrial disorders and inequalities which at present so generally prevail. Nor need it be so surprising, after all, that such crimes as these should be committed in a country where "the people" elect their own rulers, where whatever abuses and invasions and inversions of industrial rights do actually prevail, are self-inflicted, for the most part—since Anarchy, properly defined, has its roots in the restlessness and disorder of disaffected (because abnormal) minds, exasperated and inflamed by their dark and seemingly desperate environments and conditions and relations to Society. In a militant State or under a monarchical or despotic form of government, the material conditions of the anarchist may indeed be more desperate; but the promptings are less goading (because less general), while the restraints are more potent and immediately efficacious.

cious. On the other hand, in a Republic, or in an industrial State, the license of the press is more pronounced, the diffusion of a superficial form or order of intelligence is more general, and the general tone of Society is singularly liable to foster and stimulate an inordinate degree and excess of egoism on the part of the individual citizen, or among its composite units.

In a word, to the sensationalism and mock-heroics of the multitudinous horde and brood of writers and breeders and brewers of human madness, who on all sides oppress and offend the ear and eye of the more discriminating, and who confuse and pervert the common mind and understanding, must be traced the fountain-source of existent evils.

### GREATER ANGLO-SAXONY

Come, all ye Anglo-Saxon States,  
Unite, and ye shall stand  
The arbitrators of the world,  
Ye shall the world command.

Come, join your arms and arts of war,  
And twine your flags in one,  
To float o'er a united realm,  
Where never sets the sun.

Go, speak the shores of every clime  
With Saxon cannon-peal,  
And gird them with your ships of war  
In walls of solid steel.

Go, let the sheen of sabers drawn,  
And bayonets in the sun,  
Proclaim the Anglo-Saxon States  
United, every one.

Go, let your deep-throat guns proclaim,  
With eloquence of sound—  
United hands and kindred hearts  
Begird the earth around.

Go, let blood flow, but let it be  
In the unsevered vein;  
Go, wage relentless war on War  
And all its hateful train.

And then let Peace perch on your swords,  
And doves nest in your guns—  
Let stain this great earth-girding realm  
No blood of Adam's sons.

LILIAN DURBAN.

## THE PROSPECTING PARSON

BY A GENTLEMAN RANKER

THE number of lives sacrificed and the fortunes lost in the scramble for sudden wealth, and the amount of misery for which the promoters of the Cœur d'Alene mining excitement in 1883-4 were responsible, will be an unknown quantity until the day of doom. If there is any punishment in the hereafter, if men's souls are to suffer in proportion to the suffering they caused on earth, then the Western railway officials who handled the passenger and immigration departments of their respective roads in those days will have a load of sin to answer for.

Although the Cœur d'Alene district is now a well known lead, silver, and gold producing country, yet it is also well known as a district where only the rich man can afford to prospect. During the excitement nothing was said about the quartz deposits, the galena, and base low-grade sulphide ores which now form the chief product of the country, but the country was represented to be literally alive with coarse free gold in easily worked shallow placer deposits. Of a truth, there were two or three paying placer claims, but where is there a district in the Rocky Mountains country which cannot boast of a few paying placer mines?

Salting claims was carried on whole-

sale all over the district. A few men would locate on some creek, do a little ground sluicing at intervals along its banks, open up a dozen or so claims so as to show up a few feet of a "breast" of gravel, and then some fine night they would go out armed with shotguns, loaded with a charge of real gold dust from some other camp, and salt the claims by firing the shotguns at the exposed places in the claims. Then a new discovery would be announced. The railway officials, who were thoroughly cognizant of the swindles would boom the new locality. It is estimated that not less than 148,000 unfortunates, with no more money than was necessary to pay for their passage, were inveigled into leaving their homes in the New England States to immigrate to the Cœur d'Alene paradise, where fortunes could be picked up in a month by the veriest greenhorn.

The writer of this sketch was posted as to the swindle, and while employed on a western daily paper wrote an article warning the public of what was going on. The article raised an uproar. The paper was abused and vilified by all its subsidized contemporaries. Nothing was bad enough for the editor who would try to retard progress and immigration by such falsehoods, and so forth, and so forth.

The editor's annual passes were called in, and he suffered financially in several ways, not to mention the fact that his life was threatened three times.

Wherever possible, embryo town-sites were laid out, and the lots sold, as a rule, for fabulous prices. All goods and merchandise were brought into the district over the roughest kind of trails from the nearest railroad points on the Northern Pacific railway. The average distance of the different camps in the Cœur d'Alene district from the railroad was about a hundred and forty-five miles. In the winter of 1883, when the excitement was at its height, dogs and toboggans and hand-sleds were used for freighting purposes, and about the only men who made any money out of the excitement, besides the railroads and real estate boomers, were the lucky owners of a team of dogs which could pull. Many a man following the *ignis fatuus* which had been kindled by the railroad companies, was frozen to death on the mountain trails between the shipping point and the diggings.

Several of the fair sex contracted the prospecting fever and took their chances in the first mad rush. Most of these belonged to the shady side of society and generally found a protector in one or another of the sports and sure-thing gamblers who were living on the fat of the land in the log cabin towns and "cities," as the aggregations of huts and tents were called. Some of these fair ones, however, were real ladies. One, in particular, was a western school teacher who had saved up a few hundred dollars and made the trip and endured all the concomi-

tant hardships for the sake of a chance to make a fortune. She found herself rather heavily handicapped in the race for wealth. Knowing nothing about placer mining, and shrinking naturally from the rougher element which had control in all the towns, she appealed for assistance to the only person of her class whom she had the good fortune, or otherwise, to meet. This person was a kind of a meandering missionary. He belonged to any, or all, of the evangelical denominations, and was called Dr. Shipman. Whether he was really a doctor of divinity, or whether the title was merely assumed, no one knew. He was a tall, lank, cadaverous-looking individual, his features bearing a very strong resemblance to those of United States Senator Teller of Colorado. He put one in mind of a typical New England horse-trading deacon, and showed by his dealings that he might have been educated in such a school. He was always working up some trading deal or other, and his knowledge of men and things was very varied. He managed to pick up a good living on the frontier, but he gave away most of the money he made to people who did not deserve his charity. Like the Mormons, he believed it better to err on the right side for fear he might refuse alms to some deserving object.

This preacher and the lady school teacher were both stopping at the same hostelry. The Cedar Hotel at Eagle City was the best house of its kind in the town. It was a log cabin affair, worth at the most \$600, but all prices were high and such a premium was there upon labor in the diggings, that

the shack really cost its owner more than \$7,000. The kitchen range alone, a common No. 9 cook stove, cost \$421 by the time it was delivered at Eagle City. It was brought in on a dog sled. The proprietors of this hostelry were a trio of brothers of very shady character who were strictly "out for the money." In their opinion the Jesuitical dogma that "the end justifies the means" was gospel to them. The "end" meant "getting money," and the less said about them the better. Their actions and doings would not look well in print.

The missionary proffered his services to the school teacher. She gladly accepted them. She had \$500 in cash. She wanted to buy a good claim or an interest in one. The preacher had some time to spare and proceeded to devote it to the school teacher's interests. The hotel proprietors introduced the parson to a smooth individual, a gambler who was broke, but owned a good claim. This party was represented as being too lazy to work and as one who would willingly part with his claim, worth many thousands of dollars, for a few hundred dollars in order to secure another "poker stake." This was the kind of a layout the parson was after. He meant right by the schoolmarm and was doing his best to make a good bargain for her.

He met the broken-down gambler and found him a very entertaining, well-educated sort of a fellow. His father was an Episcopalian bishop and he himself had been educated for the Church, but by some means or other he had "failed to connect," and had

wandered off from home, a voluntary exile. His excuse for his way of living was plausibly ingenious, although rather sacrilegious. He claimed that by reason of his education, which had been purely classical, he was unfitted for a commercial line of life, and that early in life he had discovered preaching was nothing better than a respectable confidence bunco-steering game, so he naturally drifted into his present profession, and was now a bunco-steerer in very truth. He said he felt himself more of a man while practicing his "con" games openly than if he were doing the same sort of thing in clerical garb. This rather shocked the old missionary and he felt like looking up some other proposition. But the claim was located in what was supposed to be a good gulch, and the deal had been shown up in such glowing colors by the hotel men that he pocketed the insults thrown at men of his cloth and agreed to visit the claim in company with the gambler for the purpose of testing it.

One morning the ill assorted pair walked over to the gulch wherein the gambler's claim was located. They took a well supplied lunch basket with them, a gold pan, a pick, and a shovel. It was nearly noon when they arrived at the claim. Enough work had been done to show up a breast, or wall, of gravel about six feet high, and a few feet of rim rock was visible. All the claims in this gulch were supposed to be rich in pay ore on the rim rock. Several owners had tried to work their claims by bedrock flumes, but it was so deep to bedrock in the gulch and

there was so much water to handle, that the work was impossible for poor men to prosecute. So the miners had to be content with the narrow rim rock workings on the sides of the gulch.

Both men were hungry when they reached the claim, the trail over which they had come having been rather a rough one, even in that country of rough trails. There were no such things as wagon roads in those days. The gambler suggested that they eat before going to work. He was satisfied he was going to make a sale, for was not his claim "salted" in the most scientific manner known to the wily mining sharps of the West? He was in no hurry, therefore. He felt no qualms of conscience in that he was about to rob an innocent girl of her hard-earned savings. In the earlier days of his sure-thing career, did he ever feel any compunction upon the perpetration of some particular cold-blooded swindle or other, he used to quell the prickings of his conscience by the false argument that he was better than his father, the bishop, who lived in clover, drank old port after dinner, and nursed a gouty foot under a delusion that it was a cross sent down from heaven for him to bear in order to test his faith. It was long since he had been compelled to bring his sophistry to his assistance, though, and he unearthed a bottle of Old Sour Mash, so the label announced, from the lunch basket and invited the preacher to drink to the finding of a big nugget in the first panful. The parson looked cautiously around, as was his wont on such occasions, and

then downed a big swallow of the fiery stuff.

After eating their lunch they repaired to the cut where the work had been done. The gambler took the pick, broke down some gravel, samping the dirt from the top to the bottom of the "breast," and after filling a pan, took it to the creek and proceeded to pan it down. The result was very satisfactory. Coarse gold dust to the value of at least seventy-five cents was cleaned up. Some of the particles, it is true, were somewhat flattened and bruised by the impact with the gravel, the natural result of having been fired out of a tenbore shotgun, but no eyes but those of a miner of vast experience could have detected it, and the parson, however wide his experience in things spiritual, was not supposed to be well versed in placer mining lore. "Just as I told you," said the gambler, "the whole claim is just lousy with gold." This was forceful, if inelegant. It was a truthful suggestion as to the lack of personal cleanliness of the average inhabitant of the diggings. "Take the pan yourself and try it," added the gambler.

The parson took the pan. He was up to snuff. He did not dig in the cut already made. He went a couple of rods away and started in at grass roots, which rather dismayed the sure-thing man. There was no gold where the parson was digging, but the gambler gave no sign that "the jig was up."

"You're a smart one," he said. "I didn't believe you knew as much, but it's all the same, you'll find just as much dust there as anywhere else."

"If I do, I'll buy your claim," retorted the parson.

The gambler took a big chew of tobacco. He also took something out of his vest pocket and put it into his mouth.

The parson went down to the creek with a panful of dirt. There were more mud and sods in the pan than gravel, and the wily old man knew if he found gold in paying quantities in that panful, taken from virgin ground which had never been touched by man, that the claim would certainly be a profitable one.

The gambler followed him down to the water. The parson went down on his knees and began to pan. The gambler pretended to be very interested and leaned over him. He was spitting in all directions. Soon he spat on the parson's knuckles. The latter objected. The gambler apologized. He took the big quid from his mouth and threw it down into the mass of mud and water in the pan.

"Why did you do that?" asked the parson. "You know I don't like it."

"Oh, don't get mad," retorted the swindler. "I only did it for luck."

Then he wandered off to the cut, and taking the pick he began to break down a little gravel, and to shovel it into a little sluice box which had been put in place for ground sluicing as soon as the ditch which had been commenced was able to carry water for the purpose.

The parson went on panning. By degrees the mud disappeared and only the red gravel remained. The red iron rust which discolored the water soon followed suit. The fewer light par-

ties of sand and gravel also ran over the edge of the pan. The preacher picked out the coarse pebbles and heavier rocks with his fingers and soon there was only the black sand left. Now he would see what the claim was worth. Suddenly he gave a gasp. He looked slyly over his shoulder to see if the gambler was looking. The latter was paying no attention to him, being apparently engrossed over something he had found in the cut. A quick move of the parson's hand, and something was transferred from the pan to his vest pocket. The parson had the few grains of gold dust which were found in the first pan wrapped up in a piece of paper. He took out two or three grains and put in the pan. Then he finished panning.

The gambler, having finished his operations in the cut, walked over to the parson. "Well, what have you got?" asked the sport.

"Just a trace," coolly said the preacher, "but I guess the claim is all right."

The gambler took the pan and picked out one of the grains of gold and examined it. He started slightly. It was flattened badly. He seemed to recognize it. He looked at the parson, then at the small piece of gold, then again at the preacher. Suddenly a light broke upon him. The pucker disappeared from his forehead. He smiled. Such a smile! "You're a daisy," he said, "but then you're a preacher."

"What of it?" asked the parson, rather shamefacedly, it must be admitted.

"Oh, nothing," replied the sport, "you're all right, old laddibuck. That's all. I only meant that you're an expert with the pan; no one but an expert could save such fine scales of gold as this." Then he laughed again, a cold, dead laugh.

They started for home, or, rather, for the holdup resort called the Cedar Hotel. On the way the parson tried to jow down the gambler on the price of the claim. The latter was obdurate. Not one cent would he come down. "The claim was worth the \$500 and the parson knew it." The parson finally gave in.

That night a quit-claim deed was drawn up by a shyster lawyer who was reaping a harvest by such conveyances, the three hotel keepers and the parson being witnesses to the deed. The schoolmarm "dug up," or, as the gambler inelegantly described it, "went down in her stocking" for the \$500. Everybody, except the school teacher and the preacher, who never drank in public, drank forty-rod whiskey, at the expense of the gambler, to the health of the lucky young lady whose fortune was as good as made, and the latter proceeded post-haste to the nearest gambling house to invest his earnings.

The school teacher had \$380 left. This money was invested in the claim. Two men were hired at \$10 a day apiece. Some rough sluice boxes were made and work was commenced under the parson's supervision. The first day they cleared up about \$25 worth of dust. After that not a speck of gold was found. The claim had been salted, there was no doubt of it.

What worried the parson most was how that big ten-dollar nugget ever found its way into the pan. He had so cleverly pocketed it before the sport had a chance to see it. He had played such a smart trick on the poor broken-down gambler, who certainly would never have sold the claim for less than \$5,000 had he known that ten-dollar nuggets could be panned out at grass roots. One day, while ruminating over the uncertainty of human events, especially placer mining, the chew of tobacco which the gambler had thrown into the pan came into his mind. The whole thing was patent. He was so clever that he was "dead easy" to a professional surething man like the sport. All clever people, or people who think they are clever, are "dead easy" to confidence men. Smart people are always the game looked for and run down by bunco-steerers. People who are content with what they have and get along comfortably in the world are never taken in by gold-brick or other swindles.

In two weeks the school teacher was penniless. She had not a dollar to her name, which was pretty tough for her in a country where it cost at least five dollars per diem to live, and where seventy per cent. of the population were in a similar condition to hers. The hotel proprietors took pity on her, however, and gave her a position as dishwasher at a salary of \$15 per week and board. She wept copiously, mingling her tears, which were scalding hot, with the lukewarm greasy water in which she washed the dishes. She upbraided the parson,

and he, poor old fool, said he would try to help her out of her trouble. She refused his aid, but he was determined to do his best to undo the wrong which he in his over-smartness had done her.

He thought the matter over, and one night he put his thoughts into action. He went to the gambling "hells," or cabins which were so designated. In one of them he found the sport who had sold the claim. He called him to one side. "That was not a very nice trick you played me," began the parson.

"What do you mean?" was asked.

"Why, to throw that nugget into the pan with that chew of tobacco."

"Well, maybe not," said the gambler, "but it was about as nice as the trick you tried to play on me by putting it in your pocket when my back was turned and shoving in some of the dust I had shot into the bank, which you took out of the sample from the first pan."

The parson acknowledged the deceit, but said he had some business of more importance to attend to just then. He produced a paper from his pocket and after clearing his voice he asked for the attention of all present. He began by telling the story of the trade for the claim. He took all the blame on himself. When he reached the part of his story which related to the penniless condition of the school teacher,—who was a very pretty and attractive girl, by the way,—the sport jumped to his feet. "Stop the deal right here, parson. The girl's broke, is she? She has to wash dishes for a living, has she? You can put that

subscription list back in your pocket for there isn't a man in this camp that's going to subscribe a cent for her. This is my game, and I'll play it alone."

With that he walked out of the saloon, going directly to the hotel, where he asked to see the young lady. "Tell her a friend of hers wants to see her," said he to the proprietor, who was on shift at the hotel bar. He was shown into the dining-room, there being no parlor. The schoolmarm was there.

"They told me a friend of mine wanted to see me, but you—"

"Yes, ma'am, that's what I said. See here, don't you break down and cry. I am your friend and I'll prove it. That \$500 you paid me was the luckiest money I ever got. I've won thousands with it. I've broke all the biggest banks in the camp, and I'm ready to pull out of this forsaken country. I'm sorry I ever swindled you, and here's your money back and more, too."

Saying which, he pulled out a big roll of greenbacks, which he divided into two equal parts, and handed her —how much do you think?—\$3,800. She refused to take it. She said she would not touch money made in that way, and lots more to that effect. All she would take was enough money to pay her fare home.

"Your fare ain't going to cost you a cent, ma'am. To-morrow morning I'll be on hand with a special outfit and I'll see you safe to the railroad. If you don't want your share of this money, you can stick it in the stove, for I won't take a dollar of it back."

She did not burn it. She began to cry.

The gambler was a tall, handsome-looking fellow, with dark blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He doesn't know how he did it, but he says that somehow or other he tripped up and on recovering from the stumble he found himself on his knees with his arms around the schoolmarm, and he was kissing her while she sobbed with her head on his shoulder.

"And you'll never ga-ga-gamble any more?" she sobbed.

"Never again, nor sell any more

placer claims, either, by the eternal!"

They left camp together next morning. The parson wanted to perform the ceremony right then and there, but the sport would not hear of it. He was a gentleman at heart, and he said it would not be fair to the girl. She went home to her friends in Colorado and he located in business in a neighboring town. They are now married and she sings in an Episcopal church choir, while he has become a regular communicant and is one of the church wardens. The writer dined with them last year.

## CONSERVATIVE PESSIMISM IN ENGLAND

By S. J. MACKNIGHT

**D**ISSATISFACTION with existing conditions is a trait which generally characterizes the reformer or the revolutionary. Under the party system of politics, the dissatisfied party is generally the party which represents the poor rather than the rich, the many rather than the favored few. But this is not always or necessarily the case. Parties are composed of individual units, who have their manifold specialties of opinion and sentiment. And it may so happen that a person holding originally anti-popular or reactionary theories may find himself in a position nearly as antagonistic to his own party as to the opposite party in the State. We have a remarkable illustration of this in

the England of to-day. The present heterogeneous Government, which is specially devoted to the maintenance of the union with Ireland, seems to be regarded by some of its supporters as slack and tardy in some departments of its administration. Its management of the war in South Africa has certainly not been without reproach. Feelings of this kind have been rather forcibly voiced by an anonymous book, the title of which is "Drifting," a title which assuredly implies that there is no powerful hand or steady eye steering at the helm. This book is evidently the work of a thoughtful mind, perhaps not well schooled on all points, but nevertheless far from superficial in its grasp. The tendencies exhibited in this

book, it would be interesting to run over in review.

By far the most striking feature of this book is the attack on the railway companies and other corporations dealing with public services in England. This is nothing new. One hears about the sins of corporations more in America, but the topic is not new in England. Many of the witnesses who were examined before the Royal Commission appointed to examine into the causes of English agricultural depression gave it as their opinion that the high freight charges of English railways, and the discrimination in the matter of freight in favor of foreign imports, was one of the causes of the English farmer's non-success. This writer states that the wretched train service south of London hinders the development of whole counties. He says: "If, therefore, our railways enter into contracts, as they do, to make it cheaper for foreigners to send butter from Denmark, or eggs from Normandy, or fruit from the south of France into London than it is for our own counties a few miles away, where fruit is rotting on the trees, and so help to ruin entirely our home industries, and enrich the foreigner, they are at liberty to do so." He complains of negligence in forwarding perishable goods. The spirit of all these public corporations he asserts to be individualistic, merely commercial, and unpatriotic. They have monopoly privileges, which they abuse. He denounces the railway, canal, dock, gas, water, electric light, telephone, and steamship companies.

He points to the commercial advantage gained by Germany, where railway traffic is cheaply, efficiently and profitably conducted in the direct hands of the State. I might cite other authorities in confirmation of such views as these. President Hadley in his work on Economics remarks that English railways, being home-owned and powerfully represented in Parliament, have a tendency to keep up their rates. Their political influence was not long ago shown when Lord Salisbury was obliged to withdraw a measure introduced in the interest of the health and safety of employés. Seldom, however, have the railway corporations been attacked as they are attacked by the author of "Drifting."

The author complains that the English, by virtue of their sleepiness, indifference, insularity, *laissez-faire*-ism, and unteachableness, are losing ground everywhere, in every quarter of the world, and even in England itself. "German financiers like Alfred Beit, Sir Ernest Cassel, Ludwig Neumann, and some twenty others, have invaded Mayfair, and big foreign banks, like the Crédit Lyonnais, Deutsche Bank, Dresdener Bank, A. Rüffer and Sons, and thirty more, are increasing and multiplying in the City; many of our prominent stock exchange men, like Hirsch, Pollack, Biedermann, Messel, Symons, and about three hundred besides, are foreigners. The expert and import trade is mostly in foreign hands, and at the Mark Lane salesrooms you hear very little English spoken." "Among our ship captains there are

hundreds of Swedish, Danish, German, and other nationalities, and the huge number of foreign seamen and firemen in our merchant navy, more than forty per cent. of the total, has begun to cause public uneasiness. The largest London hotels are managed by Swiss and Germans. Nearly all London commission agents and countless city clerks, opticians, musical and scientific instrument makers, electricians, orthopædists, photographers, and so on, are foreigners. And what becomes of the Englishmen whose places these foreigners have taken? They vegetate in cheap suburbs and in slums, or they go under." "We have been told from the seat of war of the superiority of Krupp guns over English guns, we know that Mauser rifles are better than Lee-Metfords, that our officers have discarded English revolvers for Mauser magazine pistols, and that Zeiss field-glasses are better than English ones; yet it was once our pride to manufacture the best arms and the best field-glasses." That many of these statements of the author of "Drifting" are substantially correct there is not the slightest doubt in the world. Take, for instance, the article of butter. It was clearly proved before the Royal Commission on Agriculture that the success of Denmark and Normandy in supplying London with butter was owing to the greater attention to the food and drink of cows, to the maintenance of a steady all-the-year-round supply of butter, and to the testing and mixing of butters to secure a uniform quality. The English butter-maker had not

originality and intelligence enough to keep this end in view.

The author of "Drifting" calls loudly for protection, not for cereals and other food products, but for manufactured and miscellaneous articles. He believes that England is living on her capital, and is now on the edge of a precipice, or a volcano, or something of that kind. He does not dwell much on the prospective exhaustion of the coal and iron of the British Isles. He does indeed utter a few half-doubting words on the coal-exhaustion question, but this problem, which is really more serious than the trade-balance problem, does not appeal to his peculiar temperament. On the subject of the balance of trade this writer is probably wrong. It is not likely that England is consuming her capital, though she may be ruining and starving the home country by having too much capital invested abroad. Yet the financial papers tell us that the liking for foreign investments has grown less during the last decade. The author of "Drifting," who is a great Imperialist, seems to favor the industrial development of the colonies, and the employment of English capital in that way. He also favors the revival of home agriculture, which he regards as being chiefly hindered by the discriminating freight charges of the railways. He says little about the entail system, the costliness of the transfer of land, the expenses in connection with mortgages, or the too great incidence of taxation on the occupier as compared with the landlord. It is these things which really discourage the investment of capital in

English land. Very likely the unwise regulations of the railway companies have a strong influence in the same direction.

Not only is the general scope of English commercial policy severely commented on, but equal severity is meted out to method and detail. Three great changes are advocated here: first, a new patent law, more effectually securing the rights of inventors; second, a law requiring business firms to be registered under a designation which cannot be changed, thus preventing many swindling devices; third, a law holding the promoters and directors of companies more responsible for their conduct. The author also strongly advocates the adoption of the decimal system, as it is used on the continent—in money, weights and measures, and also the decimal ratio in military mapping. The antiquated English system of measures and of money computation, he regards as being very seriously injurious to English trade under the keen competition of the continental nations. Germany has a law for compulsory registration of business firms. These defects of English commercial method, when supplemented by the general lethargy and lukewarmness of English character, have wrought the ruin of English commerce.

Quoting official figures, he says that "it appears that the total number of abortive, or liquidating, companies during 1899 was in the proportion to the new companies registered, 60 per cent., as against 56 per cent. during the previous year. It will be observed that the total number of liquidating

companies continues to show an increase on all previous figures, although the number of new companies registered during the past two years has diminished. The capital involved in these liquidations is also larger than on any previous occasion, having nearly doubled during the eight years covered by the statistics. A certain proportion, no doubt, consists of reconstructions, amalgamations, and other liquidations which involve no loss to shareholders. \* \* \* It may be assumed that about one-fourth in number and about 37 per cent. of the capital belong to the more or less solvent class, while the remaining three-fourths in number and 63 per cent. of capital would represent the insolvent class."

With regard to British weights and measures he says: "Not satisfied with three different weights, we make the jumble still more perplexing by having special weights and measures for various articles. Thus we have two different stones, two different firkins, several different sacks, pecks, boxes, fagots, seams, fodders, and so forth. For liquid measures we possess, besides the well-known ones, a large number of others which are meaningless to every one except the trader in the respective articles." The English are also censured for their disinclination to learn foreign languages. Again he says, "Our weights and measures are utterly unintelligible to the majority of foreigners with whom it is our desire and interest to extend our trade. They render English price-lists and circulars, a mere dead letter to many who would

otherwise become our customers, and greatly handicap British export trade."

This author is, to a limited extent, a protectionist. He strongly favors a policy which would revive the West Indian sugar industry and strengthen the position of the colonies generally, for he regards the fate and fortunes of Britain as being bound up and identified with that of her colonies. He greatly appreciates the tariff concessions which the Laurier Government in Canada have made in favor of the mother country. He is also zealously anxious, as I have said before, for a revival of manufacturing industry and agriculture in England itself. He regards manufacturing industry as being hindered by extravagant and swindling company-promoters. But here, it seems to me, a difficulty arises. Money which passes from the investor to the swindling speculator, is not lost to the nation; it is merely a private loss, a transference from one pocket to another. With regard to agricultural revival, he regards the extension of grain-growing as hopeless in England. It is in butter-making, the keeping of pigs, poultry, and other animals, in fruit-growing, and market-gardening, that he thinks that English rustic industry ought still to flourish.

The author also has a good deal to say about the smallness of the gold reserve of the Bank of England. This is an old and much-discussed topic, and he assuredly has a large number of capable judges, past and present, to support him here.

His book is political so well as com-

mercial and economic. Terrible blows are dealt at Liberalism, and blows nearly as severe at the Conservatism of the day. All the departments of the Government are stated to be inefficient. The cause of this is stated to be too great power allowed to be exerted by the permanent staffs of those various departments. This power is always used on the side of inertia and inaction. In America the spoils system, which changes the whole body of departmental officials, on a change of Government, has been thought to be a great evil. In England we see an opposite evil—the officials are too firmly rooted in their places and wax overconfident, ruling things in their own way and defying the Government which they are supposed to serve. This certainly seems a very undesirable state of things, and likely there is too much truth in the statement made. All really vigorous and independent action on the part of the Government is paralyzed by dread of what the Opposition may say or do. Yet the author of "Drifting" does not express himself as opposed to the party system of government. His fierce attacks on Liberalism are evidently impotent. The Liberal party cannot be annihilated. On the other hand, one would think the permanent officials might surely be brought into subjection.

That this book has a serious mission and is not merely a piece of sensationalism, is proved, more than by anything else, by what is said of the maladministration of the War Department. The author points out that frauds of army contractors might

easily be prevented by making them pay down a deposit on assuming a contract. He says that this is not done because there are certain influences at work. The whole military and naval system of England, he says, is antiquated and inefficient. It is a system of imposture, make-believe, and fraud, worked as a mere adjunct to the political and parliamentary game. He contrasts all this with the splendid efficiency introduced into the German governmental departments by Bismarck. He denounces the English system as being centralized. He explains his meaning here by saying that a subordinate in Singapore, or some other distant place, has to write to London for permission to buy lead-pencils for his office. The system is probably too much centralized in some respects, too little centralized in others. This last he admits, surely, when he says that in many cases there is no one definite person on whose shoulders the responsibility for a certain action may be fixed. He says that there was a perfect knowledge, long before the South African war broke out, that the situation there was serious and threatening to the last degree, but that the weakness—weakness of will—in the Government prevented action being taken till the last moment. The author's denunciation of the attitude of the Government toward frauds of army contractors seems very justifiable. "Only when public indignation had risen to the boiling point and demanded in violent anger to know the names of those criminals and their punishment, the official apologist gave their names and

declared that they had been adequately punished—by being struck off the list. \* \* \* Very possibly the same men are swindling our guileless War Office again, trading under an assumed name."

Can anything be more treasonable, more profoundly immoral, or more subversive of the interest of the State, than the permission of fraud in army contracts? It seems quite as treasonable as the giving of secret information to the enemy, the crime with which Dreyfus was charged and which set France ablaze against that poor man. Wars are made to please coteries of capitalists, and they are carried out, apparently, not in the interest of the nation, much less of the soldier, but rather in the interest of certain speculators. This is an extreme view. The reason of the timid attitude of the Government in this connection may arise from a false idea that to confess having been cheated makes the Government seem cheap. This author rightly says that the feebleness shown by the Government with regard to contractors' frauds in this war, will likely lead to greater frauds in the next war in which England may be fated to be engaged. He rightly points also to the contrast between the way in which these heinous transactions are treated and the punishment which is meted out to the petty tradesman who sells American meat for English. In petty trade there is a swift Nemesis which overtakes the petty transgressor. In greater matters even a roused public opinion cannot secure a just retribution to the offender.

The author denounces the false education, the useless and unpractical cramming of English officers, and inveighs against their luxurious habits and against the host of camp-followers which encumber the movements of a British army in consequence of those habits. Here, as in everything, Germany is his model. Yet he says, "In our military organization we have largely copied German institutions, but we have not copied their spirit." "Our officers are not selected by military merit but by com-

petitive examination, for which they are prepared by a course with the crammer that dulls their brain, stifles independent thought, and gives them a show of useless knowledge which is forgotten immediately after their examination." His remarks with regard to the military organization of England bear the strong impress of common sense, and if his commercial views are not quite so clear, there is at least much in them which is worthy of serious consideration and thought.

## IN DISTRICT No. I

*(An Economic Novel)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

### CHAPTER XLV—(*Continued*)

IN spite of all foibles, Inly Merritt was no craven. He had cried out, it was true, in his agony of surprise and terror, as who, indeed, would not? But he stood his ground, leaping nimbly back as the cudgel descended, and clapping his right hand to his pistol pocket.

No pistol was there!

Then, indeed, he grew faint and tottered; but, ere he could turn to run, the horseman's pistol was discharged with a loud report. Merritt fell, exclaiming:

"Sanford Tevis!"

"I ain't Sanford Tevis, you d—d spoii," said the stranger.

"Yes—it's Sanford Tevis who has murdered me," said Merritt, speaking with difficulty. "First, he murdered and robbed—Michael Smith—and now he's stolen my pistol, and made you shoot me."

"Misther Sanford Tevis murder and rob the Ri!" exclaimed the assassin. "Sure, if I thought it wor thruth ye wor spaking at last, Misther Spoi, I'd resarve the shot I've got waiting to finish ye with. Spake out, ye divvil, and save your sowl if ye can."

"Sanford Tevis is having—a yacht built—at Newport News," gasped Inly. "Two days after Smith's

murder—he paid the Legion Treasurer—ten thousand dollars—in new gold eagles—and is going—to pay—the balance in—international notes."

Here the distant beats of galloping hoofs caused Foley—for Merritt's assailant was he—to look up, and he saw a horseman approaching from the main avenue at full speed. To swing himself into his saddle and retreat hastily from the scene was the work of a moment.

The newcomer arrived. It was Dick Westeron. He pulled up as he reached the body, and recognized Merritt.

"Are you alive, Merritt?" he shouted.

"Yes," replied Inly, in a faint voice.

"How much alive are you, my boy?" continued Westeron. "Shall I go on chasing the villain or shall I stop and take care of you?"

"Stop, Captain," rejoined the poor, bleeding young man. "I think I'm dying—and I've got—some important things—to tell you."

Before he had finished speaking, Westeron was off his horse and was stooping over his friend.

"It's a close call, sure enough," said he very gently; "but I've known worse-looking cases get well. Does it pain you much to breathe?"

"Not very much."

"I should think that's a good sign. Here, I'll put my coat under your head and this handkerchief on the wound. Keep it tight pressed and lie as still as you can while I ride to the College and tell them to send a carriage with a bed, so that we may take you to the hospital."

He rode off, and Inly lay wondering whether the savage assailant of a few minutes ago would return with the reserved shot. Then all suddenly became a blank.

When Merritt again opened his eyes he found himself lying on a bed, inside a kind of omnibus, with Captain Westeron leaning over him and holding a flask near his lips. He drank a few mouthfuls, and knew he still lived.

"Perhaps you had better try to tell me what you've got to say. You might go off, you know," suggested the Captain.

"Did you telephone—last night—for me to meet you this morning in the park?"

"No."

"I've been thinking so—since I found my pistol was gone. That villain Tevis—Simms—said you told him—through the telephone—last night—to ask me to meet you at half past seven—at the corner of the Pigeon River road—and the avenue—in the park."

"Why, that was where you had written me I was to meet you."

"I—didn't—write."

"Here's your letter," said Westeron, producing it.

Inly feebly looked at it.

"That isn't my writing," said he.

And then, painfully and slowly, aided by occasional sups of the cordial in the flask, he told Westeron how Simms had turned out to be Sanford Tevis, and pointed to the strong probabilities of his being the murderer of his quondam partner, Waldorf Astor. He also expressed his absolute belief in Wyndham's innocence.

"But we've found a new eagle and an international note in his pockets," urged the Destinator.

"I'll bet — Simms — Tevis — put them there himself," rejoined Merritt. "I remember—he went out for —a walk—and didn't come back—to our tent—until past midnight last—Sunday—after he had been—suggesting to me—that Wyndham's clothes —ought to be searched."

They were now entering the hospital courtyard.

"Carry him to one of the beds," cried Westeron, indicating Merritt, and springing out of the vehicle. "Where's Dr. Boreen?"

"In his study, with a visitor. He said he wasn't to be interrupted on any account," answered an attendant.

"D—n his visitor! This is a case of life or death," said Westeron, hurrying to the corridor at the end of which was Tom's room.

He flung open the door. A tall, black-haired, shaggy-browed man leapt to his feet, and had covered Westeron with a pistol before the latter had advanced two steps into the room. The Captain, ever ready, and never quite taken aback, dropped instantly into a crouching posture, and had his pistol also in line for action before the other man could readjust his aim. An exchange of shots was prevented only by the presence of mind of Tom Boreen, who sprang between the potential enemies, exclaiming:

"For God's sake, don't shoot, gentlemen! 'Tisn't as though ye were ould friends. At *laste*, lit me introduce you before you begin."

"Who the devil is he, Tom, and what did he draw on me for?" asked Westeron, with an air of the surliest surprise.

"He's Mr. Patrick Collins, an architect of Boston, now staying at the Legion Hotel, and came here on a holiday to see our College and other sights. Mr. Collins, let me introduce you to Captain Richard Westeron, the Destinator of Clyde township."

"I'm deloighted to make the gentleman's acquaintance," said Collins, putting his pistol back in his pocket, and extending his hand. "Sure, whin the door flew open like a cyclone, I thought the sea sarpint, or some other bloody divarshon was upon us, and I took me mizzures accordingly."

"It strikes me we nearly took each other's 'mizzure,' Mr. Architect," said Westeron, shaking hands very crustily with the eminent Bostonian. "But you must excuse me just now. Tom, I've brought young Mer-Warner—here, with a bullet in him. An attempted murder. Go and do what you can for him, while I go to my office, where I'm expecting a telegram. Call when you've done."

"Good morning, gentlemen. I'll call on you later in the day—if the storm still holds off—when you're less engaged!" said Mr. Collins, who immediately bowed himself out of the room.

"I'm sorry for the cause of the interruption, Destiny," said Tom, "but I'm glad you came. That devil of a fellow was boring me to death with his inquiries about the College, and all kinds of architectural details, about which I'm as green as a sham-

rock. However, here goes for Warner." And he, too, rushed off.

"Tom Boreen in the job, too!" said Westeron to himself, as he walked to the end of the doctor's study, where was a set of shelves with bottles. "And the architect from Boston! Well, their luck's better than mine if Perkins *does* confirm Merritt's idea about Simms! But if he doesn't, the architect shall join young Spinks to-night. Merritt will identify him, and nothing more will be wanted."

While thus soliloquizing, he was filling a small phial from one of the stoppered bottles on the shelves. He then walked quietly away.

When he entered his office, he saw

a yellow missive lying on his bureau. He looked at it for a few moments, and breathed hard. Then, opening it, he took his code-book and deciphered the message, which ran as follows:

Perkins, Pittsburg, Pa., to R. Westeron, Clyde, N. C., July 5th, 1907.

I have two workmen of Astor & Tevis who identify the spike-driver and say Sanford Tevis had it with him when he left the establishment on June 14th.

Westeron laid the paper down and passed his hand wearily across his forehead. He touched a bell, and Uncle Cain appeared.

"Make me a julep, Uncle Cain," said he, "and put in an extra dose of quercitin."

## CHAPTER XLVI

### WHAT DESTINY DID WITH THE JULEP

Uncle Cain had brought the julep. Westeron had sipped it, had found it to his taste, and had placed it on the top of the bureau before him. He then lighted his necessary cigar and settled himself in his capacious office chair in front of the open desk, on which he installed his feet. His countenance was as somber as the darkening sky outside. The room was so still that the sound of each puff of smoke from his lips was distinctly audible. The rolling of thunder seemed advancing from the mountains in the southwest. Presently he began to speak aloud to himself:

"Perkins would suppress the Pitts-

burg evidence for me. Merritt would keep mum, even if he lives. A warning like that's a lasting one. Tom Boreen won't say a word. The architect 'll keep still enough. And if I see Simms and tell him I know all about him and the spike-driver and the money arrangement at Newport News, he'll be willing to accept my terms of his going quietly back to Astor & Tevis and living as a steady-going business man for the next three months. There'll be nobody to say anything against *him*: for, even if Lydia does find him to be Sanford Tevis, that's no worse than Henry Spinks passing as Henry Wyndham. And young Spinks can't get out of

being extradited, and convicted, too; though, of course, he'll get a pardon from the Governor of New York. So he won't be hurt; and, if he does go through a pretty rough time, he's a deserter, anyhow. I can win the bet: that's certain. I *can't* lose L. B.: that's certain, too."

Here he removed his feet from the desk, rose from his chair, and paced up and down the room.

After he had been thus engaged for five minutes or so, Tom Boreen came in through the door leading from the veranda. A quick gust of wind entered with him, and the hazy, blurring air outside had grown darker.

"I would rather *not* attend that case, Destiny," said Boreen, closing the door.

"Why?"

"Because I shall kill the patient instead of curing him?"

"That's strictly professional, ain't it?"

"Don't fool. I mean what you would call murder, and what I should know to be justice."

"Speak out, man. I'll be on the square with you. Why did you and Simms—or Sanford Tevis—put that transparent architect-fraud on to shoot that harmless young man this morning?"

Boreen looked open-mouthed at Westeron, who was still pacing up and down.

"How the devil do you know that, Dick?"

"Because I'm a professional. Tell me why you put your face in the dirt like that, Tom Boreen?"

"All's fair in love and war. You

know—all the world knows—that the Irish are at war with the Saxon hounds. This whelp, Merritt, is a British spy."

"Spy, your grandmother!"

"And he's had a hand in the murder and robbery of Michael Smith."

"Hand, your grandmother!"

"What do you say about the fellow, thin?"

"I say he's a poor, innocent, feeble little newspaper reporter who has been 'assigned' to the 'Great Garrison Mystery.' He's an *amatoor* who's been trying to do professional work, and has made a bad mess of it."

"How about Wyndham—or Spinks, as I guess he is?"

"He's the babe unborn in this business."

"Who, then, do you say killed Michael Smith?"

"Your own colleague. Look at that telegram."

He pointed to the translation of the yellow paper on his bureau, and continued to pace up and down, puffing fast at his cigar.

Boreen dashed the telegram down with an oath.

"What that fellow told Foley was true, then! We kill and plunder each other, instead of uniting against the common foe! Poor Ireland! Gad! I'm as dhry as a lime-kiln. May I, Dick?"

As he uttered the last words, he stretched out his hand toward the julep. Westeron made a bound forward, and rescued the precious drink.

"Fair play, Tom!" he said, with a strange sound that might have been either a laugh or a groan, and with a

still stranger look. "That's *my* special nectar. It's made just to my liking, with an extra dose of quercitin. Uncle Cain'll make one for you in *your* particular style."

The bell was touched; Cain appeared, and was instructed; and the refreshing drink was brought in, of which Boreen, who now was also smoking and pacing, immediately partook.

"I wish I could tell you all, Dick," he said, "but our political secrets are not mine to give away. My life's at stake. Foley—your architect friend—his life's at stake. This infernal villain, Tevis—that's not his real name, though—his life is at stake. But when it comes to betraying and murdering each other so as to secure the success of one policy rather than another—I see the whole game plainly enough now—why, it's enough to turn the best man that ever lived into a devil. Michael Smith was one of our chief men—I can't explain further. The money was wanted for a most important movement. This fellow Tevis chooses of his own will to murder Smith, and steal our funds. Even if he meant to employ those funds in the cause—which I doubt—still, you wouldn't call it putting my face in the dirt if I kill the beast like vermin, would you?"

Boreen was raging and chafing as he said all this.

"I should call it private lynching," replied Westeron, still pacing up and down.

Neither of the men spoke for a minute. Then Westeron stopped and said:

"Look here, Tom!"

"Well?" returned Boreen, stopping also.

"Could you manage to keep this Merritt under your own care without letting him communicate with anybody for the next three months?"

"I *could* do it by a little management of the case. Yis; why?"

"And could you also nurse this scoundrel Tevis along for three months—not letting him know you're onto his curves, and postponing the private lynching bee?"

"Yis, I *could* do so."

"Would you, Tom, do all this, if I asked you to, and if it would be doing me a great service?"

Boreen eyed Westeron for a moment in a puzzled manner. Then he held out his hand.

"I would, Destiny," said he.

"Thankye, Tom," returned Westeron, pressing the extended hand, and then resuming his pacing.

"What did you understand L. B. to say about fair play, and all that sort of thing, at the hearing on Thursday?" he asked.

"Faith, she was up with the angels—away over our heads. She put it that whin a man was acting as a man he wouldn't secure an advantage by lying and desate."

"What's your opinion, Tom, about death? Does it finish us?"

"You're touching a high matter, there, Destiny. I mesilf am as matayrial as the most matayrial of them all in ricognizing the physical faytures of our existence. But, by the powers, I'm intirely convinced that whin a man's dead he goes on living

all the same."

"And if he's known L. B. here, do you think he'll know her there?"

"Twould be twisting the nose off the face of Rayson to think anything else, Destiny. 'Twould be to rejeuce our hopes, and fears, and friendships, and hates, and loves to the idle, fleeting, purposeless, chance-playing of atoms."

Westeron took the half-consumed cigar from his lips and flung it on the floor.

"I'll be d—d," quoth he, "if she shall say I can't look her in the face."

He went to the bureau and, sitting down, took a sheet of paper, on which he hastily wrote a few lines. Then, rising, he said to Boreen, who was watching him keenly and curiously:

"This weather's enough to play us all out, isn't it, Tom? Gad! look at

that sky."

Through the haze the sky did, indeed, look terrible. It had become livid and phosphorescent. And the growling of the thunder was now close at hand.

When Boreen's head was turned, Westeron seized the julep, and, putting it to his lips, hurriedly drank it. He set the glass down just as his friend looked at him once more.

"God! Destiny!" cried the young doctor, springing forward and passing his arm round the tottering Captain.

"Too late, Tom! Do me—one last favor. Spare L. B. the pain—of knowing. Certify it as heart. It *is* heart—you know."

A happy smile irradiated Westeron's features as his head sank forward on his breast.

## CHAPTER XLVII

### THE COMING OF THE STORM.

It was past eight o'clock by the time Lydia and Eliza had finished their breakfasts and had mounted for their ride to the Burgh. Eliza was on Don, and Lydia on a graceful, though slow, little horse, which had been presented to her by Admiral Spinks.

The stepping-stones across the river were more than covered, and the stream was running with a strong current.

"You'll have to sleep with me to-night, Eddie," said Lydia. "The river is hurrying down with news of grand doings up in the mountains;

and I suspect the grand doings themselves are coming to give their own version of the story. Look at the sky. It's positively livid. And doesn't it remind you of the phosphorescence we used to watch from the Channel steamers last year?"

"So it does!" replied E. D. "But how dark it is! How funny the air seems! How stifling! I declare I feel frightened, Lyddie, dear! Let us turn back!"

"Would you leave Henry in jail an hour longer than absolutely necessary, you heartless girl? Fie! Fie!"

"Oh! Lyddie, do you really feel quite sure they will let him out?"

"Yes, my dearie. Even if no news has come yet from Pittsburg, we can satisfy the Grand Councillors that they will not incur any improper responsibility in allowing Henry to await developments outside one of his jails."

"One of his jails?"

"Certainly. Is he not imprisoned in a second one, from which he will never even desire to escape."

"I'm rather glad it's so dark, Lyddie; for if you go on like that, I shall want all Nature to be one big veil."

"Suppose we should never see the sun again?"

"What a dreadful remark to make, dearest! And what a sad, sad look on your darling face! What's the matter, Lyddie? Aren't you feeling well?"

"I'm a little nervous, I think. I've been so ever since the sun set last Monday."

"It's this storm that has been hanging over us ever since Monday night."

"I think so, too. We don't yet know what influences accompany every change of weather. But, what is very singular, is that the mind becomes influenced. I can understand our bodily conditions, our nervous system, and hence our feelings and emotions, being affected. Mere sound, for instance—a vibration of the atmosphere—will make us laugh or cry. When, however, actual thoughts, visions, presentiments, what you will, are induced the matter becomes mysterious. Did I talk in my sleep last night, Eddie?"

"You tossed about a good deal, and muttered and mumbled. I could not make out what you were saying, though."

"I had many dreams. Nothing was clear and distinct. I constantly found myself in Colonel Birnie's camp, talking to you, and that little Warner, and that hateful Simms. Ugh! And yet I seemed to be at the same time in Hodeslea Church, listening to your playing the organ. And still, simultaneously, I seemed to be standing with Tom Boreen on the veranda at the Vagrant's Home, looking at Dick sitting in his chair with his eyes shut, and I wondered whether he was asleep or dead. And, always with the other scenes existing, I saw myself rushing into the arms of my dear father and mother, is the dear old garden of our home at Philadelphia, just as I used to do, hundreds of times. I seemed to be a great many persons, and yet the same; or, rather, I seemed to be myself at a great many times, and with a great many different surroundings. I was so worried. I tried in vain to get things clear in my mind."

"A very good description of a nightmare, Lyddie, dear," said Eliza, laughing.

"It was more than a nightmare," replied L. B., looking very grave.

The girls had now reached the top of the ascent, and had turned to the left. They proceeded a few paces, and were gathering up their reins preparatory to a canter, when there loomed up in the dark haze before them a group of horsemen filling the road.

"Good morning, ladies! You

seem to have mistaken your road," said a meek, well-known voice, as one of the riders advanced in front of his companions.

"Back!" cried Lydia, wheeling her horse to the rear; a movement which was instantly followed by Eliza.

Three horsemen were barring the way on this side, also; and, before the girls could act in any way, Mr. Simms was stationed by Lydia's side, holding the rein of her horse, while another of the riders was by the side of Eliza, holding Don's rein.

"Don't scream, Eddie!" said Lydia in French. "It'll do no good and will only exhaust you. Keep as calm as you possibly can and listen carefully to what I say to this monster."

"I'll admit to-day that French is practical, ladies, though I said yesterday it wasn't," remarked Simms with an affected easiness, which could not entirely conceal vexation.

The cavalcade was now in motion, three horsemen riding in front and two bringing up the rear, while Lydia and Eliza, with their two custodians, rode in the center. They had passed the road leading down to the ford.

"What is the meaning of this outrage, Mr. Simms?" asked Lydia.

"It means that you know I am not Mr. Simms."

"He wants to find out how much we really do know," said Lydia, in French, to Eliza.

The two girls had had a full discussion together on their return from the camp the previous evening, and Lydia had explained how she felt sure that Simms was Sanford Tevis,

the inventor of the fatal spike-driver, the murderer and robber of his partner, Waldorf Astor, *alias* Michael Smith, and the midnight depositor of the eagle and note in the pockets of Henry's clothes.

"Where are you taking us?" asked Lydia, ignoring the remark just made by her captor.

"To where a little knowledge will not be a dangerous thing."

"You speak in riddles. Why do you suppose we possess any dangerous knowledge? What knowledge on our part can possibly be dangerous to you, a complete stranger to us and our township?"

"Halt!" cried Mather, as I may now call him.

The cavalcade came to a standstill.

"Macca!" said Mather, as the men all faced toward the center. "I told you that the safety of our cause demanded the arrest and removal of these two ladies, whom we propose to treat with every respect consistent with safe-keeping. I was under the impression that they knew too much; and we, on our side, know too much to be willing to depend upon the prudence of untied female tongues. Now, these ladies are no ordinary persons. They are as true and staunch as they are lovely. Well, we're true and staunch, too, even if we're not lovely. How's that, boys?"

"That's practical!" cried a voice in reply; at which there was a general laugh.

"What I propose," pursued Mather, who had dropped his meekness, and was now speaking in tones

of high command, "is that we give these ladies fair play. How's that?"

"Agreed!" shouted the men.

"Very well! Now listen carefully to what I say to these ladies, and what they reply."

He then turned to Lydia and Eliza.

"Dr. Blauenfeld and Miss Drax," said he, "if you will give me your word of honor that you do not know or suspect me to be any person in particular other than plain John Simms, the Pittsburg mechanic, you shall be set free this instant. I don't ask for any solemn oath or other tomfoolery of that kind. Your simple word of honor will satisfy me."

Of all the cruel, mocking, fiendish acts of Robert Mather that have ever come to our knowledge, Cuyler and I have always considered that little speech of his to the two hapless, tormented girls, on the dark hillside road, in the gathering tempest, to be the most diabolical.

Not a fiber of disloyalty to their own consciences stirred in those steadfast souls.

"My reply," said Eliza, "is that I deny your authority, legal or moral, to make any such demand."

"That is also my reply," said Lydia.

"Very magnificent, but it isn't war," rejoined Mather, with a sneer. "I'll give you another chance though. I ask you to tell me, on your words of honor, all that you know or suspect about me and my doings. I also ask you to pledge your words of honor that you will not communicate that knowledge or those suspicions to anybody in any manner; and that, if you

know or subsequently hear of such knowledge or suspicions being in the mind of any person, you will, in good faith, exercise your utmost influence and powers of persuasion to prevent such knowledge or suspicions being communicated further or in any way acted upon."

"We can comply with that, can't we?" whispered Eliza to Lydia, still in French.

"If we do, by whom and in what way is Henry to be cleared of the accusation now hanging over him?"

"I'm afraid I'm going to cry, Lyddie, dear," said poor Eliza, who was now trembling. The strain of the cruel situation was telling upon her.

"Cheer up, E. D. Thrice is he armed that hath his battle just. I admit we are in awful peril; but we have one chance."

"What is that?"

"Don."

"Explain, explain!"

"I've been examining their horses as well as I can for the gloom. Don can outrun any of them."

"Yes, yes! And then?"

"The storm is on the point of breaking. At the first big flash and peal, I will scream and throw myself on Simms. The two men behind will rush to me. Do you, then, instantly slash your *man* across the face with your whip. He will let go your rein. Turn Don and run for your life."

"And leave you, my sweet darling? Your Eddie may cry, but she's not built *that* way."

"Your heart is mastering your wits, dearie. Think a little, and you will see that what I suggest is the

only chance for *me*, as well as you. You can ride to the Burgh and get a rescue party out in less than half an hour."

"Now, ladies," cried Mather, whose vexation at not being able to understand the girls as they conversed was very evident, "have you made up your minds and finished plotting? What do you say to my offer? Hurry, now. There's no time to lose if we're to get into shelter before the storm bursts."

"Our reply," said Lydia, "is that we utterly deny your right to exact any statement or pledge from us. We are free American citizens and have done no wrong. We appeal to you all to act as men, and not as the cowardly assailants and persecutors of two weak and innocent women."

"By God, that's straight!" exclaimed the horseman who was stationed behind Lydia. "I'm a M—B—, but I'm a man, too; and I propose to act as a man in this business. Ah!"

He reeled and fell from his horse, as a loud detonation was heard, preceded by a red flash and a puff of smoke from the pistol which Mather had discharged.

"So may all traitors fare!" said he, grimly. "Face about, Macca! These ladies have had fair play and must be kept for a time where their tongues can't wag to injure our cause. We'll take shelter in Hodeslea church while the storm is passing."

Every man seemed cowed, and the cavalcade advanced without a word being said.

The darkness was now so great

that the road could scarcely be distinguished. Men and animals were panting. Little puffs of hot wind were moving, whirling through the air like so many miniature cyclones. The phosphorescence of the sky was very dull, and, to an upward glance, the spectacle was that of intense blackness, coated with a film of ghastly green, and rendered more weird by skurrying shadows. The girls and their guards reached the place where the road forked, leading on the right to the ford where the bridge was now being constructed, and on the left to Hodeslea church.

And there the advancing skirmishers of the great storm dashed in upon them. With a shriek and a roar, a wild gust of wind sprang at them and swept over them, overturning in its passage a large dead, decayed tree which stood a few paces down the right-hand road, and which now fell with a mighty crash and crackling. For the moment it seemed as though the horses and their riders would alike be overthrown. Every animal instantly stopped, and turned with his back to the wind.

The violence of the gust continued for perhaps a minute. It seemed to have swept away much of the haze, for the atmosphere grew somewhat lighter. But immediately the wind died—suddenly as it had begun—a glittering, dazzling, bluish-white flash seamed the sky and air, striking the earth at the very point where the tree had fallen. It was accompanied by an awful and explosive roar, as though the solid ground had been riven apart.

At the same moment a piercing shriek was heard, and Lydia fell from her horse into the ready arms of Mather, who, in spite of the wind, had retained his grasp of her rein, and was as cool and collected as though the day were calm and summery. The girl's cry was echoed by one of deeper key to the left, and Mather was conscious of a confused struggling mass, from which a form bounded forth away into the darkness. It was Don, who had responded with what seemed like conscious intelligence to the summons of his mistress, and had reared and struck out with his forelegs and then had sped away along the dark road, sure-footed and swift, bearing with him his dear Dark Eyes.

The escape was so sudden and unexpected, and the storm-burst so confusing, that the M— B— were in no condition either to hinder or pursue. The man whom Eliza had struck fancied for the moment that the lightning-flash had seared his face; and it was only when Don, springing round, had well-nigh broken his thigh with a stroke of his hoof, that he perceived the stratagem to which he had fallen a victim. It was then too late to attempt a pursuit, even if he had not been disabled. Nor did it fare better with the rear guard. He, as Lydia had anticipated, spurred forward on seeing her fall; and Eliza,

simultaneously, dashing close past him, administered a severe cut with her whip across his face, blinding and dazing him.

The only one of the party who was ready and prompt to act was Mather. He made a desperate effort to draw his pistol, hoping to bring down either Don or Eliza; but his arms were pinned by the clinging Lydia. For a few seconds—precious, inestimable seconds to Eliza and Don—the struggle continued. Then the girl's strength gave way, her arms relaxed, and she lay, panting and exhausted, across the two horses, who had, fortunately, remained huddled side by side, tamed and cowed by the storm.

"D—— those brains of yours!" cried Mather. "If it weren't for your face and body, I'd blow 'em out. Sit up, you she-devil!"

He roughly raised our poor, brave L. B. to her seat on her saddle. She was not crying.

"Forward, Macca, to the church, before another burst comes! It'll be a wonder if the bird that's flown ever gets back to the Burgh. And if she does, nobody will stir out for many an hour after we're all safe in our *cache*."

"Won't Tim White tell on us, maybe?" asked one of the men.

"Not much," replied Mather, laughing scornfully. "When I shoot, I shoot to kill. I saw the red splash right between his eyes."

## CHAPTER XLVIII

## FROM LIGHT INTO DARKNESS

On that Saturday morning Cuyler, the Admiral, and I were sitting in the latter's comfortable private office, smoking our after-breakfast cigars. We were very curious to know the results of the visit which the girls were to pay Merritt and his comrade, Simms, at the camp, and which, we devoutly hoped, would enable the marvelous L. B. to see her way through all the mysteries that were troubling us and delaying the coming together of our gallant Admiral and his equally gallant son. Every now and again one of us would get up and go to the windows. The road to the right, leading in the direction of Pigeon River, was where we mostly gazed. We could not see very far, owing to the haze and gloom; when we looked down the west side of the green we were unable to distinguish the Vagrant's Home and the Hospital; when we glanced across the green we failed to make out the round-point with its huge fountain. All was gloom and blur, beneath the threatening sky of black and filmy green, and dancing lurid glowing, away where the blackness was advancing.

"What conveyance is this, Admiral?" asked Cuyler, who, for the twentieth time, had gone to the window.

The Admiral and I at once joined him, and saw an omnibus going slowly past the County Building in the direction of the hospitals.

"It's the College omnibus," said the

chief, "and the man behind is riding Captain Westeron's horse, if I am not much mistaken."

"Some accident has happened," said Cuyler. "Look! there's a man lying down inside, and another—he looks like the Captain—leaning over him."

"We'll soon find out," replied the Comptroller, touching a bell.

"Mr. Pinckney,"—every one thus addressed the scion of the distinguished family, to his intense satisfaction—"please be good enough to follow the College omnibus, which is now going along West Front, and find out whether any accident has happened. Then come and tell us."

"Sartin, your Excellemps!" was the dignified reply; and Mr. Pinckney started off upon his errand.

In a quarter of an hour he returned, big with importance and news.

"It am Misser Warner, gentlem. He's done been shot froo de bress, in de park."

"Who shot him?" I cried.

"Uncle Cain dunno, gentlem; Doc. Boreen's doin' no talkin'; an' Misser Westeron's ordered a extry strong julep."

This was news with a vengeance! When Pinckney had left the room, we exchanged conjectures, and Cuyler and I told the Admiral what we knew about little Merritt and his adventures.

"Those 'peat-bog maniacs,' as he called them, have tracked him and

shot him down at last," said Cuyler, thoughtfully.

With this view both the Admiral and I agreed; and we were still discussing the matter when a fresh surprise came upon us. A violent ringing of the door-bell was heard, and then some loud talking, followed in a few seconds by a trampling in the corridor outside the room in which we were sitting. The door flew open, and up started the Admiral with a loud cry. Henry, unkempt, pale, excited, was rushing at him.

"Father! Dear father!" cried the young fellow, as he hugged and kissed the chief, and then shook both his hands, and then hugged and kissed him again.

"My boy! My son!" was all the Admiral could find to say; but his streaming eyes showed how deeply he was moved.

Tom Boreen stood at the door like a spectre. He seemed unaffected by the meeting of the long-estranged father and son. He was very white; and I noticed that the hand in which he held his hat was shaking.

Of course, it was only for a very short time that Henry and his father were lost to a sense of an outer world. Cuyler and I were at their side when they regained a perception of their surroundings. We heartily shook their hands and felicitated them upon the unexpected meeting.

"Your eyes are asking me how all this came about, gentlemen," said Henry. "All I can say is that, a few minutes ago, Dr. Boreen came to the jail with an order for my release, issued by the Sheriff. I didn't wait to

preen myself, but came here as fast as my legs would carry me; and, what with our hurrying and the awful stalling of the air, we didn't talk much. It seems that there's been some conspiracy at my expense, and the real villain's somebody else after all."

Dr. Boreen came forward into the room.

"Mr. Spinks has summed up the case, gentlemen. Poor Destiny's last act was to write the order for his release."

"Last act!" we all exclaimed.

"Yis. My frind—the frind of you all, gintlemin—the foine officer—the loyal Legion official—the rough diamond—the true *man*—has lift us. May the blissid Mother, and Jaysus, and the great God in Heaven, have mercy on his sowl!"

"Sit down, Boreen," said the Admiral, grasping his hand and gently pressing him into a chair. "And drink this," he added, producing a decanter of sherry from a cabinet.

We were all thunderstruck, and waited with consuming anxiety for further details. Tom, whose voice had utterly failed him, and who looked the embodiment of haggard misery, sat long trying to control his emotion. Presently he grew calm, and told us the whole of the sad tale, with the exception of certain details as to the Irish elements involved, and as to Westeron's bet with Lydia, of which latter circumstance he was unaware. I afterward learned of it and also of the O—T— and M—B— from Eliza, who, in her turn, had received the account from L. B. As, at the time of which I am now writing, none

of us knew about the fatal bet, we all thought it strange that Westeron should, as we surmised, have so seriously taken to heart the downfall of his professional theory respecting the murder of Michael Smith. We fully understood, from Boreen's account of the words uttered by the Captain, that there had been a severe conflict in his mind as to whether, by the suppressing and making of evidence, he should establish the case against young Spinks or whether he should allow truth and justice to prevail. We understood, moreover, only too well how Lydia had stood before his soul as some pure goddess, to be worshiped only by the pure of heart and deed. We called to mind the look she had given him at the hearing on Thursday, and we knew that his heart must have sunk within him as he encountered it. We could imagine how, being haunted by that look, remorse and shame must have leaped upon him and borne him down when he read the telegram from Inspector Perkins. Yet, as I have already said, we thought suicide an overstrained, a disproportionate action; and, though neither of us could suggest anything definite, we agreed that some other factor, unknown to us, *must* have co-operated in leading a man of Westeron's bold, rugged nature to so desperate a remedy—or flight. His last words—so simply pathetic—we respected. Whatever our thoughts, neither Cuyler, nor the Admiral, nor Boreen, nor Henry, nor I, would put out a hand to lift *that* sacred veil.

While we were talking, a darkness, as of night, had descended upon the

land. We were compelled to have recourse to lamp-light. Fitful, furious gusts of wind were striking the windows at intervals, and the growling of thunder was now incessant. We could still notice a green gleaming in the sky, flecked and streaked with moving patches and lines of black. And when, at length, a fierce flame illumined everything—green, round-point, fountain, trees, bushes, flower-beds, houses, distant depot, Vagrant's Home, hospitals, roads, even each separate picket of each separate fence—for a brief second, and vanished amid a roar as of giant artillery within reach of hand—then, I say, we knew that the great storm had broken the bonds of the ominous days just elapsed and had sprung upon us.

My old heart was beating painfully. "The girls!" I said.

The flash that had marked the descent of the storm was not more prompt and sudden than Henry's movement as he started from his chair.

"My God!" he cried. "Where are they?"

"They surely won't have started!" said Cuyler.

Tom Boreen was now on his feet, flushed and breathing quickly.

"Will you allow me to have one of your horses, Admiral Spinks?" said he.

"What are you proposing to do, sir?" asked the Admiral in reply.

"I propose to ride as far as the Farm, and make sure the ladies have not started. Even if they are on the way here, they will be glad for some one to meet them in this storm."

"I will go with you!" said the Admiral, rising.

"And I," echoed Cuyler.

"And I," was my addition to the chorus; but, before my lips had completed the words, Boreen was down the corridor, followed by Henry.

When our slower steps had brought us to the stable-yard, we found saddling and bridling proceeding in hot haste, the horses plunging as they saw the constant flashes of lightning and heard the quick succeeding peals of thunder, and Henry and Tom darting hither and thither. No rain had fallen as yet; but each succeeding gust of wind seemed more wicked than its predecessor.

The wide gates were flung open, and we all sprang into our saddles.

"Easy all! Stop!" roared the Admiral in a voice that defied the wind.

"Guns!" he shouted down to Pinckney and the other attendants, "and cartridges!"

Henry was visibly chafing—the perpetual lightning enabling us to notice all that was going on.

"The Admiral's right," cried Tom, wildly. "There's murder and death afoot to-day."

Pinckney and the grooms came hurrying back with cartridge-belts and pistols. We each buckled on a belt and made sure that the pistol was fully loaded.

Tom and Henry moved forward, when a piercing shriek rang through the air; and, out of the oft-riven gloom, there came a sorrel horse, with glowing eyes, distended nostrils, and stiffened forelegs, sliding toward us almost on his haunches. On his back

sat the Spirit of the Storm, bare-headed, a cloud and waving torrent of ruddy tresses streaming back from her pale, beautiful face, her dark eyes large, dilated and glaring, her white cheeks wet and shining, her parted lips showing the ivory teeth within, her rich bust thrown backward, as, with bent arms and clenched hands, she held the taut reins, and her torn skirt flapping fiercely at every gust.

"Eliza!" we all cried, except Tom Boreen.

"Where's Lyddie?" *he* yelled; and his voice dominated all others.

"Quick, gentlemen!—Lyddie!—Captured by murderers!—Escape—Oh, God! what shall we do!"

Gasping, sobbing, with tears raining down, and beginning to tremble violently, poor Eddie was, indeed, a moving spectacle; and her broken words were meaningless, except to chill our hearts with the thought that our divine Lydia was in mortal danger. Tom Boreen was half-mad with rage and fury seeking some vent.

"Where is she?" *he* screamed, roughly shaking Eliza's arm.

"Hands off, sir!" cried Henry, urging his horse between Tom and Eddie. "Can't you see the poor girl's beside herself with grief?"

It was then that I fully understood Admiral Spinks' eminence. With the first gleam of Don's wild eyes and the reeking sorrel skin, he seemed to have instinctively grasped the situation. He had whispered some instruction to Pinckney, who now came running out of the house with the decanter and a glass, just as the chief subdued the incipient quarrel between

Tom and Henry by shouting in his thunderous sea-tone: "Silence, gentlemen!"

"Drink this, my dear," he continued, pressing close to Eliza, and giving her a glass of sherry. "Be firm. Don't break down! You've much to do yet. We shall act all the more quickly if you tell us clearly what has taken place. Two or three minutes' delay now in listening to you will be more than made up by the time we shall save in knowing what to do for the best. There! Now, speak slowly and command yourself!"

This was said almost sternly, but not unkindly. The Admiral placed no sympathizing hand on the girl's arm, and his face was very grim. He was appealing to Eddie's high spirit and reason, and was holding all tenderness at bay. His prompt tactics were admirable and successful. What with the physical stimulus of the wine and the moral stimulus of the words, Eliza was saved from the utter collapse that would have ensued if a certain young gentleman had been permitted to soothe and comfort her. With tears still rolling down, but with sobs less convulsive and speech more coherent, the beautiful girl told us the story of her ride with Lydia, of their capture by Mather, of the cruel ordeal to which they had been put, of the murder of Tim White, of Lydia's quick wit and splendid daring, and of the gallant escape which Don had so successfully executed for his mistress. That she nearly broke down at many parts of her recital, I need not say. She flinched at times, as a flash of lightning, more vivid than usual, would well nigh blind us with its blue or

violet, or dazzlingly-white glare, or when a peal of thunder would seem to announce that the lofty County Building was falling on us. But, apart from these instinctive startings and an occasional pitiful soul-wailing, she demeaned herself nobly.

Immediately her tale was told the Admiral's powerful voice was heard, firm, rapid, commanding, brooking no discussion, admitting of no reply, and filling our hearts with confidence.

"Dr. Boreen, Henry, and I will ride on to Hodeslea church. The Grand Councillors will go, one to the Vagrant's Home and one to the railroad depot. Pinckney will go to the colored town and give the alarm that Missy Doc. is in danger. The grooms and every other man about the place will go around the whole green, passing the same word everywhere, directing all volunteers to assemble, either at the Vagrant's Home or the depot. Immediately the Councillors have a dozen men ready, they will ride as quickly as possible to Hodeslea church and surround it. Leave men at the rallying points to give the same instructions to all reinforcements, and let some one remain at the fork of the road near Hodeslea church to instruct all comers. No one must be allowed to pass through the surrounding forces, and no shot must be fired without making sure that Missy Doc. is not in line. Here, Pinckney, before you start, help Miss Drax down, and see that she is well cared for."

"Give me that pistol, Pinckney!" cried Eliza, who had caught sight of the weapon in the colored gentleman's hand.

It was handed to her.

"Forward, gentlemen!" she exclaimed, turning Don's head, and lightly shaking the rein. The splendid animal swung round and sprang away into the gloom.

"Grand girl!" was the Admiral's comment, as he dashed after her, accompanied by Tom and Henry.

Cuyler galloped around to the railroad depot. I galloped to the Vagrant's Home. There were plenty of horses in the Admiral's stables, and, in a minute or two, Pinckney and all the men were riding at full speed through the Burgh, crying everywhere: "Missy Doc! Help! Get your horses! Meet at the Vagrant's Home or the Depot!"

The news seemed to outstrip the storm itself. I had hardly arrived at the Vagrant's Home when a man rode up to me.

"What's this about Missy Doc?" he asked.

I told him that she had been seized by a band of murderers, and had been taken to Hodeslea church, and that a rescue party was wanted.

"She saved my child," said he, "and I'll save her or die."

Then another came, and then another. Uncle Cain, I remember, was the fourth. He had heard me speaking to the man I have mentioned and had rushed through the court-yard to the stables, and now appeared striding a mule, bare-backed, and wielding a huge sword—a much-prized gift from Tom Boreen, who had taken it from an English dragoon.

I do not think that more than ten minutes elapsed before I found myself in a position to set out with a force of

a dozen men. By that time a crowd had begun to assemble around the Vagrant's Home, in spite of the wind, the lightning and thunder, the darkness, and the rain that had begun to fly, hissing and swishing and stinging through the air. A rumor of many voices was now mingling with the wild crying of the storm, and I could see that in a very few minutes more the whole Burgh would pour forth. Missy Doc. would have no lack of rescuers! But would they arrive in time? Ah! the agony of that thought!

I hurriedly instructed one of the men to wait and bring on the next group, leaving, in his turn, a guide; and then I gave reins to my horse.

On reaching the northwest corner we fell in with Cuyler and his first levy. He and I exchanged a greeting nod as the lightning revealed us to each other. How fierce and forbidding he looked! I daresay I myself had no very gentle appearance.

The gloom was such that we could not see more than a foot or two ahead. We were obliged to trust to our horses, and, in spite of our fever of impatience, we found it impossible to proceed faster than at an easy lope. This was partly owing to the fact that here and there a tree had been torn from the ground by the furious blasts of wind that came intermittently and formed such a notable feature of the great storm. These trees had in many cases been flung across the road, and our horses were forced to leap or scramble over them. We wondered how our brave vanguard had fared, and, at each fresh obstacle, we expected to find evidences of disaster.

We learned afterward, however, that Eliza had led the way at full gallop, and that Don, with marvelous instinct, had taken every leap as neatly as though in broad daylight, and had successfully shown the way to the three following horses.

At a distance of about half a mile from the County Building a road joins the highway from the colored town on the left. Here Pinckney, with good judgment, had taken up his position with the first installment of his compatriots, waiting to join Cuyler and myself, instead of going round by the green, and so forming part of a later reinforcement. Long before we reached the point in question we heard the furious shouts and yells by which the negroes were venting their rage and grief. When we passed them, and Cuyler called to them to fall in behind, our men, who had hitherto been riding in silent passion, also let fly a volley of oaths and imprecations against the scoundrels we were in search of, and thereafter our wild ride was made wilder still by a continual outburst from the throats of blacks and whites alike.

At last, however, we reached the place where the road forked. Eliza was stationed there, sitting motionless as a statue, in the midst of the furious lashing of the tempest and the terrifying, unnerving, chaotic uproar of the incessant thunder and the quick-successing gusts. She was drenched. The skirt of her habit was torn still further. One of her sleeves also had been torn by the branch of a fallen tree, and at each flash we could see the fair white skin, dabbled with spots

and streaks of glistening red ooze. Yet her bearing was stately, and her eager, listening, wistful, tragic face with the long opulent hair flying and whirling and eddying and streaming this way and that with the varying storm, was the personification of noble courage. Good Lord! how we cheered and yelled! Every new glimpse of the splendid picture was a draught of delirium.

The girl told us that Mather and his five surviving followers had taken refuge inside the church, that Lydia was with them, and that their horses were also there. The doors both of the main entrance and of the vestry were bolted, and had resisted all the efforts of the Admiral and Boreen, aided by the feebler strength of Henry and Eliza. Accordingly, Admiral Spinks had mounted guard at the vestry and Boreen was watching the porch, while Henry patrolled between the two posts, ready to fly to whichever was first assailed. Boreen also had succeeded in climbing up to one of the chancel windows, and, so far as he could make out by the uncertain illumination afforded by the lightning. Lydia was as yet unharmed. She appeared to be kneeling in prayer at one of the chancel seats, while Mather stood at the door leading from the chancel into the vestry, and his men were with the horses in the central aisle.

The Admiral's plan was for the rescue party to post two strong bodies outside the vestry and porch, respectively, and then for posts and rails, or anything handy, to be made use of as rough platforms beneath the chancel

windows and several of the side windows. Each of the four tall chancel windows was wide enough for a man to pass through. At one of them two men would be stationed, and the Admiral, Boreen, and Henry would be placed, respectively, at the other three. Men would also be stationed at the side windows. Then, at an agreed signal, the two men at the chancel window and all of those at the side windows would break the glass and open a fire upon Mather and his men, while the Admiral, Boreen, and Henry would, by means of pieces of rail, dash away the glass from the remainder of the chancel windows and would leap into the church to protect Lydia.

Cuyler and I thought this an excellent disposition and plan of attack, being much better calculated to take Mather by surprise, and so prevent harm to Lydia, than would be an endeavor to force open the doors. We therefore, after posting a sentinel for the guidance of following parties, at once moved forward by the left-hand road leading to the church. Eliza insisted upon going with us, and vowed she would be one of the firing party at the chancel window.

Suddenly there came a rattle and clanking from the direction of the church. Boreen's voice was heard, followed by the crack of his pistol. Other cracks and other voices responded.

"Spread to right and left," cried Eliza; but, although with quick intuition, she thus commanded us to execute the most skillful manœuvre under the circumstances, yet she herself had

no mind to deviate from the front of the foe. She called upon Don, who bounded forward, and, a flash of lightning then illuminating the scene, she fired her pistol once, twice, thrice, at a group of horsemen who were cautiously feeling their way toward us in the dark.

Cuyler and I were but a length behind her; and we also were able to discharge a shot apiece. Our fear of wounding Eliza made us slower than we otherwise should have been.

The enemy, on their side, were not inactive. They blazed away at us during the momentary interlude of light, but did no serious harm. A magnificent long tress of red hair was next day found upon the ground, and Eliza had no option but to claim it, and show us where a bullet had cut it from her head. Cuyler was slightly chipped on the shoulder, and I had my right sleeve ripped up, without any other damage beyond a graze on my forearm.

Fortunately for us, all of our men did not join in the fusillade. Those in the center had the good sense to reflect that to hit the foe through Eliza, or even through the less important screen of a Grand Councillor, would not be a very practical feat of arms. They, accordingly, withheld their fire and left their comrades on the right and left to do the shooting. The converging volleys thus delivered ought to have cleared our front completely, but, as a matter of fact, they and the five shots fired by Eliza, Cuyler, and I, accounted for only two out of the five men we had seen. This was made evident by the next light-

ning flash, which showed us two bodies on the ground, two riderless horses dashing past us, two horsemen stealing off to the right, and a third who had turned and was galloping recklessly toward the wood on the left of the church. Again we all fired, and, a second flash of lightning coming almost instantly, we had the satisfaction of seeing the two men on the right falling from their horses. Their comrade on the left, however, seemed unscathed and was still speeding madly forward.

Eliza had not paused in her charge.

She fired in full career, and by the time her second shot to the right had been delivered she was so near to the church that Don, of his own accord, thought prudence the better part of valor and stopped short, waiting, I presume, for light.

It came. Once more the church and the porch were brightly illuminated.

A shrill, despairing shriek broke from Eliza's lips.

"Lyddie!" she cried; and, before the quivering brilliancy had vanished, we saw her leaping from her horse.

Then it was dark again.

## CHAPTER XLIX

### FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

"A flare! A flare!" shouted a stern, deep voice from the black night. We knew the Admiral to be there.

A pistol shot echoed and re-echoed from within the old church. We all held our breath, strained our eyes and ears, and longed for another flash of lightning. But, instead of this, we saw a flaming light in the church, which grew brighter and brighter. We then discerned Henry Spinks running up the aisle, carrying something blazing in his hand; and we were in the midst of wondering what this meant when he reappeared, coming toward the porch with two lighted lamps. The ready young seaman had anticipated the Admiral's idea of a flare, had groped his way into the church, had felt in one of the pews for a prayer-book, had bunched and crumpled its leaves together, and

had then fired his pistol into the loose mass, thereby setting the paper on fire, with which he rushed to the vestry, thinking, correctly enough, that he should there find some lamps, although the body of the church was not provided with them, owing to no services ever taking place after dark.

The wind and rain had ceased during the awful interval of darkness, and Henry was able to keep the lamps burning, as he held them aloft, on reaching the extremity of the porch.

A dead man lay a pace in front of Don, who stood snorting and glaring. Tom Boreen was lying still and white, his legs being under the body of a horse that also was motionless. Eliza had flung herself passionately upon a prostrate form, kissing, sobbing, and piteously appealing. We recognized the form only too well.

I have but little distinct recollection of what took place during the next few minutes. I mechanically descended from my saddle, and, like the rest, I aided, as best I could, through such bewildering ecstasy of horror and grief, in carrying out the Admiral's directions, given in a voice that was clear and steady, and yet *so* sad.

Where my remembrance next begins shows me a clear picture, every detail of which is definite and distinct and graven on my poor heart. We were in the chancel of Hodeslea church. The black night of the storm still brooded outside, where the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed from minute to minute, with intervals of awful, expectant hush. But inside we had light. All the lamps from the vestry had been brought out and were burning brightly. Cushions from the pews had been arranged so as to make a thick bed upon the pavement, and on this rough couch was lying our loved Lydia.

From what she told us, and from what was recounted by one of the M—— B——, wounded and captured outside the church, we gathered that Mather, either perceiving the advantage of the great darkness when it arrived, or else, knowing the fatal meaning of the cheering raised by our rescue party when we encountered Eliza at the fork of the road, had suddenly ordered a sortie and retreat. Lydia was forced to mount, and was placed second in the file, Mather riding immediately behind her. All being ready, the front doors of the church were flung wide

open and the order was given to advance out into the night. The hoofs of the horses rang and clattered on the stone paving of the aisle and porch and warned Boreen of what was taking place. He shouted for Henry and the Admiral to come, and stepped forward, with outstretched hand, to feel for the foe. The first horse had just descended securely from the step of the porch, and a touch showed Boreen that the rider was not Lydia. He therefore fired his pistol and, as the event proved, shot his man through the heart. The horse sprang onward, another shot resounded, a huge mass crashed down upon Tom, he heard a third shot as he fell, and then he remembered nothing more until he found himself in the lighted chancel.

He was hurled to the ground by Lydia's horse, who had been shot in the head, presumably by a bullet from Mather's pistol intended for Henry. The animal plunged forward down the step of the porch and fell upon Boreen, whose head struck the earth with such violence that he became insensible. Lydia was thrown clear of the falling animal, and, though slightly stunned, was not seriously injured by the shock; but, alas! a bullet—by whom fired, and whether at Boreen or herself, was never known—had struck her just below the left arm and was buried deep within her tender bosom. How heroic she was! With what fortitude she endured the pain! How gently and bravely she addressed to each of us the words of consolation that we ought to have been proffering to her! How she told us exactly what to do, to bring Boreen back to con-

sciousness! How she insisted upon his being brought near her so that her little fingers might lightly touch and examine his head to make sure that no injury to the skull had taken place! How concerned she was upon seeing Eliza's arm and how she would not be satisfied until she had with her own hands—so white—and trembling in spite of herself—bound a hand-kerchief round the slight wound! How her quick eye noticed the blood on Cuyler's shoulder and my sleeve, and how, with sweet compulsion, she forced us to submit our trifling scratches to her gentle care!

When Boreen had fully recovered his senses and understood the scene about him, his agony of grief was terrible. It was Eliza alone who roused him to action. She retained her good sense and steadfastness even while her heart was torn and her soul distracted. She reminded him that he could perhaps help Lydia instead of merely bewailing her. She nerved herself to assist in the cruel task of examining her darling's injuries.

We all sat, sorrowfully enough, in the pews of the old church, while Boreen and Eliza gently and reverently cut open the garments that shrouded the beautiful bust. The wound itself was not large or formidable in appearance. But Boreen's pale face grew whiter still when he saw it, and he required the whole of such strength and fortitude as he still possessed to reply to Lydia's questions. She retained her noble calmness. She directed him how to whittle a probe from a splinter of wood. She squeezed Eliza's hand and tightly clenched her little pearls

of teeth, but uttered no cry or moan when Boreen endeavored to locate the bullet. She aided in tracing its course, and brought her perfect knowledge of anatomy to bear upon the problem. She felt her own pulse and skin. She discussed the case with Tom as coolly and quietly as though she and he were in professional consultation respecting some third person.

The wound was bleeding inwardly, and no human hand could stay the departure of the pure soul. "Cover me, dear," said the dying girl to Eliza, "and let me say farewell to our kind friends."

Boreen took off his coat and laid it over the gaping habit. He then silently beckoned to us all to approach.

"I think," she said, in a voice which had become very weak, but had lost none of its sympathetic sweetness, "that I shall have a better heart for my journey if you will kiss me good-bye."

How we managed, I cannot say. Even now, at this distance of time, the tears fall on the paper as I write. The Admiral was sobbing and crying like a little child. Cuyler and I were no better. Boreen was sitting on the pavement, rocking and swaying and writhing. Henry and Eliza sat on each side of Lydia, holding her hands to their lips, and bathing them with the hot drops that fell from their eyes.

"Eddie!" said Lydia, feebly.

"Yes, my darling!" replied Eliza, almost inarticulately. Her sobs were choking her.

"Isn't Dick here?"

Boreen heard the question. It

served to restore his self-possession. He rose, and, coming to Lydia's side, knelt down, and said: "I left him in his office at the Burgh. He was thinking and speaking of you, sweet Lyddie, when we parted."

Lydia turned her kind glance upon Henry. "Will you let Eliza give Dick Westeron a kiss for me?" she said.

A pressure of the hand was the only reply of which Henry was capable.

"Tell him," continued Lydia, addressing Eliza, "that I knew his good, brave heart, and that he mustn't smoke so much, or use quite such naughty words."

As she spoke, the expression of her face was such that I seemed to see back into the long centuries and to witness the smile that accompanied His words who said, "This night shalt thou be with me in paradise."

"And don't you know *my* heart, Lyddie?" sobbed Tom Boreen.

The girl seemed to hear him not. She spoke to Eliza.

"Eddie, dearie," she said, "will you, can you, do me one last pleasure?"

"Yes; oh! yes! and yes! and yes!"

"Play me some soft little piece on the organ."

Eliza's reply was to bend down and impress a long, lingering kiss on the dear lips. Then she rose and went to the organ.

"This is my answer to your question, Tom," said Lydia, feebly raising the hand which Eliza had relinquished.

Boreen took the precious gift, and held it to his lips.

A low, melodious murmur was thrilling through the air. It rose, and

warbled, and surged, in sweet cadences. The sighing of the summer breeze, the liquid, gurgling notes of birds, the whispering beat and dash of waves upon a distant beach, the subdued singing of Italian rowers far out upon some moonlit lagoon,—every soft harmony and exquisite creation of the vibrating ear were floating around us.

The beautiful face grew still more beautiful. A gleam of ineffable wonder and joy glanced from the blue eyes; and the dear lips were wreathed in a smile of divine rapture. "There is another life!" The sweet spirit had gone to its reward.

#### L'ENVOI.

My task is finished. Nay, I will not speak of it as a task. It is an honor, a proud privilege to have written words that tell of Lydia Blauenfeld. A life that included her within its compass of knowledge has been well worth the living. In saying this I shall ensure the approbation of the noble creature who was known as Eliza Drax during the time I have portrayed, but, who shortly afterward became, and is now, Eliza Spinks. She and Henry live together in the Burgh of Clyde with the Admiral, who seemed to become rejuvenated on recovering his son and bids fair to remain Comptroller of the County long after his fellow-warriors of 1905 shall all have joined the silent majority.

Inly Merritt's recovery was due solely to Tom Boreen's great skill and assiduous attention. His convalescence was a long, tedious trial; and, though he has frequently visited Cuyler and

myself in Washington, and the Spinkses in Clyde, none of us have ever heard him speak of any further "assignments" or amateur detective work. For a year or two, however, he disappeared. It was during Boreen's renewed political activity, and I have heard Mrs. Merritt admit that, during her reign as Rose Gallagher, she was, to some extent, responsible for the naughty deeds and moving adventures of the whilom *World* reporter.

Dr. Thomas Boreen is now one of the Legion Chiefs, being in supreme charge of the Medical Department. After seeing Merritt through to a condition of assured recovery, he devoted two years of his own life to the task

of vengeance, or, rather, of justice. When he reads this plain account of what took place in District No. 1 he may, perhaps, permit some friend to tell the world of his subsequent dealings with the M—— B—— and their redoubtable chief.

On the 6th of July in every year, Cuyler and I may be found in the Mote-house of Clyde township, speaking in low tones with Mrs. Henry Spinks, while the Admiral, his son, Tom Boreen, and Inly Merritt, stand near. We all look, with overflowing eyes, at the statue of a lovely girl. The marble of which it is composed is exquisitely white and absolutely spotless.

THE END.

## Personal and Incidental

### LORD WOLSELEY ON ANGLO-AMERICANISM

Among the letters received by the president of the British Schools and Universities Club of New York, in connection with the club's banquet at Delmonico's in honor of King Edward's birthday, was one from Lord Wolseley, in which he says, in part: "I fancy the people of America do not appreciate the really cordial feeling which all Englishmen entertain for their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, but if you heard English people talking among themselves I feel certain that every American would be pleased at the manner in which reference is always made to that great country, as free as our own, beyond the Atlantic."

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### SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE

London's new Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Cockfield Dimsdale, was installed at the Guildhall on Nov. 8th, with all the quaint formalities and ceremonies customary on the transfer of the office. It is expected that he will prove one of the most popular Lord Mayors London has had in recent years, says a New York paper. He is much better known than the majority of the members of the Corporation, and has taken a great deal of interest in philanthropic and public works. Besides this, he is a Member of Parliament, having been chosen as one of the Conservative representatives of the city last year. Sir Joseph was knighted in 1894. He was born in 1849, and is a managing Director in the banking house of Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell & Co. He was Sheriff of London in 1894, and has represented the city on the London County Council since 1895. He is a very wealthy man, and—a circumstance which is somewhat unusual with the Lord Mayors—is a favorite in London society.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES

In connection with the creation on the 9th of November of the Duke of Cornwall and York as Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, it is interesting to recall that the title of Prince of Wales was originally borne by the native rulers of that territory, who governed it as suzerains of the English Crown. The commonly received story of the transfer of the title to the heirs of the English Kings is that Edward I., when expecting the birth of a son, promised the Welsh to give them a prince "free from any blemish upon his honor, and unable to speak a word of English," and that Queen Eleanor was then taken to Carnarvon Castle, where her son was born. The title was at first hereditary, but later it became merged in the Crown.

The Earldom of Chester has, ever since the days of Henry IV., been conferred with the Prinedom of Wales. The patent giving the Duke of Cornwall his new dignities will specify that he is confirmed in the same by the "ensigns of honor, the girding on of a sword, the delivering of a cap and placing it on his head, with a ring on his finger and a golden staff in his hand, according to custom."

The coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales bears the "Prince of Wales's feathers," consisting of three ostrich feathers. At the base of these is an antique coronet, with the motto "*Ich Dien*" (I serve). Three feathers were taken by the Black Prince from the head-dress of the King of Bohemia, who was slain at Crecy, and this resulted in the adoption of the coat-of-arms.

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### AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES IN INDIA

United States Consul General Patterson writes from Calcutta to the State Department at Washington: "In answer to inquiries of the various railway companies in

India regarding the comparative original cost of American and English locomotives, and the comparative working capacity and expense of running them, I have received the inclosed letter from the agent and chief engineer of the Bengal Central Railway, which may interest our manufacturers of locomotives:

To the Agent and Chief Engineer, Bengal Central Railway, Calcutta:

Sir: With reference to your indorsement covering copy of a letter dated Aug. 16 from the Consulate General of the United States of America regarding the comparative working capacity and the cost of running, and so forth, of English and American locomotives, I have the honor to state as follows:

2. Five American engines were received and started to work in July and August, 1899. At the commencement of their career, the engines did not steam freely, and the fuel consumption was also very high—almost 70 pounds per mile. This was, however, remedied by the introduction of the following alterations, viz.: (1) One single-exhaust pipe and blast nozzle (in place of double pipe and nozzle); (2) all deflecting plates removed from smoke box; (3) new fire grate bearing bars to take 22 fire bars in place of 24; (4) new regular valve of the State railway type in place of single double-face valve; (5) india rubber feed pipes in place of brass castings ball and socket; (6) lubricators for pistons. Their performances at the present time are equal to the engines sent out by Dubs & Co. and Nasmyth Wilson & Co. The fuel consumption has also been brought down to 40.5 pounds per mile.

3. The cost of American compared with British engines is as follows:

Americans with steel fire boxes and steel tubes, delivered in 75 days.....	\$10,317
Americans with copper fire boxes and brass tubes, delivered in 75 days.....	11,811
Neilson & Reid's bogie, delivered in 12 months .....	14,891
Dubs & Co.'s bogie, delivered in 17 months..	14,560
Sharp Stewart's bogie, delivered in 21 months .....	14,527

4. The fuel consumption is as low as that of the British engines, after being altered here by me. The American engines have run 118,440 miles since August, 1899, and no duplicates have yet been used, except the turning up of the bogie wheels of one of them. They are all, however, showing a tendency to have sharp flanges.

5. The engines pull well and run much easier than the British locomotives.

6. Since they were put to the lines, no repairs, excepting the ordinary trifling ones, were done. One has, however, been sent to the shops lately for somewhat heavy repairs, on account of its sustaining damage in a collision.

7. Since forwarding the above report of the American engines in November, 1900, these engines

have been running heavier trains during the first half year of 1901, owing to the stoppage of all "goods trains." With heavier loads, the American engines do not show so well in consumption of fuel as the English engines by nearly 3½ pounds per mile. The consumption of oil is also heavier—almost 1 pound per 100 miles run.

J. N. Ross,  
Assistant Locomotive Superintendent.

## WHY AMERICANS SUCCEED IN ENGLAND

Sir Thomas Lipton, in an interview granted the New York *Sunday Journal*, remarks as follows on "America's Invasion of England":

"The commercial invasion of England is due to a condition created, in a great measure, by the inactivity of the English manufacturers. What England has failed to do America has done, and done it well. Let it be understood that I do not discuss these things from the standpoint of an expert. For I do not pretend to enjoy an intimate knowledge of all the circumstances attendant upon the present state of affairs. But I do feel that what is clear to me is clear to the average man of affairs and must needs be obvious to both Englishmen and Americans the world over.

"It was evident as far back as twenty years ago that the extraordinary progress of American manufacturers would ultimately bring them into close competition with English manufacturers. And it was furthermore obvious that England would have to meet a very insistent and vigorous foe in the ever-active, never-ceasing struggle for trade.

"An analysis of the situation presents the two primary phases of the issue. First, English manufacturers proceeded on the lines that it was their right to set the fashion, their right to dictate the wants of the buying public, their mission to say what should be in vogue and what should not. This state of affairs was not consistent with the development of the public mind in England. It was in a great measure a dominating attitude which created resentment on the part of the purchasing public. Second, the English manufacturers declined to keep abreast of the changing times and to move

forward with their greatest competitor—America.

"The natural consequence was the beginning of a successful invasion of commercial England by a country whose greatest asset was its ability to gratify the tastes of the people. Mark the wide difference in the methods. The English dealer tries to convince you that you are really in need of something you do not want. He literally forces something on you that at the outset you decline to accept. In the past the English buyer had no alternative. He was confined to the limits set by the dealer. Dissatisfaction was the consequence. Now along comes the American manufacturer with his fingers on the pulse of the people. Instead of telling you what you want he leaves the matter entirely to your own judgment, and then sets about the work of manufacturing the very thing you have been looking for—the article the English manufacturer has declined to supply, either because it involved a change of business methods or because he could not discern the commercial handwriting on the wall of the future.

"American money has poured into England and American methods have reconstructed the whole plan of action, with the result that England finds itself suddenly called upon to move at a rate of speed that her system will not stand. Confusion follows and the cry of 'Commercial Invasion' is heard throughout the land. Go where you will in England and you will find the impress of the American mind, the results of American ingenuity. When Americans open a branch in London it is perfect in its appointments. When Americans undertake to capitalize an English company and equip it with a plant the result is an astonishing improvement over similar industries operated by Englishmen.

"What is the cause of this? Simply a marked capacity on the part of American capitalists and American manufacturers to follow the spirit of progress set by the buying public. America, by her astounding increase in the invention of comforts, has developed a nation of people who will not be satisfied with standing still. They are go-

ing forward with that certainty and velocity that must break down and trample opposing forces. It is a great object lesson to England.

"Those of us from England who visit America, and there are many, cannot help but observe the difference between your manufactured articles and our own. In your daily life, in your business methods, in your hotels, your railroad trains, your amusements, one finds that added something which very nearly approaches perfection. All these things betoken a progress that is without parallel in the history of nations. It is the new school of ideas, the place where people can learn.

"Now, what is to be the result of all this? Certainly it does not portend the destruction of English manufacturers, as some thoughtless alarmists have prophesied. It will result in a general activity inspired by competition, throughout all the manufacturing centers in England. And by this token the English people will profit. England has everything required to wage a mighty combat with America for trade. She has brains, labor, wealth, and high civilization. Moreover, England is saturated with energy which, when once awakened, will lead the inspiring march. Personally, I see no cause for alarm. The pace set by the United States will have its good results in England and for England, and the cycle of time will bring her abreast of the necessities created. The world needs the products of both countries. Neither will fall in the struggle. There is room for America and England to trade on land and on sea and the ultimate and certain result is the mightier power of the Saxon race and the glorification of English and American commerce."

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#### THE CANADIAN SOCIETY BANQUET IN NEW YORK

The Canadian Society of New York held its fifth annual banquet on the evening of November 7th at the Waldorf-Astoria. From the *New York Times* the following account of the occasion is taken:

About two hundred invited guests were present in the Astor Room, which was dec-

orated with the American and British colors. Among those present were Sir Percy Sanderson, British Consul General, New York; Sydney A. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa; John Foord, editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, New York; A. E. Ames, President of the Board of Trade, Toronto; John Coates, President of the Board of Trade, Ottawa; and John Charlton of Ottawa.

T. H. Bartindale, President of the society, acted as toastmaster. He called for a toast to President Roosevelt, which was drunk while the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner." This was followed by a toast to King Edward VII., to the strains of "God Save the King." Sir Percy Sanderson was introduced as the representative of his Majesty, and spoke of the bond of sympathy exhibited by the two countries at the deaths of Queen Victoria and President McKinley.

Sydney A. Fisher responded to the toast "Canada." He said in part:

"Let me impress upon you citizens of the United States that the folly and the faults which in the eighteenth century lost to the British crown its thirteen colonies, have been recognized and put away, and that under that crown Canadians and Australians are as free and democratic in their self-government as in any portion of the world. This remark, no doubt, also will apply to the South Africans in the near future.

"Perhaps one reason why so many Canadians are found in the United States is because of the comparatively small opening in Canada. That condition is changing. We have been chary of comparing ourselves with our huge neighbor, but we are beginning to be more confident. We find that in the ten years from 1891 to 1901 Canadian exports grew from \$98,500,000 to \$196,500,000; our imports grew from \$120,000,000 to \$190,500,000. Our trade total grew from \$218,500,000 to \$387,000,000.

"I am glad to note an awakening in the United States on the question of trade with other countries. You have been in the past a country sufficient unto yourselves. I now find among your leaders a disposition to in-

vestigate foreign markets. Canada comes sixth in the list of countries from which you purchase. We buy of you as much as Asia, Africa, and Oceanica put together. Under the circumstances, it seems well to consider how the trade with this country can be fostered and improved, and let me say that trade follows the channels of least resistance and that customs duties of a protective character are among the difficulties to be overcome. Perhaps with Canada, if your statesmen are reasonable, you might be able to find an opportunity for successful negotiation.

"Those bonds of sympathy which are natural between peoples of the same race, languages, and traditions, have been expressed largely and generously on two tragic occasions within a short time. When her late Majesty passed away the American Nation grieved for the great sovereign in the same way and in the same spirit that her own subjects felt their loss. So the other day when the head of your own government was stricken down, the people of Canada and the British Empire were not only aghast at the enormity of the crime, but they felt the acute loss which the citizens of this country suffered."

"The United States" was responded to by John Foord. Mr. Foord began by calling attention to the fact that this country leads the world in its production of iron, steel, cotton, wheat, and coal. He said, however, that the natural resources are but half developed.

"But the distinction of victory for the United States," continued Mr. Foord, "is in that it has been achieved where every man has had an equal chance. The immigrant of yesterday has had an equal opportunity with the Puritan of ages past. To all people has been held out the priceless boon of opportunity. But, best of all, with our growth of power and finance has been the elevation of mankind. We have given the world's failures a chance to redeem themselves. Can a nation wish for a better title to greatness than the saving of thousands of men from a mire into which they would have sunk?

"But we are asked if it is not all the

struggle for the almighty dollar. Yes, to a certain extent it is—but to the extent that the dollar is a universal necessity. But fine qualities may be developed in the fight for the dollar. Industry, thrift, self-denial, all the strongholds of a nation, are thus developed. It was a Scot who showed the people how to gain a great fortune, and then how to spend it. In no other country could Andrew Carnegie have amassed his great fortune.

"As to our destiny, it has been borne upon us in the world's great future, the influence which we are to wield must be conditioned on the unity of sentiment and purpose of the whole English-speaking family. We begin to recognize that the strength and solidity of the British Empire are not only essential to prosperity of our commerce, but are the best guarantees for our security against foreign interference with the rôle which we have marked out for ourselves on this continent and elsewhere.

"We are growing to a new standard of international obligation. It may take some time for this feeling to make a radical change in our relations with our neighbor, the Dominion of Canada, because among nations as well as men the most obvious considerations are often the last to receive attention. More cordial and trustful relation will come in time. It can scarcely be possible that we can persist in denying to a people who are our best customers in proportion to their numbers, and our best friends, the same degree of confidence that we are ready to accord to those who trade with us only under protest, and who take no pains to conceal their jealousy of our progress and their dislike for us and our institutions."

John Charleton, who followed Mr. Foord, said that the relations which are to exist between Canada and the United States in the century upon which we are now entering is one of the great problems of the next few years.

"The Anglo-Saxon races are closely allied," continued Mr. Charleton, "and the United States could not afford to have England or any of the other Anglo-Saxon Commonwealths lose strength. Their interests

are common. Without Great Britain as a breakwater, the United States would find herself opposed by all Europe.

"Canada is ready and desires to promote all propositions which would further friendly relations and benefit the commerce of both countries. When the United States realizes and is ready to afford to Canada the advantages in commerce that Canada offers to the United States—a free tariff—then only will the relations of the two countries become most harmonious.

Speeches were also made by Julien T. Davies, A. E. Ames, and John Coates. Prof. C. G. D. Roberts recited several of his Canadian poems, and Grenville Kleiser told a number of funny stories.

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#### SUNDAY IN LONDON

To properly describe Sunday in London is a herculean task, so many and varied are the resorts of its teeming population. Dealing first with London west and southwest of the city, let us commence by attending service at one of the fashionable churches. The service is the same familiar form as prescribed by the book of common prayer; is intoned by priest and sung and chanted by choir with faultless intonation and expression; the richly clad congregation standing, kneeling, or sitting in the proper places, but taking no *audible* part. The whole place is redolent of Dives taking his ease—but Lazarus is outside the gate. Do not imagine for one moment that I am saying anything against the Christianity of this fashionable congregation, for some of our best and noblest philanthropists and some of our brightest Christians are to be found amongst the English aristocracy; but, generally speaking, the line is sharply drawn between the rich and the poor in the church, the house of God so-called. But the short sermon is at an end, and to an exquisitely played voluntary the people rustle out of the building. On emerging, they turn in one direction with one consent, and some in carriages, but many on foot, wend their way to the Hyde Park church parade, which is so regular an institution of London society.

But the park is by no means unfrequented during the afternoon and evening, for some of our best military bands occupy the stand within an inclosure which generally has every one of its three thousand-odd seats taken up, while crowds pace to and fro outside. Over in the vicinity of the Reformers' Tree a series of open-air meetings are held, where propagandists of all creeds or none may be heard to more or less advantage. Some of the groups represent various missions, such as the West London, the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, but others are Socialists and Free-thinkers, or persons with grievances or fads.

But there are attractions round about Richmond Hill and Kew in the shape of golf clubs and many others. Here the inhabitants of the west and southwest may be seen deep in the intricacies of their Sunday programme. They play their favorite game, attend an "at home" of some one who has a villa on the banks of the Thames, partake of tea, ices, and iced drinks, or listen to the strains of some fashionable band. Then there is a general exodus back to town for dinner, after which there is perhaps a musical reception, where the celebrities of the season may be heard singing or playing operatic selections which only a few listen to. If it is a house-party only, cards and billiards are freely indulged in, and large sums of money often change hands to the accompaniment of cigars, wine, and whisky.

Many of the inhabitants of this great city of ours would be most intensely surprised if they were one Sunday morning to take a walk through Mile End and Whitechapel and watch the early preparations for the Sabbath. With the great majority of the shops the order of the day is "business as usual"; shutters are taken down and goods displayed outside, some on the pavement and some across the top of the window and in rows down either side. It is estimated that the Sunday morning street-markets of London number considerably over 200, although only 106 are officially recognized by the commissioner of police. The number of stalls and barrows is put down at 5,290; and these are presided over by an

army of 13,000 costers, and are patronized each week by over half a million buyers.—*Mary Spencer Warren in Strand, as Composed for Public Opinion.*

### HOW LONDON CLERKS DRESS

We Yankees, who in hot weather are comparatively cool and comfortable in négligé shirts, low collars, and straw hats, should be thankful that the standard of dress for the business man in this country is not guided by London fashion. The bank clerk in America may dress practically as he pleases and accommodate his garb to the weather, always provided, of course, that his appearance is respectable and cleanly. But in London it is different.

To begin with, they are not used to hot weather in London. They do have some exceedingly warm days in summer, but these are never expected and always come as a surprise to the Londoner, who resents the heat and humidity as encroachments upon his liberty as a free-born Briton. In fact, the Londoner is apt to regard a "hot wave" as another American innovation—something that should be frowned upon and not recognized by a British subject, therefore he makes no sacrifices of the conventionalities and, while he may perspire and appear excessively uncomfortable, he does so under protest.

An American writer, visiting Great Britain, has said: "On the sunny side of the most crowded part of Piccadilly, on the hottest day of the season, I walked for three blocks before seeing a man without a tightly-buttoned waistcoat, and the shining exception came from Chicago, as I happened to know. Perhaps one-third of the number who passed wore silk hats, and one man in four even had his frock coat primly buttoned. One mortal, with white spats over his ankles and a single glass in his right eye, wore a felt alpine hat and a covert coat."

But, in the "City," that dignified portion of London which embraces the banking and financial center, the standard of dress is supremely high. You must not bow to the weather clerk, but in the same garb that you

would wear if the thermometer were in the forties you must march serenely down to your day's work at desk or bank counter. The dress in the "City," for clerk and employer alike, is identical and unchanged—silk hat and long black coat, "Prince Albert" preferred. Even the office boys wear more or less—generally less—presentable "plug" hats.

How far back the absurd custom dates, no man can tell, but the solid old British business man believes in the top hat, and expects his "clarks," as he calls them, to wear it. In the stricter commercial houses and the banks a clerk would be rebuked for appearance in any other dress almost as severely as if he had affronted a customer, or done any other impolite thing, and even in offices where this rule isn't insisted upon, most of the clerks wear this dress in obedience to the city's unwritten law. Interviewed upon the subject, a city banker said that his men might go and come to business dressed as they pleased, but during office hours he insisted that they should wear the city dress, adding that he didn't think it was a great hardship for the "walk clerks" to wear silk hats, as their rounds were only two or three miles! He said, also, that he knew of some houses that insisted on their clerks being clean shaven and wearing white ties.

You can get some idea of John Bull's tenacity of tradition when you realize that the omnibuses, which he prefers to street-cars, are built with stationary windows, and that if you want to get ventilation in them you have to break the glass, which is expensive, but sometimes well worth the money; that he burns soft coal in his chief underground railways, and will continue to do so until Mr. Yerkes gets a chance to put in electricity; that electric fans are almost a novelty; that he has no roof gardens; that he tolerates in front of his restaurants and cafés none of those little round tables that make the Paris boulevards such a joy on summer nights. What wonder, therefore, that when he encounters a sample of American summer he makes every possible sacrifice to get out of London into the country, where he permits himself to wear cool

clothes. If, however, he is obliged to stay in the capital, he buttons his waistcoat tightly about him, sets his silk hat firmly down upon his head, dons his gloves, and sets forth to be miserable like a man and a Briton.—*Commerce, Accounts and Finance* (New York).

#### ANGLO-AMERICANISM IN THE NORTHWEST

Unfortunately the world has not yet abolished the dreadful scourge of war, says the *Pacific Monthly*, of Portland, Oregon, and as long as its possibility lasts there will be a necessity for offensive and defensive alliances among the nations. The trend of events during the past few years seems to indicate that an Anglo-Saxon alliance will be an inevitable outcome of the future. America and England are rapidly drawing closer and closer together. If there were no other reason for this, the great fact that we speak the same language and are animated by largely the same ideals would be sufficient to cement the nations together. But there are other important factors that are tending to produce what would prove to be the strongest alliance in the history of the world. Among these are our common commercial and financial interests, and our numerous and rapidly increasing intermarriages. So strong have become the ties that bind the two nations together that the possibility of war between them is almost, if not quite, as far removed as is the possibility of civil war in our own country. While we do not advocate an alliance at the present time, inasmuch as our national policy has always been against "entangling foreign alliances," there may come a time when it would be folly to let this policy keep us from an alliance with England—an alliance that would probably be the most effective means that could be devised for keeping the peace of the world. Nor can we forget England's attitude during the Spanish war, when a word from her might have united the entire armies and navies of Europe against us. Though we may have our differences, England to-day is the truest friend we have, and we can, therefore, afford to

forget the "worn-out tale" of our revolutionary days.

### THE AMERICANISM OF NOVA SCOTIANS

"A Nova Scotian," in a communication to the *New York Times*, takes that newspaper to task for calling the residents of Nova Scotia "practically Americans." To which the *Times* replies: "Amusing haste, and equally amusing vehemence, were shown by the correspondent whose letter we published yesterday in denying our assertion that the Nova Scotians are 'practically Americans.' The characterization was not intended to be offensive to our blue-nosed brethren; on the contrary, we regarded it as a distinct compliment, and even after reading the letter of 'A Nova Scotian' we cannot see why it was taken amiss. Facts are not affected by personal feelings, however, and it is a fact that a very large fraction of the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces are 'practically Americans' in the sense that they look as we do, talk as some of us do, and think much as all of us do on many and important subjects. Nobody who has traveled, say, from Yarmouth to Sydney, can honestly claim to have seen a person or thing that he might not have seen almost anywhere in Eastern New England—matters and men strictly official excepted, of course. And much of the sentiment there is as 'American' as the scenery. Surely our correspondent would not assert that the Nova Scotians are madly in love with Upper Canada, or with the rather expensive aristocracy which makes Ottawa a social center. Has he never heard of Maritime Province interests misunderstood or sacrificed by pompous and ignorant agents sent from the seat of Government? Has he never heard the growlings of fisher folk and seafarers about the maintenance and location of coast lights by Dominion instead of provincial officials? Has he never heard of shipmasters who were not so 'British,' even though they were born in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, that they could not have themselves naturalized as citizens of the United States for the sake of bettering their chances for securing employment at good wages? It is

well to be patriotic, but it is better to recognize things as they are, even if there does linger in certain 'loyalist' families at Truro and elsewhere the memory of what our correspondent called 'the ill-treatment their ancestors received in the United States after the signing of the Declaration of Independence.' Harsh treatment is not necessarily ill-treatment, and those ancestors—well, to say the least, their judgment was somewhat at fault. They were loyal to the wrong side, and the difference between that and treason is microscopic."

### COMPARATIVE GROWTH OF NATIONS

Sir Robert Giffen, the eminent English statistician, has called the attention of the British Association to some interesting figures showing the comparative growth of nations which occupy foremost positions in the modern world. The comparisons may be briefly summarized as follows: During the past century the population of the United States has increased from 5,000,000 to 76,000,000; that of the British Empire (English-speaking) from 15,000,000 to 55,000,000; that of Germany from 20,000,000 to 55,000,000; that of France from 25,000,000 to 40,000,000; that of Russia from 40,000,000 to 135,000,000. Russia is obviously less a factor in the economic progress of the world than its surprising increase of population would indicate. It stands, says the *New York Times*, as an indeterminate and incalculable potentiality of future economic importance, significant rather to the Orient than to the Occident and occupying the position of a great reserve force to be called into action when needed.

Sir Robert reaches the conclusion, on what would appear to be a safe basis of statistical reasoning, that during the century upon which we have just entered the United States will show a much more rapid increase of population than any European country. In itself considered, this fact is of no especial significance; its importance in determining the economic status of this country is very great. For at least another century the competition for industrial supremacy will be between the United States,

Great Britain, and Germany. Neither Great Britain nor Germany is able to produce the food supplies needed to feed its population nor is likely ever to do so. Both must look largely to the American continents, Northern and Southern, for food and raw materials, and have nothing to give in exchange except manufactures. They must live upon the products of their skill and industry, and can do so only so long as they can find outlets for their products in the food-producing countries. This is pre-eminently the position of Germany at the moment. Having outgrown the possibility of an agricultural development adequate to the needs of its population it must become more and more an exporter of manufactures and an importer of food—conditions which emphasize the folly of permitting the Agrarian Party to dominate the economic policy of the empire. Great Britain has been in this position for a long time, and has greatly profited by the fact that her statesmen and economists recognized it a generation ago, and have not since been misled by false reasoning.

The unique position of the United States is due to the fact that in connection with an industrial development which has astonished the world it is not only able to supply its own food requirements but to raise a great surplus for the feeding of Europe. Its vast areas of unoccupied land available for cultivation; its wealth of undeveloped and almost virgin resources; its extensive seacoast, giving to every section competitive shipping facilities; its vast systems of internal transportation, the most perfect the world has ever known, are economic advantages which explain whatever in its industrial and trade statistics the economists of Europe find difficult of comprehension. The prediction of Sir Robert Giffen that the growth of our population during the twentieth century will be more rapid than that of any part of Europe is a prophecy for which no statistician need hesitate to make himself responsible.

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#### THE CITY OF UNREST

Night really unrobes her beauty only in silence, the silence of the desert. Never

can I forget nights spent in Western Australia, far beyond Kalgoorlie, away back in Never-Never Land, where no rain falls. That is the land of great thirst, where for hundreds of miles one sees no living thing, where no birds sing, not even the mournful call of the jackal echoes across the waste and not even the chirping ticking of an insect is to be heard to break the utter stillness. Gum trees, whose roots strike down a hundred feet for water, lift their sparsely-covered branches into the motionless air above, their tongue-like leaves silently saying, "I thirst." In that stagnant air they remind one of the giant seaweeds that grow in the depths of the great oceans, where the water never moves, and the silence there is the silence of ocean depths and so has been from the beginning. To-day my horse's tracks made five years ago are probably as fresh as were those which I followed that had been made two years before that time. It must be experienced to be realized, that dead silence; when, lying on the ground at night, the sound of one's heart-beats, or the breathing of one's horse, tethered yards away, alone tells one that the sense of hearing is not lost. It must be experienced to be realized, that wonder of a silent world, where the spirit of solitude in his own domain forever almost palpably seems to brood with finger on pressed lips. It is the contrast with the scene that lies below me that forcibly recalls these nights in the desert. Now, as I write, I am at the antipodes and focus points of contrast in every sense to these scenes; the same moon that shines on that far-off desert is the only thing in common.

The city of New York is in the form of a wedge, the point of the wedge being the down-town end, a great black mass that now looks driven into the moonlit water. Down here, as if with sheer weight of pressure of crowded humanity, the houses seem driven upward. There not being enough room on the end of the wedge for the people, they are forced upward for room, as one would squeeze paint from an artist's tube. They rise up in tall, irregular-shaped shafts of various heights, as a child might stand its long toy bricks on end anyhow.

As I write I am looking down from the thirtieth story of one of the highest, feeling as if I had been "set on the pinnacle of the Temple" (of Mammon?). The great city lies below me, but though it is night it does not appear to lie in repose. If it sleeps, it is a restless, troubled sleep. The air is vocal with many noises that come up from below as an exhalation; white flames of steam wave from the tops of buildings below me. Up here on this giddy height a hot wind of the upper air is blowing, and a vibrating, murmurous throbbing pulsates through the building itself. This latter is caused by the elevators, those veins and arteries of the structure, and their motion must never cease or else a clot of humanity would be left marooned in the upper stories. Across the river on the west side a row of lights are moving in one direction, and alongside them a row moving in the opposite, like ants at work. These are the trolley cars crossing Brooklyn Bridge. North and south, to the sound of a jangling rattle, the trains on the Elevated are moving, and along the streets the trolley cars, with their booming note, which crescendoes up the scale with increasing speed and diminuendoes with the slackening of it. Out on the water the red and green lights of the steamers move about in irregular tracks. The booming, mournful call of these steamers, like the lowing of a cow for her lost calf, goes on forever. There are times in the desert when the coyote and the jackal are silent. On forlorn coasts in the hours before the first of dawn the seagulls cease their screaming; but these voices are never silent, calling, circling, and cawing, calling around the City of Unrest. Different notes they sound—the angry scream of the steam siren, the deep boom of the incoming ocean liner, and the note one hears oftenest—a mournful, lost wail, as of a damned soul calling out. "*Custos, quid de nocte?*" "*Custos, quid de nocte?*" The feverish hours pass troubolously, but there is no response in the night of the City of Unrest.

Now a great change has come over the scene: the moon has been curtained off by a heavy mass of clouds and its light is shut

off from the water. The lights of the city shine out with increased distinctness; the moonlight that whitened the sides of the buildings now has left them black masses of vague shadow, and all at once one gets the impression of looking down into an inverted firmament studded with countless stars of as various magnitudes as in the heavens, from the bright electric arc-lights to tiny gaslights; and from this height of over 400 feet one gets the impression, familiar to those who have looked at the world from a balloon, that the rim of the horizon rises all round. "Around the circle of the desert spreads," but the desert now is of the cloud-covered sky, and far as the eye can reach are the stars of this great city, and now through that firmament of stars there is a dark path in an unilluminated milky way which marks the course of the river.

As one looks down from here and listens to the combination of throbbing sounds that come up from below, there is a certain impressiveness in the thought of being in the center of such focussed activity. One seems to be pressing the ear close to the heart of a great country. I wonder what that other city looked like from the pinnacle of whose temple He looked down on the other great cities that had their day? What Carthage looked like? The present edition of Rome and Paris and London, and Pekin from the Imperial pagodas on the top of Coal Hill, I have looked down on at night, but none of them is like this. From the Capitol Rome lies quietly wrapt in the memories of past greatness; from the hill of Montmartre the electric lights here and there give suggestive glimpses of the City of Pleasure. In Pekin, looking across the lotus-pond and the marble bridges, all that is squalid in the city is shrouded in a veil of foliage, and above the tops of the trees only what is beautiful emerges, and the city sleeps in the enjoyment of thoroughly Oriental repose; and, like a solidly-built, healthy man, London sleeps soundly; but the strenuous, restless activity of this city can hardly be said to sleep. I watched it make an attempt at a pause for five minutes on the day of the President's funeral. At an appointed time all the street traffic

was supposed to stand still. My! what an effort it was! It was not a real pause; it seemed more like the gasping holding of the city's breath, holding for these five minutes, as if something were going to burst; and then at the second when the clock marked the end of the five minutes, on went everything spinning with a feeling of absolute relief. As one looks down from here one cannot help speculating as to what is to be the future of what lies below. Is it going to be the greatest city that the world has ever seen—in real greatness, or only in acute development of material civilization; and are the multitudes that populate it going to get more happiness from the arcs of their little lives than those of Carthage and Rome, or Pekin, or Babylon, or London? Or are they going at the pace that kills? Or at least the pace that tires into premature exhaustion?

But leaving these speculations, as it is now one o'clock, I get into the cage of the elevator and drop down whirring as the floors toss upward beyond me—"Down twenty-eight," and we pull up with a jerk and a pale-faced man gets in. "Down twelve," and two tired-looking women and a small boy get on board; and then the floor on which is a newspaper office, and a crowd is waiting to descend. The paper is just going to press, and their work is done. And then right down below the level of the street I go down to see the paper actually printed. Immense rolls of paper are being lowered from the street level and handled as easily as if they were no more weight than a lead pencil, put before machines which devour them to a deafening noise of machinery. The room reminds one of the lower deck of an ironclad in action, and the workers there seem fighting for their lives—fighting against time, fighting against the machine, fighting against the paper, which would fill up the room if it were left at the discharging end of the machines without being sent rapidly aloft; and there on the floor above the men are fighting hand to hand with great bundles of papers that must be sent out in time for the morning trains. Outside in the square stand horses sufficient for the artillery of an

army corps awaiting their burdens, and as I go up town by the surface car, although there is not yet any sign of light, I pass hundreds of men on their way down town to make an early start in the battle struggle of a new day in the City of Unrest.—*George Lynch in Westminster Gazette.*

#### A CHANGE IN CANADIAN PROCEDURE

In connection with a visit of Lord Minto the middle of the past month to New York, a situation arose that resulted in a small but interesting change in governmental procedure in Canada. A new arrangement was effected between the Canadian Government and the imperial authorities, and a Canadian can now act for his Excellency when he goes outside the lines for a short period. For the first time, therefore, in the history of the country, a Canadian in the person of Sir Henry Strong acted as administrator. Sir Henry has frequently acted for the Governor when the latter was in Canada, although absent from Ottawa, but this was the first time he was appointed administrator. Heretofore it was necessary to appoint the officer in command of his Majesty's forces in Halifax to act for the Governor General during his absence abroad. This was very inconvenient for the Government, as legal documents had to be sent to Halifax for his approval, causing considerable delay to business.

#### THE NEW ANGLO-AMERICAN CANAL TREATY

Until the United States Senate acts, the new Anglo-American canal treaty will remain as to its exact details unknown to the public at large. The document, however, signed at Washington by the American Secretary of State and the British Ambassador, on November 18th, is said in brief, to embody in its most essential features the following:

The partnership between Great Britain and the United States is dissolved. The United States is the sole guarantor of the neutrality of the canal. Great Britain with-

draws all pretensions to any share in the control or responsibility. The United States has not only the right to build, but the right to fortify the canal. This is not stated in terms, but it is quite as effectively granted by the cutting out of the old provision forbidding this, which was the only thing that ever stood in the way of fortification. All commerce passing through the canal will fare alike and there will be no discrimination in favor of American shipping. These points are the only ones of difference between the old and the new treaty.

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### AMERICAN THANKSGIVING IN LONDON

On Thanksgiving Day, the American Society in London gave a banquet to some three hundred guests. Among the notable speakers upon the occasion were Paul Cambon, French Ambassador to Great Britain; Henry White, United States Chargé d'Affaires; Justice Wilton, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Robert Fremantle, and Major-General Sir John Charles Ardagh. Anthony Hope, the novelist, said the only thing which remained to be done to bind the nations more closely together was for some one to find a common denominator for English and American jokes. Dr. Doyle declared that the pendulum of the British world had now shifted to somewhere between New York and Chicago.

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### EDITORIAL JOTTINGS

FROM a commercial standpoint the United Kingdom yet leads the world. Official records at Washington show that for 1901, so far as figures are available to date, the average monthly imports of the United Kingdom have been \$207,886,450, and the exports \$113,205,085: the monthly average for the United States for the same period

has been, imports \$71,830,923, exports \$113,864,852. Total trade average per month, of United Kingdom \$321,091,535, of United States \$185,695,775. Germany had a total monthly average trade of \$199,425,499; France, 143,761,900; and European Russia only \$50,191,000. It is evident that it will be some time yet before Britain is "invaded" sufficiently to take away her at present undisputed commercial supremacy.

On the one hand Cuba sends a delegation to Washington to appeal for reciprocal free trade between the United States and the "Pearl of the Antilles"; on the other hand comes to Washington an Hawaiian delegation protesting earnestly against reciprocity with Cuba because it would bring disaster upon Hawaiian industries. What is one man's food is another's poison.

THAT great vaudeville performer, the Democratic party, is preparing to do another sensational split act at the next Presidential election. At one extreme will be Watterson; at the other, Bryan. It will be almost as picturesque as the Breckinridge-Douglas split of forty years ago.

IN a notice of a Life of Maude Adams, the *Outlook* mentions as among the features "photographs of her at different stages of her career." "Different stages of her career," for an actress, is good.

FROM the reception accorded by the Turks to Christian evangelists generally, in future it is likely to be not a question of missionary but mission, nary.

ON the subject of South American colonies Germany is sound-minded. Another case of successful Monroe doct'r'in'.

TO RECIPROcate or not to reciprocate, that is the question.

ALL the bores ate not in South Africa.

KIPLING has a "Kim," but no "Ken."

CROKERISM has croaked in New York.

THE "Pan-Am." failed to "pan out."

## Book Notes

### LOVE—IDEAL AND WORLDLY\*

Will be appreciated by those who are fond of idyls and ideals. Written with musical and poetic fervor, at times bordering on the inspired, but, while containing some beautiful word pictures, the mastering tendency is depressing, especially toward the end. The story has charm, yet its two principal characters are dreamers; hence, most interesting to the least practical minded. Just, by way of contrast, two passages. Helen Davis, the heroine, has determined to give up her wealthy suitor, Mr. Harrison, because of conscientious scruples aroused by certain overheard remarks of a Mr. Howard, a semi-invalid with strongly conceived ideas of how things ought to be (in Utopia?). Mr. Howard is also an old-time friend of Helen's worldly-wise, match-making, kindly-intentioned aunt, Mrs. Roberts, who remonstrates with her niece over the, as she thinks, foolish breaking-off of a desirable match for unpractical reasons. The aunt is speaking:

"Helen, dear," she said, sitting down near her niece, "why will you worry me in this dreadful way, and make me speak so crossly to you? I cannot tell you, Helen, what a torment it is to me to see you throwing yourself away in this fashion: I implore you to stop and think before you take this step, for as sure as you are alive you will regret it all your days. Just think of it how you will feel, and how I will feel, when you look back at the happiness you might have had, and know that it is too late! And, Helen, it is due to nothing in the world but to your inex-

perience that you have let yourself be carried away by these sublimities. You *must* know, child, and you can see if you choose, that they have nothing to do with life: they will not butter your bread, Helen, or pay your coachman, and when you get over all this excitement, you will find that what I tell you is true. Look about you in the world, and where can you find anybody who lives according to such ideas?"

"What ideas do you mean, Aunt Polly?" asked Helen with a puzzled look.

"Oh, don't you suppose," answered the other, "that I know perfectly well what kind of stuff it is that Mr. Howard has talked to you? I used to hear all that kind of thing when I was young, and I believed some of it, too,—about how beautiful it was to marry for love, and to have a fine scorn of wealth and all the rest of it; but it wasn't very long before I found out that such opinions were of no use in the world."

"Then you don't believe in love, Aunt Polly?" asked Helen, fixing her eyes on the other.

"What's the use of asking such an absurd question?" was the answer. "Of course I believe in love: I wanted you to love Mr. Harrison, and you might have, if you had chosen. I learned to love Mr. Roberts; naturally, a couple have to love each other, or how would they ever live happily together? But what has that to do with this ridiculous talk of Mr. Howard's? As if two people had nothing else in the world to do but to love each other! It's all very well, Helen, for a man who chooses to live like Robinson Crusoe to talk such nonsense, but he ought not to put it in the mind of a sentimental girl. He would very soon find, if he came out into life, that the world isn't run by love, and that people need a good many other things to keep

\* King Midas. By Upton Sinclair. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 388 pages. (Illustrated.) \$1.20, net.

them happy in it. You ought to have sense enough to see that you've got to live a different sort of a life, and that Mr. Howard knows nothing in the world about your needs. I don't go alone and live in visions, and make myself imaginary lives, Helen; I look at the world as it is. You will live to learn some day that the real way to find happiness is to take things as you find them, and get the best out of life you can. I never had one-tenth of your advantages, and yet there aren't many people in the world better off than I am; and you could be just as happy, if you would only take my advice about it. What I am talking to you is common sense, Helen, and anybody that you choose to ask will tell you the same thing."

And the second passage is *not* like unto the first—not by as much contrast as there is between black and white. This time it is Mr. Howard who is enunciating his theories—the man who, by the way, afterward marries his soul affinity, Helen:

"Miss Davis," he said, "a man does not live very long in the kingdom of the soul before there comes to be one thing that he loves more than anything else that life can offer; that thing is love. For love is the great gateway into the spiritual life, the stage of life's journey when human beings are unselfish and true to their hearts, if ever the power of truth and unselfishness lies in them. As for man, he has many battles to fight and much of himself to kill before the great prizes of the soul can be his; but the true woman has but one glory and one duty in life, and sacredness and beauty are hers by the free gift of God. If she be a true woman, when her one great passion takes its hold upon her it carries all her being with it, and she gives herself and all that she has. Because I believe in unselfishness and know that love is the essence of things, I find in all the world nothing more beautiful than that, and think that she has no other task in life, except to see that the self which she gives is her best and highest, and to hold to the thought of the sacredness of what she is doing. For love is the soul's great act of worship, and the heart's great awakening to life. If the

man be selfish and a seeker of pleasure, what I say of love and woman is not for him; but if he be one who seeks to worship, to rouse the soul within him to its vision of the beauty and preciousness of life, then he must know that this is the great chance that Nature gives him, that no effort of his own will ever carry him so far toward what he seeks. The woman who gives herself to him he takes for his own with awe and trembling, knowing that the glory which he reads in her eyes is the very presence of the spirit of life; and because she stands for this precious thing to him he seeks her love more than anything else upon earth, feeling that if he has it he has everything, and if he has it not, he has nothing. He cherishes the woman as before he cherished what was best in his own soul; he chooses all fair and noble actions that may bring him still more of her love; all else that life has for him he lays as an offering at the shrine of her heart, all his joy and all his care, and asks but love in return; and because the giving of love is the woman's joy and the perfectness of her sacrifice, her glory, they come to forget themselves in each other's being, and to live their lives in each other's hearts. The joy that each cares for is no longer his own joy, but the other's; and so they come to stand for the sacredness of God to each other, and for perpetual inspiration. By and by, perhaps, from long dwelling out of themselves and feeding themselves upon things spiritual, they learn the deep and mystic religion of love, that is the last lesson life has to teach; it is given to no man to know what is the source of this mysterious being of ours, but men who come near to it find it so glorious that they die for it in joy; and the least glimpse of it gives a man quite a new feeling about a human heart. So at last it happens that the lovers read a fearful wonder in each other's eyes, and give each other royal greeting, no longer for what they are, but for that which they would like to be. They come to worship together as they could never have worshiped apart; and always that which they worship and that in which they dwell, is what all existence is seek-

ing with so much pain, the sacred presence of wonder that some call Truth, and some Beauty,—but all Love. When you ask how unselfishness is to be made yours in life, that is the answer which I give you. \* \* \*

"I think there is no one whom these things touch more than the man who would live the life of art that I have talked of before; for the artist seeks experience above all things, seeks it not only for himself but for his race. And it must come from his own heart; no one can drive him from his task. All artists tell that the great source of their power is love; and the wisest of them makes of his love an art-work, as he makes an art-work of his life. He counts his power of loving most sacred of all his powers, and guards it from harm as he guards his life itself; he gives all his soul to the dreaming of that dream, and lays all his prayer before it; and when he meets with the maiden who will honor such effort, he forgets everything else in his life, and gives her all his heart, and studies to 'worship her by years of noble deeds.' For a woman who loves love, the heart of such a man is a lifetime's treasure; for his passion is of the soul, and does not die; and all that he has done has been really but a training of himself for that great consecration. If he be a true artist, all his days have been spent in learning to wrestle with himself, to rouse himself and master his own heart; until at last his very being has become a prayer, and his soul like a great storm of wind that sweeps everything away in its arms. Perhaps that hunger has possessed him so that he never even wakens in the dead of night without finding it with him in all its strength; it rouses him in the morning with a song, and when midnight comes and he is weary, it is a benediction and a hand upon his brow. All the time, because he has a man's heart and knows of his life's great glory, his longing turns to a dream of love, to a vision of the flying perfect for which all his life is a search. There is a maiden who dwells in all the music that he hears, and who calls to him in the sunrise, and flings wide the flowers upon the meadows; she treads before him on the moonlit waters and strews

them with showers of fire. If his soul be only strong enough, perhaps he waits long years for that perfect woman, that woman who loves not herself, but loves love; and all the time the yearning of his heart is growing, so that those who gaze at him wonder why his eyes are dark and sunken. He knows that his heart is a treasure-house which he himself cannot explore, and that in all the world he seeks nothing but some woman before whom he might fling wide its doors."

Between these two passages the reader may choose for himself.

To the credit of the author, he does not make out, or even insinuate, that the man Helen discards is guilty of any more atrocious crime than that of being wealthy.

There are four illustrations by Charles M. Relyea.

#### A REAL ROMANCE\*

The keynote of "Minette" is contained in the sentence: "Let the man of the world and the woman of society say what they will, a woman, whether she be pure and lovely as God fashioned her, or whether she has lost the sweetness and the bloom of maiden innocence, loves those qualities in man which are brave, pure, noble, devoted, and manly."

It is, indeed, to those who look for the clean and pure in literature, those who love the beautiful in love-making, who enjoy a recounting of heroic deeds of the days of chivalry—that this story will appeal. "The cynic has asked is life worth living. Let him ask himself if he has ever loved and his question is answered. Not the love that harbors passion, pride, self; but the altruism which modifies, softens, delights; an altruism out of which humanity is elevated to a higher plane; the crowning mystery of evolution."

The tragic end, however, of nearly all the principal characters, coming in one fell swoop at the finish of the book, seems unnecessary.

\* *Minette; A Story of the First Crusade.* By George F. Cram. Published by John W. Iliff & Co., Chicago. 5½x7½ in. 397 pages. (Illustrated.) \$1.50.

## GRANT RICHARDS' NEW BOOKS

Among the recent and forthcoming publications of Mr. *Grant Richards*, the progressive English publisher of 9 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London, are a number of books that will attract more than momentary interest.

Foremost among these is an important work by Dr. Bernard Hollander, "The Mental Functions of the Brain: An Investigation Into Their Localization and Their Manifestation in Health and Disease," a work embodying facts having an important bearing on the development of mental science. It is the first work on the subject since the dawn of modern scientific research, and the author's investigations—which have occupied fifteen years—tend to show that the fundamental varieties of mental derangement are localized in definite circumscribed regions and frequently are, in the early stages at least, amenable to treatment.

An interesting collection of translations of ancient ballads and folk-lore of the Basque country and people is entitled "Springtime in the Basque Mountains," by Mr. Arthur Lasenby Liberty.

"How to Invest and How to Speculate," is another of Mr. Richards' timely publications. The author is Mr. C. H. Thorpe, financial editor of one of the leading London newspapers, and the volume deals with the great principles affecting stock markets and also explains to the investor the working of the Stock Exchange, the commissions, and so forth, of brokers, mining terminology, the legal position and rights of shareholders and the powers of trustees.

"The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland" is a French classic which, though widely quoted in historical literature, has not for many years been procurable in an English version. Mr. Richards is getting out a carefully revised translation of Bosc's original edition. Madame Roland, one of the heroines of the French Revolution and the inspirer of the men whose eloquence overthrew the throne and founded the Republic, wrote her memoirs in the prison of

Ste. Pelagie, where she was confined for some months previous to her execution in 1793. As a reflection of the most striking peculiarities of the French mind of the time, and as a description of the life of a young woman of the bourgeoisie class, the book has few rivals.

Mr. Richards has just published the Rev. W. J. Dawson's Life of Christ entitled "The Man Christ Jesus." The object of the author has been to depict the human life of Jesus as it appeared to his contemporaries, with a purposed negligence, as far as possible, of the vexed problems of theology and metaphysics. The work is illustrated by reproductions of photogravures of pictures in the author's possession, the artists being Raphael, Velasquez, Correggio, Quentin Hatays, Francia, and Annibale Carracci.

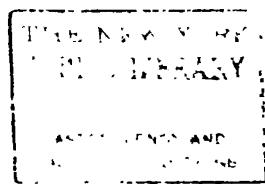
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Messrs. *Macmillan & Co.* announce for publication early in the new year a volume of philosophical essays by Oxford men, edited by Mr. Henry Kurt. Among the contributors are Drs. Stout, Rashdall, and Bussell, and Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, all well-known thinkers. The essays will endeavor to prove how idealism may be combined with a fuller recognition of personal experience than is accorded by those who are now prominent representatives of Oxford philosophy.

Messrs. *Chapman & Hall*, of London, have issued a convenient library edition of Samuel Richardson's novels in twenty volumes. The edition is well printed and nicely bound and the illustrations are adequate. The introduction by Ethel M. McKenna gives much personal information about the novelist and a judicious criticism of his work.

"The Craftsman," devoted to "the lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne," is a new monthly, issued by the United Crafts at Eastwood, N. Y. The first number appropriately contains "Some Thoughts Upon William Morris; His Life, Work, and Influence."

Mr. M. H. Spielman's new work "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day" will be published by *Cassell & Co.*





Photo, Montymini.

HON. S. N. PARENT.

# QUEBEC

BY D. ALBEE PATTEN

Do not attempt to "do" Quebec in a day, as some travelers have done, but plan to remain "a day or so," and you will repeat my charming experience and stay a month, for almost nowhere can be found so much of real interest and enjoyment, combined with perfect freedom, convenience and comfort.

The following sketch is not the result of a premeditated move on Quebec, with story intent; rather that of unexpected happenings when I found myself in this fair city which has so impressed me that I feel impelled to say something for the benefit of other wandering tourists. However, I am but a latter-day worshiper at this shrine of the beautiful, for many others have added to their laurels in literary wanderings amid the inspiring scenes of this wonderful section of Canada. To them I am indebted for many historic facts, without which no sketch could be complete.—ED.

THE personnel of Quebec—to reverse the order of creation for the particular purpose in hand—refers to those of the present, and also the past, who have peopled this crowning spot of nature, so rich in tradition, history, and romance.

Laying aside the chapters of the past, allow me now to refer to the Honorable S. N. Parent, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, also Mayor of the city of Quebec. America is called the cradle of self-made men, and in Canada this is as true as in the other sections of our great continent.

The rise of this distinguished public official from obscure and humble home surroundings to the highest office in this province and city, called there by the popular expression of the people and retained as their chief executive through successive elections, suggests to an unquestionable degree—if, indeed, fourteen consecutive years as Mayor can be paralleled—his peculiar fitness for governing his people. But to judge from his accessibility to the people, one and all, greatness rests an easy as well as graceful crown upon his head.

The impress upon a city and a people by the indelible mark of high public-spirited service is as certain as the march of events, and Quebec has many monuments erected to the people by the wise and courageous official acts of this "one of them," as Mr. Parent infrequently and modestly refers to himself.

Some fourteen years ago the condition of municipal affairs in Quebec was an eyesore to Canada, and corruption reigned at City Hall. The "Ring" enforced extortionate taxes upon the people, enriching themselves and allowing public improvements to lapse, until Quebec, once the beautiful and great, was sinking into the slough of disgrace and insignificance.

Finally, the people, driven to desperation, in one supreme effort made history—"Quebec was retaken"—"turned the rascals out," placing in command their leader, then a comparatively unknown man and untried official. Dating from that election Quebec has marched forward, until now she stands in the vanguard of Canadian municipalities and her citizens are proud of their Mayor.

Conspicuous among the many tributes to the efficient and honest administration of the present régime is Victoria Park, which was transformed from a dismal swamp into a paradise of landscape gardening. This park contains a notable statue of Queen Victoria, and is a breathing space granted to the people, who gather here to listen to the music provided. Family groups, lovers and their sweethearts, mingling together, give a natural picture of Canadian life, greatly enjoyed by tourists—a veritable Arcadia. This place is called Parent Park—by the people—but its founder modestly declined the honor of being its godfather, therefore this is another monument to the blessed name of "Victoria the Good."

Think of building a large, beautiful City Hall, and no one retiring—Independent—from the "job!" Well, this is a fact here, and the new City Hall, an architectural perfection,

modeled after the famous Holyrood Castle, and costing only \$140,000, occupies the centre of an imposing square; truly a lasting tribute to Mayor Parent, who personally inspected every contract and compelled its fulfillment. Perhaps the *sine qua non* of the high regard in the hearts of his people which Mayor Parent enjoys will be suggested in mentioning the free-will offering of the citizens to him of a full—official robe—figure oil painting of their Mayor, which now graces the wall of the council chamber, over which His Worship, the Honorable S. N. Parent, presides.

The early struggles for possession of Quebec; the Gibraltar of America, suggest her value.

This key fortress city, impregnable against assault if only reasonably manned for defence, has been the prize for which both British and French have contested, and later, that ill-fated, half-starved expedition of Montgomery and Arnold established the fact that the great Republic has cast her eye with covetous glance in this direction.

In the earlier days of French and English controversy, it was said in the king's council chamber by one of his brave generals, "Give me Quebec and I will control America." At that time Quebec was considered to be midway between the northern and southern points of North America, and so it was and is, for there is nearly as much territory north as south of Quebec. Therefore, the old campaigner rightly believed that Quebec, in controlling the waterway route to the very heart of the continent, would control America, which was then to be New France or New England. What fond hopes of a new country named after the mother nation, to which she sent out her colonists, for the preservation and development of which she spent vast treasure and shed untold blood! Yes, what fond hopes have been realized or crushed, history only can recite.

No spot in America, or perhaps in the world, possesses greater wealth of natural beauty, in its lofty setting, on the northern shore of the noble St. Lawrence, at the junction of

its tributary, the St. Charles River. Rising sharply from the water in almost precipitous steepness, it ascends to the great height of 350 feet, yet within 100 feet of a line drawn vertically at the water's edge.

The Citadel and adjoining Plains of Abraham form an elevated plateau, both of these points being the stirring scenes of the historic battles between the French and British.

Like a light upon a hill which cannot be hid, the light of Quebec's brilliant history stands forth for all time, pre-eminently bold, truly the sentinel of the St. Lawrence. Nature has lavished her gifts of grandeur, and surrounded this grim, gaunt old rock of the ages with more of scenic wonder than the eye can read, the tongue can tell, or the pen and brush attempt to describe. Here the camera is foiled at the majestic expanse of the horizon's inclosure. As if created for man's protective use, this Gibraltar formation was forced up from the bowels of the earth directly opposite a similar phenomenon, the high bluff of Levis, on the other side of the river, hence so contracting and confining the majestic St. Lawrence that one mile is its width at this point, while below the waters come up from the ocean in a bay-like form, and contain several large islands. Below, all the war-vessels of the mighty nations of the world could be safely anchored, but to hostile ships Quebec has spoken no uncertain tone of warning, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," and we look forward to Destiny and her time, when the mighty ocean greyhounds shall peacefully beg and receive her permission to pass on, on to the heart of this great continent, situated by the sides of the great lakes, through that marvelous system of inland waterways. Yes, then, now, and for all time Quebec is the guardian of this inter-marine route of communication between the outer world and the inner world, both Canadian and States. Immovable, impregnable, crowned with her mighty citadel, she majestically rules her world of waterways.

According to Taylor's "Cardinal Facts of Canadian His-

tory," Jaques Cartier, the intrepid French navigator, discovered the great St. Lawrence in 1535, and in the latter part of that year he landed at the Indian village called Stadacona (now Quebec). Soon after passing up the river with his small fleet, he landed at another Indian settlement, Hochelaga, which he called Mont Royal (now Montreal), claiming all this territory by right of discovery for his sovereign, Francis I. He then, returning to Stadacona, passed a rigorous winter of hardship, and in the spring sailed for France, kidnapping and taking with him an Indian chief; Donnacona.

Cartier reported a most glowing account of the new country, which the king resolved to possess and govern as a territory of France. Accordingly he appointed Jean François de la Roach, or Roberval, viceroy of the country discovered by Cartier, and fitted out and dispatched an expedition of three ships under command of Captain General Cartier, which reached Canada in 1541. The following year Viceroy Roberval arrived with ships, stores, and colonists. The latter feature of the royal plans did not meet the expectations of the Court at Versailles, and this first attempt to establish here a European settlement came to naught, although some years later convicts were deported from France, landing at Sable Island.

In 1603 Samuel Champlain, another French navigator and commander, was sent out with an expedition, and in 1604 another followed under De Monts, a trader, having royal concessions from the French court, who, in 1605, succeeded in establishing at Port Royal (Annapolis), Nova Scotia, the first permanent European settlement in Canada. About this time James I. of England granted royal concessions to the Plymouth and London companies, and the English settlement at Jamestown, Va., was begun. The eyes of all Europe were now looking to the New World for conquest, riches, and extension of power.

In 1608 Champlain established himself at Stadacona and,

changing the name to Quebec—the exact meaning of which name is unknown—founded this historic city.

Champlain was a natural genius in maintaining friendly relations with the Indians, and when the ships returned to France for colonists and more supplies, but twenty-eight men constituted the garrison of his rudely constructed fort. However, he soon found it necessary to side with the native Hurons and Algonquins against their enemy, the Iroquois, which was the precedent for a never-dying feud between the Iroquois and French, which resulted in later wars, in both French and English enlisting as allies the different Indian nations, and the most horribly cruel atrocities in the history of all wars ensued. Champlain was not only a great military genius, but a statesman, whose career of wise and judicious government shines out in history, luminous against the dark background of succeeding French governors and intendants seethed in corruption. First devoting himself to the firm establishment of French power in America, he built a strong fort on the bluff, which also served as the living quarters for himself and garrison. The original plans of this fort are still in existence and very interesting.

In all history, the clergy have exercised a powerful influence, preceding, advancing with, or succeeding conquest. The universal, instinctive custom has been to dedicate to or seek the favor and approbation of the Almighty in great undertakings. Even so in the early conquest of America, and coincident with the success of European arms, came the missionaries, and the Jesuits were active and soon powerful in New France, founding missions, securing converts, and building churches. Soon the French were well established, and under the wise government of Champlain prospered, finding the fur trade with the Indians very lucrative.

By this time the English were also firmly established in the South and began to regard with covetous eye the French possessions of the North, and these two neighboring powers being engaged in frequent wars, the support of their colonies

was enlisted, but not until 1629 did the English undertake to seize Canada, and then appeared before Quebec the English fleet under Kirke, who summoned Champlain to surrender, when, to save the lives of his people, he capitulated. From that time the military activity of Quebec has been the subject of interesting history, familiar to all, resulting in the final expulsion of the French from the continent and the firm establishment of the British power here, beneficently resulting in the free and liberal colonial government now so



THE CALECHE (A TYPE OF VEHICLE PECULIAR TO QUEBEC).

satisfactory to all loving subjects of his Majesty, King Edward VII.

#### QUEBEC OF TO-DAY.

*Quebec of To-day* presents to the tourist a fascinating reality of what has been aptly described as "a small bit of mediæval Europe, perched upon a rock and dried for keeping, \* \* \* a curiosity that has not its equal of its kind on this side of the ocean." Here are found types of people and

homes which distinctly remind us of both France and England, quite foreign to America.

Upon arrival, either by train or boat, the traveler is vociferously welcomed by the caleche man, who will very reasonably convey him up the steep inclining streets to his hotel. Riding in a caleche, or shall we say caleching, is a very novel experience which all enjoy, and from this high sitting the sights may be the better viewed, and there is neither break in speed up hill, nor brake upon the wheels down hill, so active and sure-footed are the small, wiry Canadian horses.

The Chateau Frontenac, a new palatial 600-guest hotelry, which is becoming more widely notable every day—a dream of architectural reality (Mr. Bruce Price, New York)—is named after the brave French Governor of earlier days, and occupies the elevated site of the famous fort and chateau which he built and occupied so long ago. Here may be found everything to be desired, which is immediately placed at the service of the guests by the distinguished manager, Mr. Hayter Reed, and his courteous corps of assistants, all this for the sense of feeling—comfort; but the sense of sight is feasted on the view from this elevation.

The broad St. Lawrence, with adjacent valley, whose sides slope gradually upward until they meet the base of the encircling mountains, forms a scene of almost hypnotic fascination which renders one unconscious of the material—he dreams.

The new Hotel St. Louis, next in prominence, is very convenient and comfortable, and no lack of welcome or solicitude for the welfare of his guests is permitted by the genial proprietor, Mr. L. V. Dion.

Therefore, the traveler may rely upon every facility to make his stay in Quebec enjoyable.

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Travelers between the States and Canada will wisely select their route via the Boston & Maine R. R. Through vestibule trains from Boston to Montreal every few hours. For full information about good sporting in New England apply to D. J. Flanders, Gen. Pass. Agent, Boston, Mass.

CITADEL, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM (BEYOND).

CHATEAU FRONTENAC.





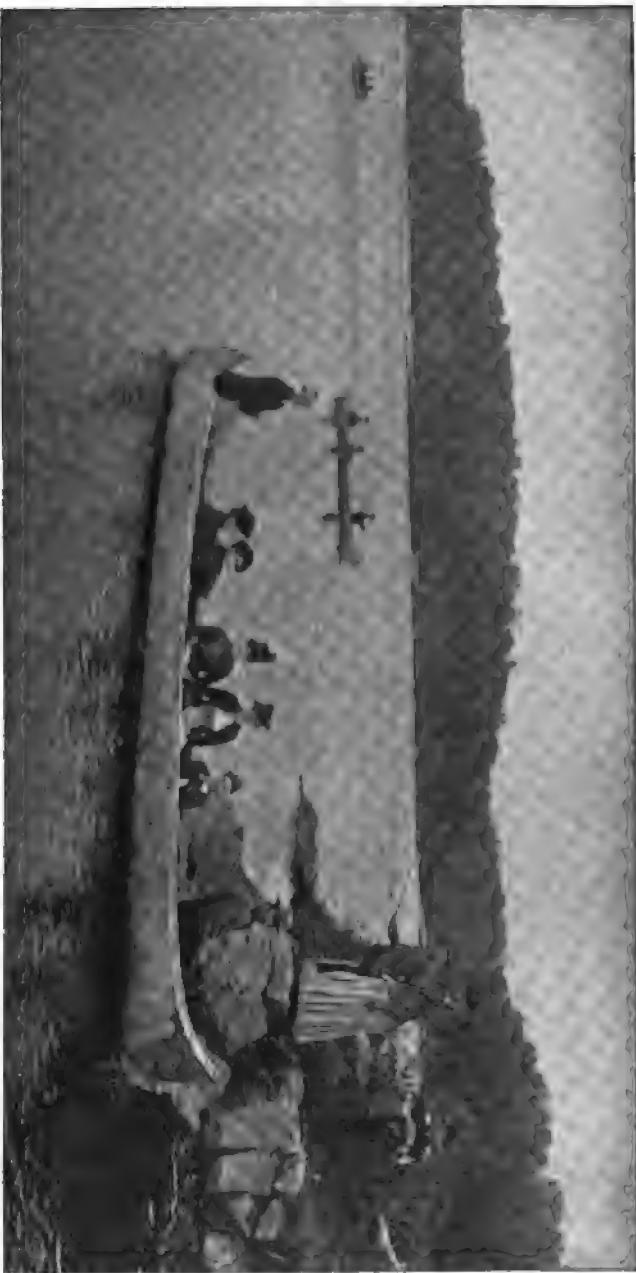
CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT, ERECTED 1898.

At the eastern end of the Dufferin Terrace, next the Chateau Frontenac, facing the public square and park, is the notable heroic bronze statue of Samuel Champlain, the founder of Quebec, a monument to the sculptor's art and the people, by whom it was raised by popular subscription.

On the southeastern corner of this square is the historic building wherein the declaration of war for the British colonies was made. Mr. Henry Morgan, head of the well-

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The Central Hudson S. S. Co.'s daily and nightly service up the Hudson River provides every facility for the full enjoyment of this famous trip. New York office, West Street, foot of Franklin.



PERIBONCA RIVER.

known tailoring establishment of D. Morgan, now occupying this historic corner, is always happy to show visitors the upper room, which was the scene of that memorable declaration. Here is a good place to linger and enjoy a recital from an inexhaustible fund of historic anecdote or narrative of this unique and genial public-spirited citizen.

At the next corner (Buade Street), on the northern façade of which is the original tablet of the Golden Dog, is the Post Office. This building occupies the historic site of a former residence of M. Philibert, an honorable Bourjaise merchant, frequently referred to as "A Friend of the People," whose trade was largely curtailed by the unscrupulous interference of Bigot, the French Intendant, who was at the head of the Court Chartered Commercial "Grande Company."

After fruitless appeals to the Court for the privilege to conduct his own business without the interference of the Grande Company, M. Philibert placed over his door a gilded sculptured tablet of the figure of a crouching dog gnawing a bone, and underneath the French inscription, which translated reads:

"I am a dog gnawing a bone.  
While I gnaw I take my repose.  
The time will come, though not yet,  
When I will bite him who now bites me."

Further on, opposite the City Hall, is the old French Cathedral (Basilica), which is very interesting—one of the sights—and contains notable paintings of the old masters, mostly French—among others a fine Van Dyke. Tourists enjoy the unique and impressive service here, fine music being a prominent feature.

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Mr. Kirby's novel, "Chien D'Or, or Golden Dog," describes in a very interesting style of romance the history of this, which resulted in the assassination of M. Philibert.

Some of the illustrations used in this article are supplied by the art souvenir publishing house of James Bayne Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., from whom can be obtained photographic and pictorial souvenirs of many points of tourist interest, souvenir postal cards, booklets, etc., of the St. Lawrence Region and elsewhere.



PERIBONCA RIVER (FIRST FALLS), LAKE ST. JOHN.

Opposite the Basilica is the well-known fur establishment of Holt, Renfew & Co., wherein prevails the same cordiality peculiar to Quebec, and here is every kind of fur, also Indian novelty, fascinating to the visitor.

About nine miles out from Quebec is found the world-renowned Falls of Montmorency, reached by a most excellent electric express service of the Quebec Railway, Light & Power Co.'s line. Here may be seen a natural waterfall of surpassing beauty. Not the mighty, storming impression of a Niagara, but here is a touch of the art in nature, greater than even a Longfellow could describe. Like a huge coliseum, with walls reaching up heavenward, is the basin, over the edge of which falls a great volume of water from a height of 300 feet. So graceful is the effect that the scene seems to be impersonated and the falls become the flowing hair of a goddess, and, where the shades of rocks show through in darker streaks, there is a suggestion of a lingering tinge of color in this profusion of silvery hair.

Surrounding these falls are extensive park grounds, the old estate of the Duke of Kent when formerly governor. Further down the line is the Mecca of many pilgrimages, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where many miracles have been wrought.

At every turn the traveler is almost bewildered in the number of things he has not had time to see—things he has missed—but he will not fail to run down the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, passing out from Quebec, over the new steel bridge, across the St. Charles River, and then off to the north, way up to Lake St. John; thence down to Chicoutimi, on the Saguenay River, where connection is made with the steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. for a change of travel back to Quebec,—yes, and way up the St. Lawrence to Kingston, if he chooses. The rail route out of Quebec to Lake St. John is

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Visitors to the great Pan-American Exposition will find the best accommodations obtainable in Buffalo at the Iroquois, a modern fire-proof hotel, centrally situated, and ably conducted.



MONTMORENCY FALLS (280 FEET HIGH).



HOTEL RÖPVAL, LAKE ST. JOHN.

wonderfully picturesque and wild, passing along rivers and streams, which run close under the lee of a series of mountains which rise up with sheer abruptness to a great height, resembling the famous Palisades of the Hudson. This mountainous range is termed the Adirondacks of Canada, and their profiles against the blue sky of this land of wonders assume all sorts of forms, some resembling the outlines of savage beasts, quite in keeping with the wildness of the surroundings.

Of course the most popular sport is fishing, and on the train are parties of one, two, and more, leaving here and there, going to this or that hotel or private clubhouse. The more prominent fishing points en route are Lake St. Joseph, Grand Mere, the Batiscan River, Lake Edward. Beyond this some distance is the height of land, 1,500 feet above the line of the St. Lawrence and 1,200 feet above Lake St. John. Express trains, with parlor and sleeping cars, make this journey one of exceeding pleasure and comfort.

This is the home of the celebrated "Ouananiche," the fresh-water salmon, which is one of the gamiest of the finny tribe, while the bass, gray trout, lake trout, or lunge, and the maskinonge are always ready to be enticed into perpetual captivity at the hand of the skillful angler.

Here, at Lake St. John, about 200 miles from Quebec, is a large body of inland water of about 1,000 square miles area and the headquarters for an abundance of good sport—fishing, shooting, canoeing, and so forth. An immense preserve of some 30,000 square miles has been here established, and protects for the use of the tourist practically all of the good fishing grounds, including the sources of supply. Fish hatching stations are maintained, and every year millions of young fish are used to stock the most accessible grounds.

The Roberval Hotel, situated on the mainland of Lake St. John, provides for some 300 guests, while over on an island

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The *Quebec Chronicle* is the leading morning English daily of Montreal, having superior press facilities.



SHAWNEGAN FALLS—THE NIAGARA OF THE EAST.

there is the Island House, operated in connection with the Roberval, where the real sportsmen prefer to stay, being nearer to the fishing grounds and the wildness of nature. Manager Marceau is just the man to run this unique hotel.

Complete outfits for fishing or shooting await the selection of the sportsman—tackle, guns, canoes—and last, but not least, the guide, who knows everything.

Manager Beemer is an experienced caterer and hotel-man, and a more restful place can be hardly imagined.

#### THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The Great Northern Railway, operated in conjunction with the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, from Quebec to Riviere a Pierre Junction, and thence independently to Hawkesbury, where it connects with the Canada & Atlantic Railway for the West, has natural points of interest peculiarly its own. Chief among these is Shawnegan Falls. A wilder spot can be hardly imagined.

This "Niagara of the East" is most impressive. An immense volume of water rushing down a steep, rocky incline of great height, gives some idea of the untold waste (at present) of nature. This year many tourists have been attracted here and good accommodations may be secured at the Cascade Inn.

#### UP THE SAGUENAY.

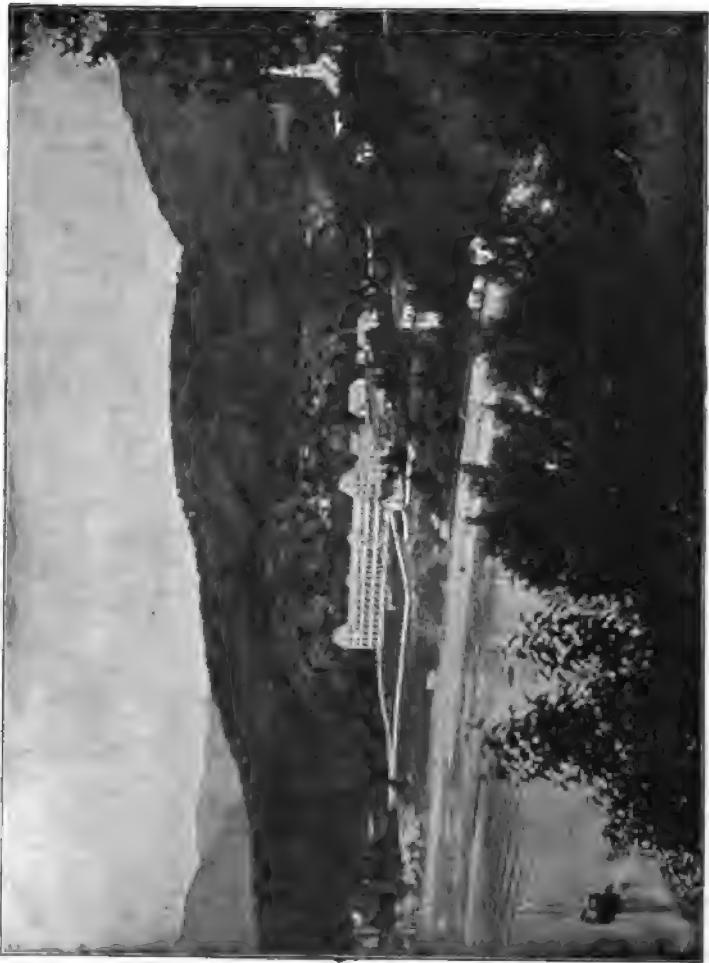
Have you been up the Saguenay? This is an ever-repeated question of the traveler, and after this experience one begins for himself to hand along this remarkably suggestive—almost trade-marked— inquiry.

This trip up the Saguenay River on the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.'s steamboats brings us into the very heart of nature's wonders.

Leaving Quebec in the morning we go down the broad

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Among the English dailies published in Quebec is the *Daily Telegraph* (evening), which is issued in three editions by Mr. Frank Cassel, also publisher of the *Saturday Budget*, *Cassel's Illustrated Guide to Quebec*, and other interesting volumes.



HOTEL TABOUSAQ, TABOUSAQ, P.Q.

St. Lawrence for about one hundred miles, and come to Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay River. Here the St. Lawrence widens to thirty miles and majestically receives her tribute from Lake St. John (the source of the Saguenay River) and passes on, on to the broad Atlantic.

At Murray Bay—an ideal summer resort—are commodious hotels, the Manor Richelieu, which has been recently completed by the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., being large, thoroughly up-to-date, and one of the best of its kind in America.

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The International Yacht Races between the Americans and British have always been a tie—thus far unbroken—of good feeling and true sporting courtesies. Interesting indeed is the history of these contests for the coveted prize.

Back and forth have the yachts gone in the past, and every recurring attempt to "lift the cup" brings renewed uncertainty as to the improvement the yachts may show over those of the preceding event, until now quite likely

---

The *Daily Mercury* (English, evening), conducted by Dr. Stewart, is a well-edited and widely circulated newspaper of Quebec and surrounding sections.

the most gratifying commission to be executed by the master ship craftsman is the building of the "next" challenger or defender.

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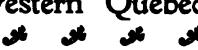
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